

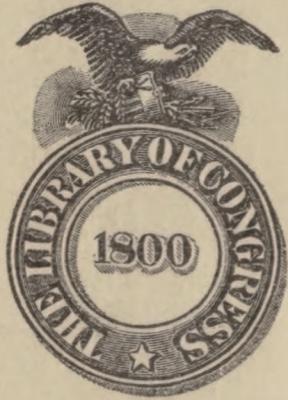
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Pearl
an
Ocean Waif

By
Esther Yates Frazier



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AN OCEAN WAIF

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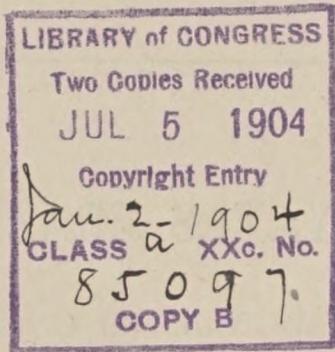
ESTHER YATES FRAZIER

Author of "In the Financial Crash of '93"



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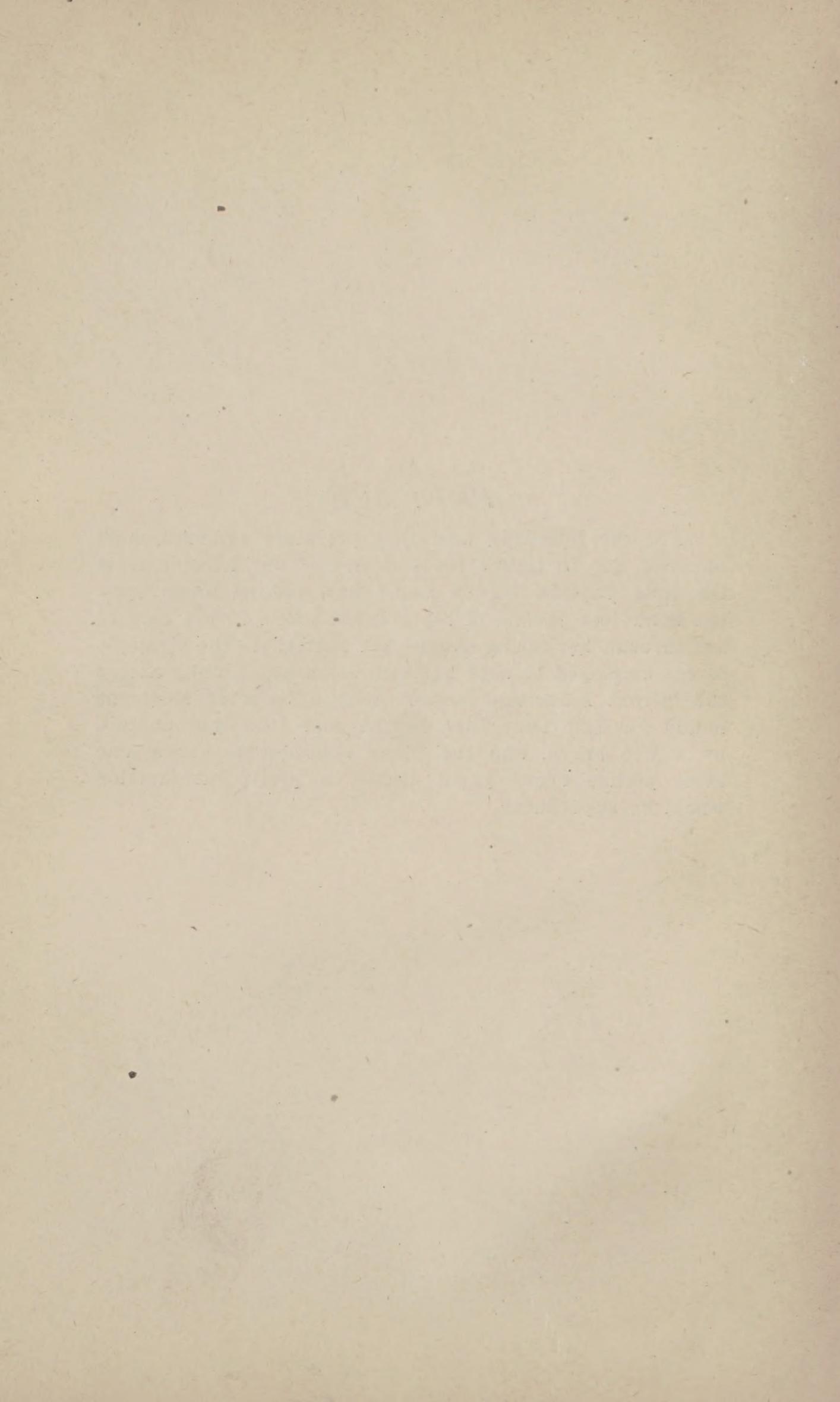
DEDICATION

To friends who furnished facts and incidents herein contained, and to my immediate loved ones, I gratefully and lovingly dedicate this book.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

For the following narrative, prefatory remarks must be brief, for to follow the fortunes of our heroine from the time Captain Barton found her drifting alone upon the boundless ocean—of his and his wife's loving care of her through her tender years—her betrothal—the strategic forces employed to urge her into a journey leading across the “Great American Desert” with a train of Mormons bound for Salt Lake City, in the year 1855—her capture by a Ute brave, and the many subsequent events, one must peruse every page; hence, a prolix introduction would be superfluous.



Pearl: an Ocean Waif.

CHAPTER I.

The principal characters, or at least a number of them, who will figure prominently in this story, may in this chapter be introduced as briefly as possible.

First, the Raymond family: Colonel Israel Raymond; his wife, Anna Harrington Raymond; their only son, Frank, and their niece, Miss Kate Harrington, who was a member of the Raymond family during many months of each year.

The Raymonds were wealthy, and consequently influential; and having descended from the aristocratic Raymonds and Harringtons of England, continued the English style of living to a great degree, and adhered to the conservative ideas of their ancestors, although the members of this family were of American birth.

Raymond Park was the pride of the country in which it was located. Its large stone mansion, its woodlands, well stocked with game, its orchards, its finely cultivated fields, and its broad acres of meadow lands, where grazed the finest stock and horses that the country could boast of for many miles around, if described would interest the reader, but as it is not expedient to detail the beautiful and perfect appointments of Raymond Park, that set it aristocratically apart from all other homes and estates in the vicinity, it were better, perhaps, to proceed with the introduction of individuals.

Second: Captain John Barton, owner of the good ship "Sterling;" his wife Melicent, and Pearl, a lovely young woman, who addressed Captain Barton as "Uncle John," and his wife as "Aunt Milley." This young woman's parentage was unknown. Captain Barton had picked her up on the wide ocean when she was an infant, while homeward bound from a voyage to Europe.

The Bartons made no aristocratic pretensions, but truly were, and were classed with the best citizens of the locality in which they lived.

Their unpretentious but comfortable cottage, surrounded with orchards, fields and meadows, indicated thrift and plenty. Although Captain Barton seldom tended

them himself, he entrusted the superintendence of the farm to his energetic wife. Raymond Park and the Barton farm were fully two miles apart, located in Massachusetts, and nearly fifty miles from Boston.

This introduction over, we will proceed with the narrative.

Captain John Barton had been many days from home, fitting up his vessel for a long and perilous voyage, and now that everything was in "ship-shape," as he termed it, the cargo and everything needful on board, he had returned home to bid his beloved wife and their darling Pearl good-bye.

He noticed that she was absent, but asked no questions in regard to this, as he had much to say to his wife before starting away upon a year's voyage. The pale face and trembling lips of his wife, when he announced his intentions of starting on the following morning, warned him that he had a task before him to reconcile her to his long absence.

After their early tea they sat upon the rustic chairs that were arranged invitingly upon the porch to enjoy the balmy spring evening. When he took his wife's hand and entreated her to sing just one song for him on this, his last evening home—their favorite song while they were youthful lovers. He repeated the first verse:

"A song of love, an humble song of love,
Yet caught and sang by angel choirs above;
Love is the keynote to all earthly bliss,
Imported from a fairer world than this."

Mrs. Barton sang to please her husband, her sweet soprano blending harmoniously with his full, deep bass, but one verse was all. With quivering lips she turned to him and murmured, "Oh John, I cannot sing, for my heart is too sad." "Well," he replied, "Never mind then; we will talk, for I have much to say to you, Milley, before I start upon this voyage."

She interrupted him by saying: "Positively, I do not believe I can live an entire year without knowing how you are getting along. And you know it will be a chance if you ever have an opportunity of sending a letter to me." Her voice trembled; she hesitated a moment, then added:

"So please don't go. You wrote me in the letter I received three days ago that you could sell the Sterling and cargo at a good price, and I have been hoping that you would sell it before you came home, and be done with this seafaring life altogether. Do sell it, John, and stay at home with me. If I could go with you it would be different, but you know that I cannot go. I would be sick during the entire voyage, and I dread even the sight of the treacherous old ocean. I know that you love me, John, and it seems to me if you could comprehend all that I suffer during one storm—and oh there will be so many—while you are away that you would never think of taking another voyage, however short, let alone this one, that will take you through or into unknown perils." This was said while tears rained down her comely cheeks, and with a voice so pitiful in its pleading tone that Captain Barton could not prevent the tears from filling his own eyes, but he knew that he must take this voyage, and he tried to comfort her. This he did by saying: "Dear Milley, if you will consent to me taking this one voyage I promise you that when I return I will sell the Sterling and never sail again. And now, my darling, listen to me, for you know that I can and do foretell many things truly. I know that I must take this voyage, and that it will be the most prosperous of any that I have ever taken, even more so than that one on which I found our precious little Pearl. Let's see, that was eighteen years ago, and my luck goes by nines and sevens, and that was the greatest good luck of my life, except, my dear, when you became my wife, and that was twenty-one years ago. Three times seven are twenty-one. So, my precious Milley, I will have double good luck this year. Ah, I see that you are smiling and I am glad, for now you will say that I may go." "But I am only smiling at your rhyme, dear John, and do not want you to go at all," responded his wife. "Don't you remember how you opposed me in taking that voyage, and how I promised you the richest present if you would only consent? And Milley, do consider what a happiness that girl has been to us, and so much company for you when I am away. Then, too, the dear child might have been devoured by sharks or starved to death upon the broad ocean if I had not taken that voyage. Where is she now?" asked Captain Barton. "Out riding with Frank Raymond," responded Mrs. Barton. "Frank

Raymond?" "Yes, John, and he has proposed marriage to her." "He has?" questioned Captain Barton, "and has she accepted?" "No, John, she is so sensitive in regard to her parentage that she does not accept." "Well," responded Captain Barton, "that would be a splendid match, for Frank is a capital young man, but then not any too good for our darling." "No, not any too good," responded Mrs. Barton.

The subject of the voyage was again resumed by Captain Barton. "I have been obliged to use nearly all our ready money in fitting up the Sterling and in laying in her cargo, as well as plenty of provisions to last a year, but next month our lawyer will send you the interest money due upon the loan I made to Mr. Benson, and that interest comes due quarterly, so I think you and Pearl will not need for ready money." "No," responded Mrs. Barton, "we will have plenty. If I had nothing aside from our finances to trouble me I would be a happy woman." He interrupted her by asking: "Milley, dear, you will consent to this voyage? I am sure you will, for you know that I am always lucky. Then I am certain that if it was not the will of God that I should go I would not feel as I do about it, so if God is for me, who can stand against me?"

Mrs. Barton's lips trembled as she replied: "My dear John, I consent. You are so hopeful that I must be hopeful too, and then I do know that you have truthfully foretold many things, so I will try to be brave and pray for your safe return; but I dread to think how cowardly and lonely I will be when you are away." "Then don't think of it, my darling, but let us plan for the future. I am sure that we will have money enough when I return to buy Raymond Park, if the old colonel would sell it." He continued to talk in the most hopeful strain until after the shades of evening surrounded them. When Bruno, their dog, came trotting up and pushed his cold nose against his master's hand, seemingly to assure him of his presence, he stroked the dog's silken coat and asked: "Yes, Bruno, but where is Pearl?" Soon a silvery laugh told them that she was near, and up from the gate walked two dark forms, barely lighted by the feeble rays of a new moon.

Mrs. Barton arose, remarking: "Doubtless Frank is coming in to bid you good-bye." She went indoors and

lighted a lamp. Frank was invited into the cozy sitting room, where all assembled, even to faithful old Bruno, who seemed to consider his presence indispensable.

After the greeting between Captain Barton and Frank, and the latter had proudly asserted that "Starlight," the pony he had been training for Pearl to ride, had behaved splendidly and that they had enjoyed the evening's canter exceedingly, the conversation reverted to the proposed voyage, and Frank asked: "Do you indeed sail to-morrow, Captain Barton?" "Yes," he responded. "To California and around Cape Horn." And when do you expect to return?" asked Frank. Captain Barton replied: "Perhaps in a year from now, and possibly later."

After conversing some moments upon the probable perils of such a voyage, Frank remarked: "I suppose I will be obliged to take another trip to London perhaps before you return, captain. That business in regard to our ancestral estate is not quite settled, and as father dislikes the ocean so badly, I am to act as proxy." "I don't blame him for disliking the ocean," interposed Mrs. Barton. And now for the first time since entering the sitting room and greeting her uncle, Pearl spoke: "I really love the ocean, and like wonderfully well to take short trips with Uncle John, and am quite certain that I should enjoy a prolonged voyage vastly. I do not understand how any one can dislike the grand old ocean so terribly as Aunt Milley does."

"Oh!" said Captain Barton, "No wonder you love the ocean, for you are one of its pearls, you know." She smiled and blushed slightly, then raising her blue eyes, encountered a look of intense love and admiration from Frank's dark ones, a deep blush overspread her lovely face. Captain Barton noticed this, and continued: "Do you know that it was eighteen years ago that I brought you home?"

A sad expression stole over her lovely face as she replied: "Yes, Uncle John, and I wonder who I really am? This question worries me." "Oh, my dear child, I have told you that you are a pearl cast up from the depths of the grand old ocean," he cheerily replied. "There was no ship in sight, the ocean extended from horizon to horizon. I had taken my glass to see if there was a speck of familiar land in sight, when I saw you bobbing along upon the waves, seemingly a bit of drift of

some kind. It was some time before I could determine that the drift was a little child, and when I did a boat was lowered in a hurry. I took you in myself, and was proud and thankful, too, when I found you were alive and unharmed, although nearly starved. We had a cow on shipboard and your hunger was soon satisfied. Black Washington and his wife Hannah were my cooks, so I handed you over to her, and tenderly she cared for you until we reached home. In dressing you she found a golden chain wound twice around your baby neck, with a locket. This we could never open. You were well wrapped in silken shawls and oil silk, with a life-preserved securely fastened around the precious little bundle. I had promised your Aunt Milley a beautiful present, and you were the crowning present I brought to her, although I had bought a beautiful India shawl before I found you." Frank asked to see the locket and shawls. Pearl arose, went into her room and brought the chain and locket to him. He turned the locket over and over to ascertain if there was the least indication of a spring by which it could be opened, but could find none. The workmanship of both locket and chain indicated foreign manufacture. A diamond on one side and a ruby upon the other, with the purest gold, indicated its worth. She then handed him the silken shawls. When through examining these he handed them back to her and remarked: "You often wonder who and what you are. From these articles we must infer that your parentage was none other than the nobility of your native land, wherever that was. Then you have proven yourself to be the most precious girl on earth; and Captain Barton, as you are going so soon, to be gone no one knows how long or whether you will ever return again, I wish your consent now to Pearl's and my marriage. I had not thought to ask you so soon, as we cannot be married for a year or so, but I, or we, want to be sure of your consent and blessing; also the consent and blessing of Mrs. Barton, who has been a true mother to her, do we not, Pearl?" She blushed deeply, and softly murmured, "Yes, we do."

Captain Barton arose, took Frank by the hand, and said: "Frank, you have asked in a manly way for our darling, so you have our consent and blessings, too, has he not, Milley?" "Yes, truly he has," responded Mrs. Barton. It was with a tremulous voice that she had spoken, but it

soon strengthened to an even yet anxious tone, as she added. "How do your father and mother feel in regard to your preference for our Pearl, or have you spoken to them about it?" Frank replied: "I have spoken to my mother, but have said nothing to my father as yet in regard to my preference, and, too, I have never been able to gain Pearl's consent until this evening, her main objection being that no one knows who she is. We all know that she is beautiful and good; this is sufficient for me, and of course will be sufficient for my parents also."

"Excuse me, Frank," said Mrs. Barton, "but I would like to know how your mother regards your probable union with her."

Frank did not respond immediately, but finally replied: "My mother did not appear to give my confidence any particular thought, further than by this remark: 'Probably Pearl will not consent to marry any one until her parentage can be ascertained.'" "Which seems to be an impossibility," responded Mrs. Barton. Captain Barton added: "We do not like to have our Pearl marry into a family that would not welcome her on account of not being able to know her parentage and ancestral history. No, no, Frank, that would never do; but perhaps your parents will love her for her own precious self, and because you, their only son, have chosen her for your wife. I hope so at least." "I think there is no danger of them not loving her," returned Frank, as he looked fondly toward Pearl, whose shapely white hand was raised to her eyes. The conversation troubled her, as this question of her parentage always did. Frank arose, took her hand from her eyes, and looked into them inquiringly, saying: "Pearl, my own, you will not permit the inevitable to stand in the way of our happiness? You have at last consented to be my wife. Your guardians, or foster parents, have also consented, and so let the matter rest as it is. I am more than satisfied, and no one else need worry."

The clouds by this time veiled the young moon, and a threatening shower rendered it necessary for Frank to start home immediately, so with kind wishes to Captain Barton for his success and safe return, then a hearty hand-clasp and a good-night to Mrs. Barton, he with Pearl went out upon the porch, where he bade her an impressive and loving good-night, with an assurance that he would be with her on the following evening, then

walked hurriedly down to the gate, mounted his horse and hastened away in the gathering darkness.

The thunder storm was rapidly approaching. Flash followed flash of vivid lightning in quick succession and peals of thunder told that the storm was near. Pearl stood where Frank had left her, his warm kisses still upon her rosy lips and upon her fair, broad brow. She stood and watched the gathering storm, her heart full of love for her bethrothed; and yet there seemed to be something like a shadow, something intangible to be sure. This intangible something rendered the future dark and impenetrable. The approaching storm suited her present mood. She had always loved the lightning's flash and thunder's roar, since her earliest recollection, but this evening was the one evening to be set apart from all others in her life.

The gathering clouds approached with a majesty seldom equaled. The lightning's blinding flashes and the thunder's sullen or deafening roar seemed to her like armed aerial forces moving onward to battle, the flashes and thunder like the discharge of artillery as the forces approached the imperceptible foe. She loved the sight and sounds. It seemed grand to her. And now the question arose for the first time, "Why do I love a scene like this? Did my father love the sounds and sights of battle?" Who can answer these questions? And was this grand array of the elements arranged to warn or arm her against the indescribable something that seemed to be near, to cloud her life and happiness? The rain poured down in torrents before she could gain her own consent to re-enter the cottage. She felt sure that her lover had reached his home in safety, as his horses were very fleet and he a fearless rider. The storm had been many moments gathering thus giving him ample time to outride it.

She bade her foster parents good-night. They both kissed her tenderly and wished her happiness in Frank Raymond's love. She then entered her room, for well she knew that Uncle John and Aunt Milley would not be through talking before midnight, and perhaps no sleep would seal their eyes during this, his last night at home. She mused upon the long voyage that he would take to California, the land of gold, and away around Cape Horn. "Oh, dear," she sighed; "Uncle John to be gone a whole year, and perhaps longer; and Frank going away to Eng-

land; it is this, and only this, that brings this cloud and terrible depression upon me at times, both to be away for a year at least. No wonder I feel depressed," she murmured to herself. Then she took the locket and chain and examined them closely, also the silken shawls that had been wrapped about her baby form when Uncle John had found her, a wee waif, upon the boundless ocean. She thought of all the care and kindness this worthy couple had bestowed upon her ever since. She knew that they loved her as fondly as they could have loved a daughter of their own, had they been blessed with one, for they had given her every advantage of education, including music, drawing and painting. These thoughts were flitting through her mind, and in this train of thoughts came the recollection of a day fully two years before, when she was out upon the hillside sketching the Raymond mansion in the distance and the lovely peaceful scenery that lay in the foreground, when Frank Raymond came quietly to her side, and in glancing up she encountered a look of admiration beaming upon her from his dark, expressive eyes; also she remembered the tone of his voice begging pardon for intruding; then a moment later his request to see the sketch. As these thoughts arose in her mind a blush, not of shame, but of pure love and happiness, overspread her beautiful face, for this certainly was the commencement of a friendship that had grown into the love that now held them bethrothed. She loved to think how finely he appeared that day, dressed in his hunting suit, with cap in hand, begging pardon for his intrusion. He had insisted on having the sketch when it was completed. She remembered how perfectly she had finished this, and how beautifully he had framed it, and how proudly he had placed it in the finest light to be had upon the walls of his parents' sitting room, and there it now rested, an acknowledged gem of art. She thought of how she was improving in her art, and knew that Frank's appreciation of her work was her finest inspiration. Then she glanced down to her left hand, that was resting upon the table, and noticed the brilliancy of the diamond that blazed up from their engagement ring that Frank had slipped upon her finger in the early twilight of that very evening. A rose tinge suffused her face as she raised her hand and touched her lips to the brilliant. Frank, the great, noble, dark-eyed Frank Raymond, loved her, the little Ocean

Waif, and how could she be sufficiently thankful for this glorious love? Then the question arose in her mind as to why he had not chosen his queenly cousin, Kate Harrington, for his wife instead of herself? This seemed to puzzle her, for Kate always deferred to him in everything and seemed unmistakably fond of him. Such thoughts, and others, thronged her brain. While preparing for slumber she unbound her hair and stood by the mirror brushing it preparatory to braiding it loosely for the night. Her hair, that in its golden glory was almost a wonder to all who looked upon it. She saw herself in the mirror with its rippling splendor falling like a mantle about her sylph-like form. For a moment she looked and did not wonder because Frank loved and admired her. And yet she was not vain. A feeling of gladness thrilled her young heart as she looked at the image of herself reflected in the mirror, and murmured: "Yes, I am truly beautiful, but I never have thought of this until now. I certainly appear beautiful to Frank or he would not have chosen me above all others for his wife."

The morning dawned all too soon for Mrs. Barton, as her husband must start early to be on time to embark on shipboard for the dreaded voyage.

As Captain Barton folded his wife to his heart for the last time he said: "Now, Milley, remember that I will bring you untold wealth, or something that will make you happier than you have ever been in all your life. I do not say this only to soothe your grief in this parting. I truly feel that it is God's will I should go; so be brave, my precious wife, and trust in God." "Bring your own dear self back to me; this is all I ask," sobbed Mrs. Barton.

He bade Pearl good-bye; the carriage stood in waiting and he hurried away to catch the early train to Boston, for in Boston harbor his staunch ship *Sterling* awaited her captain to set sail for the untried voyage.

CHAPTER II.

After Frank bade his affianced good-night he hurried down to his horses, mounted Black Prince, led Starlight, and hastened homeward amid lightning flashes and peals of thunder. He had hoped to outride the storm, but could not, for it broke upon him in all its drenching fury just before he reached his own gate. As soon as he could give the horses into black Sam's care he hastened into the house, going through the kitchen and up the back stairs to his room, telling Aunt Hannah, the colored cook, as he passed through to bring him a cup of tea, for he was drenched through and through, and to tell his parents, if they were still up, that he had returned safely. "Yes, Mr. Frank, I'll do dat, an trus' to yo' ole Ant Hanner to fix yo somfin hoter 'en tea, foh you needs it; yose sutenly mos drown." This she said as she hustled about preparing a drink much warmer than tea for him; also a dainty little luncheon, for she gussed that her "favite boy," as she often called Frank, had not been to tea. She took the hot drink up to him as soon as it was prepared, then brought up his tea and lunch, saying as she entered his room with the tray containing it: "De fokes in de parlah wos worryin' considble 'bout yo, Mr. Frank, but I'se tolle 'em, an' deys gon to baid." "Thank you; that is right, Aunt Hannah," responded Frank, who now in a suit of warm, dry clothes felt quite himself again, and after drinking the cup of hot tea, he turned to Aunt Hannah and asked: "By the way, Aunt Hannah, do you know that Captain Barton sets sail to-morrow morning for California—the land of gold?" "No! dus he?" "Yes, he will start from home early to-morrow morning to be gone perhaps a whole year." "Clar roun' de Hon?" "Yes, Aunt Hannah." "He's a mighty fine man, am Cap'n Barton, an' if my ole man wus 'live I spect he wud be sailin' wif him as his cook. He use to go heaps o' times wif him; him an' me wuz on boa'd his ship when he pick'd up dat goleñ hai'd little girl uv thern; poh chile but she wuz mos strav'd." said Aunt Hannah. Frank now looked up at her with an

unusual light in his fine dark eyes and said: "Aunt Hannah, I had just as well tell you now as any time; that little golden haired girl will be my wife some day." "Well, pon my soul dat am good news, Mr. Frank. I'se glad ob dat, cos she's so lubly an' sweet; den my 'pinion allus wus dat she am a bon princess. Oh! de fine an lubly close she did hab on! an' all wrap in silken shalls so fine an' rich! Yais, she am a bon princess, I'se shuah," said Aunt Hannah. "Do you think so?" responded Frank. "Yais I dus, an' yo' bofe hab yo' ole Ant Hanner's bes' wishes foh yo' hapnes' foheber," responded Aunt Hannah. "Thank you, Aunt Hannah. I am certain that you are in earnest." As she took the tray down stairs her dark face fairly beamed with the joy this news had given her, for of all the white children she had ever cared for, Frank and Pearl were her favorites.

The storm raged until late in the night. Frank's thoughts would not permit him to sleep for many hours; he was indeed too happy to sleep, now that he had gained Pearl's promise to become his wife, and that she had given up hoping she could ever ascertain whom her parents were. He smiled as he thought how firmly Aunt Hannah believed that Pearl was a "born princess," and reflected that this was indeed possible. Yet what did he care, so that she would some day be his own sweet wife? And now that she had promised, he was happy.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Frank was up betimes and out to enjoy a morning's walk before breakfast. When he met his parents and Cousin Kate at the breakfast table they greeted him with a cheery "Good morning," his mother and Kate inquiring about his being out in the storm of last evening. His father seemed preoccupied for awhile, but finally looked up and asked: "Did you take cold?" "No," responded Frank, "and had I taken cold Aunt Hannah brought me a drink that would have set me all right had I been drowned for an hour." "Well," remarked his father, at the same time raising his kindly blue eyes to Frank's dark ones, "I received a letter this morning from our attorney in London; and from this I learn that one of us must go right away, or about one week from now will be soon enough; and as I do not like an ocean trip, perhaps you had better go." "Yes," responded Frank, "of course I will go. Your aversion to the ocean seems strange to me as I love a life on the ocean

wave." Frank had intended to announce his engagement to Pearl this morning, but this conversation with his father, and the hurried plans that ensued in regard to the trip, also other matters of great interest, mostly pertaining to the stock and farm, filled every moment of time while they were at breakfast, after which the day was occupied making suitable arrangements until evening. Then there seemed to be a lull in the day's work and an opportunity for Frank to speak of the subject now dearest to his heart. His father was resting, his mother knitting and his Cousin Kate embroidering some silken fabric.

After a few preliminary remarks Frank announced his engagement to Pearl Barton. He felt that a stillness of unusual length followed this announcement, but did not think that had he bursted a bomb in their midst he would have surprised his parents and Cousin Kate so completely as this announcement did. His father looked at his mother in blank amazement, then at Frank, when he said: "Well, my boy, I hope you will be happy," and his mother said: "Yes, we both wish our son happiness." His Cousin Kate had walked to the window and remained there a moment, then came to him and said: "And I, too, wish you happiness, Cousin Frank. Pearl is truly a very lovely girl and a perfect lady." Somehow all this seemed to Frank rather formal and cold, but his heart was buoyant with love and hope and he thanked them for their kind wishes. His mother asked him how soon he thought of marrying Pearl. He answered: "I intend to be married to her as soon, or very soon after my return from England;" then consulting his watch, he remarked: "It is time that I should be going to take my lady love riding; so good-bye until I return, which may not be until late this evening; and yet I may be back before tea, as Mrs. Barton will hardly wish company this evening."

After Frank left the colonel and Mrs. Raymond soon withdrew from the sitting room to their own private apartment, where they were beyond all possibility of being overheard. Here it was that they held all consultations of a private nature, and here they went now to consult upon the question of Frank's engagement to Pearl Barton, the Ocean Waif.

The old colonel was indeed greatly excited, walking the room back and forth a number of times before he spoke, while Mrs. Raymond sat cool and collected, as from

the first. Her plans of procedure were almost matured in regard to what ought to be done in this emergency.

Finally the old colonel ejaculated: "That boy is crazy to think of marrying any woman but Kate. Her property, with his, or ours, would make a princely fortune, and too, Kate is beautiful and accomplished. So what on earth is the boy thinking about in making this silly engagement?" Mrs. Raymond responded: "My dear husband, you had as well take the affair coolly, for have I not managed him out of some of his most erroneous plans? When he was young I could cool his ardor in any undertaking that I did not approve of by not entering into his plans or ignoring them altogether. Certainly I have not lost my power of managing our dear boy. We both know too well that to oppose him outright is the worst course that we can pursue."

"Well, what do you purpose to do, Anna? Surely you have some plan by which this marriage can be prevented, and I stand ready to help you," said the colonel.

"Your old-time friend, Elder Kimball, the Mormon, will visit us before a great while, and I think he will help us out in this matter." "How, Anna?" interrupted the colonel, "how on earth can he do anything to help in this, I'd like to know?"

Then they held a half whispered consultation (were they afraid that the walls would hear and bear witness against them?) that resulted in a relieved expression, instead of the vexed and anxious one that had had full control of the colonel's face from the time he had entered the room until now.

He rubbed his hands together and smiled, saying: "Yes, yes, that will do, if we can only manage the girl."

Mrs. Raymond responded: "You can manage anybody or anything by kindness if your will is sufficiently strong to take you through. In strategy there is more strength than many are aware of."

"How do you think Kate took the announcement?" asked the colonel. "Did you not notice how pale she turned?" asked Mrs. Raymond. "No, I could not notice anything except the happy light that beamed from our dear boy's eyes and the joyous, hopeful expression of his fine face. Oh, if he could only love Kate as well as he loves Pearl!" "He may in time; who knows?" responded Mrs. Raymond. "And, too, Kate will help us in our plans."

"Think so?" "Yes, she will be one of our chief assistants. Then, too, she will manage her part so kindly and innocently that no one will guess she is acting. She is almost my very own in all these little necessary strategic social movements. So don't worry, for we will soon have everything our own way without harming anyone, and all concerned will be happier for it."

"I hope so," responded the colonel, but he could not help thinking how very happy Frank had looked while telling him that Pearl had consented to become his wife, and he began to dread the consequences of interfering with his son's happiness.

Meantime Kate was closely locked in her own room, not crying, as disappointed girls usually do, yet she was deeply disappointed, as she had fully believed that her Cousin Frank thought of no other woman for his wife aside from herself; not because of any word, look or manner of this honorable cousin of hers, but because she wanted him for her husband, and because her parents and Uncle Isreal and Aunt Anna wished him to marry her. To her, as to the parents on both sides, this was a foregone conclusion, and to herself their marriage had seemed inevitable. And now! Now that golden-haired Pearl Barton, the Ocean Waif, the nameless nobody, had come between her and her love. Back and forth Kate Harrington paced like an enraged leopardess, sinuous, graceful and beautiful, the thick carpet giving out no sound beneath her slippers feet. She was planning, rapidly planning to get the girl out of her way. This was her chief desire, thinking if she was out of sight, or could be induced to do something that might disgust her fastidious cousin, the coast would be clear for herself. But her mind was in a whirl, and any plan that would arise was instantly set aside as impracticable. Pearl was a perfect lady, and would never do anything to disgust Frank. This Kate knew. Then to get her out of the way; how could that be done? These were Kate's thought and questionings, that found no satisfactory answer in her own mind, and when her maid rapped at the door to call her to supper she had formed no practical plan. She had her maid dress her with extra care and taste, hoping that she would meet Frank at the tea table. Kate met her uncle and aunt with the usual salutations. They noticed a light in her dark eyes not

seen by them before as she asked: "Has Frank returned from his ride?"

"No, he is still away," responded the colonel. After tea Mrs. Raymond and Kate entered the conservatory together, where they seemed deeply interested in the blooming of a calla lily, but their low-toned conversation seemed unnecessarily prolonged to be exclusively in regard to it. Finally as their steps turned toward the sitting room, Kate remarked: "Auntie, dear, you may trust me to do my part;" and as she took her seat upon the music stool to play for her uncle and aunt that evening, no conquering queen could have looked more triumphant, for her mind was at rest now so far as the planning was concerned; and there were stragetic movements ahead for her that suited her to perfection. No feeling of pity for the ones who might suffer in consequence ever entered her young heart. The Ocean Waif must be ousted from her Cousin Frank's heart and love; and herself ensconsed therein forever. She felt equal to the task of doing anything to accomplish this.

CHAPTER III.

Frank rode Black Prince, and led Starlight, reaching the Barton cottage much earlier than Pearl expected him to come, hence was not dressed for the evening ride; but was seated at the organ, playing and singing for Mrs. Barton, who in her grief caused by her husband's departure, could be soothed only by music. This Pearl knew, and longed to comfort her; as a daughter might wish to comfort a grieved mother; so played the pieces of music, or sang the songs and hymns Mrs. Barton most loved to hear.

Frank came slowly up the walk, noticing on either side, the plants and flowers, barely unfolding their tiny leaves above the brown mold—and robins flitting here and there, probably in quest of material to weave into their prospective nests—the tenderest green upon tree and shrub, and upon meadows near or far away—the balmy air filled with the exhilarating breath of early spring, now bearing to his ear the beloved voice of his promised bride, and although it was early spring, instead of leafy June, the world was beautiful to him, for his heart was glad. As he approached the cottage old Bruno met him, and in a very dignified manner escorted him to the porch, where Frank stood several moments listening to the music, before his presence was noticed by either Mrs. Barton or Pearl, when they both started and cordially welcomed him. Pearl, with a lovely rose tint suffusing her beautiful face, as she arose from the music stool and approached him with right hand extended, which he warmly clasped, and in looking down into her dark blue eyes, raised so confidently to his own, he noticed they were filled with a tender light of love and sympathy; love for himself, and truest sympathy for her beloved aunt; then, too, her pure young soul had soared above all ordinary thoughts and feelings in the music she had so lately been executing.

Frank had ever thought her very beautiful, but now she appeared more lovely than ever before, and every

time that he had met her of late some new beauty, grace or expression had attracted his attention. He stooped and almost reverently pressed a kiss upon her white, smooth forehead, over which the softest tendrils of gold curled down from the smoothly bound hair above, remarking to Mrs. Barton: "This kissing is admissible now, is it not?" "Certainly," responded Mrs. Barton, as she arose and handed him a chair. "Pearl did not expect you so soon, or she would have been ready for her ride."

"Well, I am early," responded Frank, but then I cannot afford to lose a moment's happiness of her society, as I must very soon be on my journey to London." "Why, do you intend going so soon?" asked Pearl. "My father received a letter this morning from his attorney there, who considers it necessary that one of us, with the papers that are in our possession which he needs to assist in securing that property, should be within reach, and as father dreads the voyage, I will go," responded Frank.

At this from him the rose tint faded from her lips, for the dark foreboding of trouble ahead again filled her heart. Frank noticed this change, and kindly assured her that he would return as soon as he possibly could get the business in shape for the attorney to go ahead with without his presence; "and Pearl, I hope you will try and be as happy as you possibly can be while I am away, visit my parents and Cousin Kate often (I have told them of our engagement). You and Kate can ride whenever you choose. So cheer up, my darling, and now get ready for our evening's canter, for it is perfectly lovely out. Pearl went to her room to don her riding habit, and Mrs. Barton, with some little anxiety in her voice, asked Frank how his parents had taken the news of his engagement.

He replied: "My father seemed somewhat surprised at first, and my mother showed no particular emotion one way or another, as she was partially prepared for it; both wished me joy and happiness." "And how did your Cousin Kate take the announcement?" asked Mrs. Barton, "pardon me, Frank, for asking these questions." "You have my pardon, Mrs. Barton, for I understand it is on account of your love for Pearl, and not idle curiosity that prompts you. Cousin Kate turned pale, and walked to the window while I was talking with my parents, then came to me and very earnestly said: 'I hope, dear cousin,

that you will be very happy; truly Pearl is a lovely girl, and a perfect lady.' "

"Yes, Frank," responded Mrs. Barton. "You surely know that it has been both your parents' and Kate's parents' wish that you and Kate should marry each other. This has been the most fondly cherished wish of their hearts ever since your early youth, as thus the great wealth of the two families would be undivided."

"Yes, I know," responded Frank, "there was such an idea, or plan some years ago; but then we Americans reserve the privilege of choosing for ourselves, you know. Surely, I could not for a moment entertain the idea of making Cousin Kate my wife; she seems too much like a sister to me for one reason; and then I do not like her disposition at all. No, no, father and mother both know that I would not under any consideration marry Cousin Kate; so don't worry over that, Mrs. Barton."

By this time Pearl was ready for the evening's ride, her trim, lithe figure arrayed in a closely fitting blue cloth riding habit, trimmed with small pearl buttons, her hat the same tint, with its one elegant white ostrich plume setting jauntily upon her golden braids.

Frank's eyes beamed his love and admiration for this truly lovely girl as he asked: "All ready? then we will have a jolly scamper over to North hill and back before dark."

"Your Aunt Milley must not be left long in her loneliness." "Thank you, Frank, for your thoughtful consideration; and I suppose it is not necessary for me to charge you to be careful of our Pearl now?" she smilingly responded.

"No need at all, Mrs. Barton," replied Frank. They were soon mounted and away, happy in their love for each other, and happy because they were young and life held so much of joy and hope for them. Mrs. Barton, in her loneliness busied herself in preparing tea to be ready on their return.

Frank gladly accepted her invitation to tea, glad of any excuse to remain near his betrothed as long as possible; and then, too, he knew that his presence would cheer Mrs. Barton.

They were chatting cheerily and arranging for Pearl's pleasure while he should be away, when a neighbor's son who had been to the postoffice, and often brought

Mrs. Barton's mail, came and handed her a letter, bearing the postmark of the office near her old home in Maine. The superscription was in a strange hand-writing, and this alarmed her. She explained, and begged to be excused while she read the letter. She read a few lines, then groaned, as it dropped from her trembling hand.

"What is the matter, Aunt Milley?" Pearl asked, as she went to her. "Read it, I cannot. O! I cannot. It does seem that all trouble comes at once." Pearl read aloud:

"Mrs. Barton: Come home as soon as possible for your father is down with a paralytic stroke, and needs your care. My husband and I will take care of him until you come. Kindly your friend, Susan Slater."

"Yes," said Aunt Milley, "Susan was one of my school-mates. She is very kind. I must go, and go soon, for my grandfather died with the third paralytic stroke, and this is father's second one. Frank, I am glad that you are here, for by you I can send word to Mr. Thomas and wife this evening to come over early to-morrow and take charge of the place while I will be away. You see that I am thinking fast, Frank." "Yes," responded Frank, "and if there is anything else that I can do to help you, please command me. Excuse me, but you know that now I am almost your son. May I ask if you have the ready money for this journey?"

"No, Frank, truly I have not enough, but I thought of selling one of my cows to raise the money for it." "No need of that," replied Frank; "here, Mrs. Barton," he said, as he extended his hand filled with money to her, "will this be enough?" "She counted it and said: "It is more than enough, Frank, take a portion of it back." "O, no," he replied, "you may need it all, so do keep it. And I must go immediately if I expect to find Mr. and Mrs. Thomas up, so good bye now, Mrs. Barton, I will be over to-morrow to take you to the station in the evening." "Thank you, Frank, and good evening," responded Mrs. Barton. Pearl went with him out on the porch, where they parted as lovers do.

Kate was in the midst of a very difficult piece of music as Frank entered the sitting room; in fact, she was surpassing herself, as she had never played so well before.

When she was through Frank complimented her upon

her musical ability, and turned to his parents and informed them of the tidings Mrs. Barton had received in regard to her father's illness, and of her intention to start to him on the morrow. Following this, he said: "I fear that Pearl will have a lonely time over there while Mrs. Barton and I am away;" then turned to Kate saying: "I hope, Kate, that you will try to make her cheerful and happy whenever she visits you here, as I have advised her to do often while I am gone. You two can take many a merry canter upon the horses, as they are well broken." "Certainly," replied Kate, "It matters not how often she comes, we will make her as happy as we can. Of course the dear girl will be lonely." This was said in such a sincere intonation that Frank felt gratified and sure that his folks would take his affianced into their hearts, and thought that they could not do otherwise as she was so lovely, and he loved her so dearly; so he thanked Kate and his mother, for his mother had said: "Certainly, we will entertain her whenever she comes."

But Frank did not notice the glances that were exchanged between his mother and Kate; his mind was very busy, and soon he and his father retired to the library to talk over their business matters and perfect their plans.

The two ladies so singularly alike were left alone. Both were tall, slender and graceful, with glossy black, abundant hair, dark expressive eyes beneath arching eyebrows, finely lined but not heavy; oval faces, firm chins and mouths that seemed determined to not say one unnecessary word. They looked like mother and daughter, proud, queenly and self centered; anyone would have considered them beautiful and very aristocratic. They conversed together in a subdued tone and lady like manner for many moments before they sought their respective rooms for the night.

On the following morning early Mr. and Mrs. Thomas went to Mrs. Barton's cottage and were fully installed in it as keepers of it, and of the place, the poultry, cows and all, until Mrs. Barton's return. And before another evening came Aunt Milley had bidden good bye to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, with many a charge to them to be sure and take good care of Pearl and to write often to her. Frank came over with his double rig to

take her and her valises to the station four miles away. Of course Pearl accompanied them and took a tender leave of Mrs. Barton. This separation was as the first sad parting between a fond mother and loving daughter, forebodings that were quite overpowering took possession of her soul, and it was some time before Frank could persuade her to stop sobbing. He finally said: "Dear Pearl, do listen to me. I have much to say to you, darling, before I, too, leave you for my voyage across the ocean, and really it grieves me deeply to see you so upset at this parting with your Aunt Milley, for I fear when it comes to parting with me that I will leave you grieving beyond consolation; and, too, with no one who will try to console you. I truly wish there was no need of my going, for you and I would be most happy in each other's company during the coming summer; as I hope we ever will be in all the years of our lives."

The mention of his going caused the tears to flow afresh but as soon as she could gain control over her grief, she assured him that she would try to be brave and not grieve him by her childish behavior.

Then came the acknowledgement, tremulously from her sweet lips, of the terrible misgivings and dread that had taken possession of her; which very nearly overpowered her at times. "This is a terrible premonition of evil. Something that looms up before me as unsurmountable and unavoidable. If I could have you ever near me, dear Frank, this darkness could not, nor would not overwhelm me. No, there would be no darkness with you near, but if you go, as go you must, I feel that this indescribable, inevitable, intangible something will come to me." All Frank could do was to press her to his heart, and assure her of his undying love; and think of the provisions for her comfort and safety that he would make before he started away. He mentally arranged for Pearl to spend the summer at the Raymond mansion, where his parents and Cousin Kate would surely protect and guard his darling.

And fondly assured her: "You can spend the summer at Raymond park, with my parents and Cousin Kate and have a pleasant time of it, too. You and Kate ought to be the best of friends. Then, too, you can both ride horseback whenever you choose to. Kate is a fine horsewoman.

She can ride Black Prince, while you will always have your favorite, Starlight. Cheer up, my darling, and let me have the light of your eyes before I leave you for the night. I will be over as early as possible tomorrow to see you, and meantime will make all the arrangements necessary for your welcome and comfort at my home." Then he spoke to Sam to hurry the horses, at it was growing late. They halted at Pearl's home, he lifted her out and escorted her to her door, where he bade her a tender and loving good night. Mrs. Thomas had tea ready, and as she saw that Pearl was feeling badly, she did all in her power to cheer her, but she retired early to her own room, as there was no comfort in any one's words for her this evening. Her lover's words had only soothed her while he was near. Now she wished to be alone with her thoughts. Only a few days ago she had been care free and happy; now her entire life seemed wonderfully changed. Uncle John, away on a year's voyage; Aunt Milley gone to her father, miles away, with no definite idea of when she would return. Then she thought of her engagement to Frank Raymond, the dear, noble, honorable, grand Frank Raymond, and as soon as they were engaged there arose the necessity for him to leave her, to be gone perhaps a whole year. She looked forward to the coming year with a more intense dread than her young heart had ever known before.

And now that she was alone, without the presence of her lover to soothe and influence her, a feeling of deep repugnance arose in her soul, as she thought of visiting at the Raymond mansion all summer, or until Aunt Milley's return; yet she acknowledged that she had ever been treated very kindly by both of Frank's parents whenever she had visited there and, too, Kate had always seemed anxious to make her visits very pleasant, but all her visits thus far had been brief, compared with this proposed visit of weeks, and perhaps months. Yet, as this was Frank's plan for her happiness, it would seem both willful and absurd should she refuse to go.

All these thoughts passed through her mind, and now she looked again at the locket. This she concluded to wear, as it seemed more precious since her lover had seen and commented upon its worth and rare

workmanship; and, too, she reflected, it might prove to be an amulet to ward off the impending evil that seemed to overshadow her life. Yes, she would wear it, but wear it quite out of sight. As she fastened the chain around her fair neck, a feeling of comfort warmed her heart. She thought that her fond mother had wound it around her baby neck, when dressing her for the impending shipwreck that must have occurred to leave her a waif upon the boundless ocean. And she murmured: "To be found, and named Pearl by Uncle John."

That evening after tea, Frank broached the subject in regard to having Pearl visit with his parents and Kate during Mrs. Barton's absence. Both of his parents consented immediately, and Kate said: "Yes, we will have two rooms fitted up for her immediately. One for a studio, so as she can go on with her art work, whenever she wishes to, and the time will not seem so long to her. Frank expressed his thanks to both his parents, and to Kate for her thoughtfulness, then asked how long a time it would require to fit up the two rooms? "Only perhaps a half day, as they are nearly in perfect order already," Kate replied.

"Well, then, I may as well bring Pearl over here to-morrow evening," responded Frank. "Certainly," replied his mother. Everything was now arranged in accordance with Frank's wishes, and the evening passed pleasantly away with music and in conversation, Kate remaining long at the piano, seeming more anxious than usual to sing and play Frank's favorite pieces.

It was late on the following morning when Pearl awoke. Mrs. Thomas would not arouse her, as she felt sure it had been late in the night before she had fallen asleep; and as Pearl went into the sitting room immediately after her breakfast, she met Frank. This surprised her, as she had not expected him so soon. Her face turned deathly pale. This Frank noticed and became alarmed for fear that all the grief and excitement, aside from the terrible forebodings, had made her ill. He advanced to her quickly, took her hand, and led her to the sofa, saying: "You are truly sick, my darling, you are so very pale." She smiled as the color began to return to lip and cheek, and answered: "There have been so many changes come into my life of late, it takes very little to startle me; and I was sur-

prised to see you so soon, dear Frank. I am not ill, but worried and apprehensive, as I told you last evening." "I am afraid that you will indeed be very ill, if you cannot drive those dark forebodings away, for it is not like my darling to turn pale at the sight of me," responded Frank, half sad, half playfully. "Surely these forebodings of evil arise from the fact that your Uncle John and Aunt Milley are away for an indefinite length of time, and that it will be only a few days before I must go, too. It is these circumstances that bring the shadows that surround you, my darling." A pathetic little smile, that told of tears more than of joy, stole over her sweet face as she replied: "And are not these circumstances quite enough?"

It is needless to attempt to write the response, as it was not given in words.

"Well, to dispel the darkness, I have made every arrangement for your comfort at my father's home during your Aunt Milley's absence; two rooms in the mansion, to be your very own, one as a studio, with everything that you will need to facilitate your art work; with Starlight ever at your command; and all the comforts of home; now, tell me darling, is there anything so very terrible in this?"

"No, Frank, there is nothing terrible in this, and you have my thanks for all this kindness and care for my comfort. You, and your dear parents, are very kind, and I truly appreciate your considerate kindness in this, but as I have already told you, the forebodings are all intangible, although I know that I will be very lonely when you are away, it does not seem to be this, that so terribly overshadows me. It does not seem to me that you will never return, or that dear Uncle John, will be lost at sea; it is something that I have never thought of, or even faintly understand, that threatens me, or rather seems to threaten me; but I will try to overcome this dread and live in your love and thoughtful care for me, and my comfort."

"That is right, darling. Sam will come over this afternoon for your trunk and easel, and whatever else you may need to have taken over there. I will come over with the horses, so that we can have an evening's gallop before I take you home. Now be sure and have everything ready for Sam when he comes; and cheer

up, darling, for it will be sad for me unless I can feel that you are happy, and feel perfectly at home in my father's house before I start for London," said Frank. "Thank you, I will try to overcome the darkness," she responded, as he bade her good bye.

Pearl busied herself during the remainder of the forenoon in getting her things ready for the visit. She entrusted her birds to kind Mrs. Thomas' care, and dear old Bruno, now lonely because his master and mistress were away, seemed more than ever fond of remaining near Pearl. She patted his broad head often, and explained to him how changed everything had become; he had always been very dear to her, and she felt a deep regret in leaving him in his loneliness, although she knew he would have the best of care from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas.

Evening came, and with it Frank, with the horses. He thought Pearl had never looked so lovely, although a trifle paler than usual, as she met him dressed for the ride, her dark blue eyes seemed to have a depth of expression in them that he had never noticed before; the long dark lashes and finely penciled eyebrows above them seemed darker in contrast with the whiteness of her brow than ever, and the gold of her hair richer in its glow. He wondered if it were possible for him to always see some new beauty every time that he met his darling; and would it be thus throughout their entire lives? These were his thoughts as he stooped and pressed a kiss upon her full ripe lips. Words were few between them—they were soon mounted and away, enjoying the evening's canter.

They took a long ride, and in slowly returning, talked of the future, and talked as lovers do who look forward to their union, with hopes of happiness and pleasure.

They arranged to correspond regularly, and Frank talked encouragingly of how happy she would be in her art work, and of the fine paintings she would complete before his return; paintings that would adorn their future home, and of how fast the summer would flit away for her while engaged in this pleasurable employment. He talked much more encouragingly than he really felt, for this unavoidable separation from her was anything but pleasant for him to contemplate, and then the clouds of apprehension that she was troubled with seemed to

have an influence over his hitherto buoyant spirit; but he would not permit her to guess how deeply he dreaded the separation.

They reached the Raymond mansion as their late tea was nearly ready. Pearl was warmly welcomed by Frank's parents and his Cousin Kate, and shown to her room by the latter. Pearl could hardly repress an exclamation of delight as she entered her room. Everything was so beautifully and so exquisitely arranged. Kate's maid assisted her to dress for the evening, a dress of pale blue silk trimmed in the softest lace she selected from her wardrobe to wear. When she descended to the sitting room Frank stood awaiting her coming, and with the fondest look of admiration and love, offered his arm to take her to the table. His parents and Kate noticed the look that told how truly he loved the beautiful girl; and in their heart of hearts they did not blame him, or wonder that he did love her. It seemed to them that they had never seen her when she looked half so beautiful as she did this evening. They all chatted merrily during their tea, and when Frank led Pearl to the sitting room again, he stooped and asked in a low voice: "Are not the shadows all fled from my darling?" She smilingly replied: "I hope so, but when you are away?" "Yes, I know, yet I cannot have my darling sad, and when I am away will surely write very often, so as to keep the clouds from gathering very darkly," he said as he led her to the music stool, opened the grand piano, then asked: "Will you treat us to some music this evening?" She raised her eyes to him and asked: "What do you wish me to play?" In a low voice he mentioned a march that was a favorite piece of his father's, and turned to the music. But she did not care for the notes, she had so often played it for her Uncle John. She ran her dainty white fingers over the keys. Frank noticed the blaze of the diamond in their engagement ring; here and there it blazed as her fingers swept the keys in a soft, sweet prelude. After this, the march, grand, glorious, triumphant, no one in that room had ever heard it rendered so grandly. When she had finished playing Colonel Raymond seemed to be lost in admiration, and after a moment's silence he exclaimed: "My dear girl, I never heard that march played so grandly in all my life." "Then you like it," responded Pearl.

"Yes, it is my especial favorite," he answered. "Uncle John likes it too, and I often play it for him," she replied. "Then you will play it often for me?" said the colonel. "Certainly," responded Pearl. Then waltz after waltz swelled softly and sweetly from the piano. Finally she turned upon the music stool and asked Kate to play. Kate declined, saying: "I much prefer to enjoy your music."

Frank hummed an old love song for a moment, then Pearl sang the soprano to this, and Frank the tenor, while her fingers flitted over the keys bringing out the softest, sweetest accompaniment imaginable. Frank noticed that his father was perfectly delighted with her voice and musical ability. All appeared to enjoy the evening unusually well. This was a fair sample of every evening's enjoyment while Frank remained at home.

We will pass over the painful parting, that came all too soon for the fond hearted lovers.

With Frank away, Pearl's soul was again filled with apprehension and dread. Her inspiration for song and happiness departed with him. Try as she would to hide this from his parents, she knew that she acted both dull and stupid, and felt that her music and voice had lost their charm, notwithstanding Colonel Raymond often insisted upon her playing and singing as usual.

CHAPTER IX.

A few days after Frank's departure, Elder Kimball (a friend of Colonel Raymond's, who had adopted the Mormon belief and would soon, with a train of proselytes to the same belief, start to cross the wide Western plains, so lately known as the "Great American Desert"—to Utah territory and to Salt Lake City, the far Western home of the Mormons, or of "the Latter Day Saints," as they chose to style themselves), came with his daughter, Anna, on a visit to Raymond park.

Anna Kimball was a lovely blue eyed girl of seventeen summers, petite and sweet as a rose, who from the first seemed greatly attracted to Pearl, while she in turn admired and loved this truly innocent and affectionate girl.

The elder, a kindly and very earnest gentleman, talked eloquently in season and out of season, in regard to the great Mormon movement and the wonderful improvements going on at Salt Lake City. He seemed to Pearl to be ever trying to convert his old friend, Colonel Raymond, to the Mormon religion—he explained to the colonel how vastly his property would help the good work along, and that how he, the colonel, could have the highest position in the Mormon church; to all of which the colonel listened and invariably responded with a smile and shake of his head, followed with: "I am not ambitious for a high position in any church, and then, my property shall be left as it is, for Frank." So it was no use arguing with him upon this subject, and yet Pearl noticed that they had many conversations when out of the hearing of any one, and she noticed, too, that both of them looked very serious over the subject, whatever it was. Many hours were passed in the colonel's and Mrs. Raymond's private apartment with the elder and themselves alone, seemingly discussing some matter of grave importance. Pearl was often called upon to give them music, when all were assembled in the sitting room after tea; and the old

elder ever commented so favorably upon her skill that it seemed to her like grossest flattery, as she felt that her music was not nearly as good as usual.

One day, as Pearl and Anna entered the sitting room, she saw Elder Kimball looking at and commenting upon the sketch she had given to Frank. The colonel explained from what point it had been taken. They both turned toward her, and Elder Kimball exclaimed: "Miss Pearl, you are the very girl that we want in Salt Lake City to sketch the many grand views to be seen from there, and not far from there, of the Wahsatch mountains, and of the Great Salt Lake. If you will go and try, you can make a name and fortune for yourself in a short time. We want pictures of the scenery there to bring East, that the people may know how grandly we are surrounded. You can travel with us and live in my family."

Anna eagerly exclaimed: "O, Pearl, do come with us, we will have splendid times if you will come." This young, guileless girl truly loved Pearl, and wished to have her always with her. From this conversation, others followed, all favoring the idea of Pearl going to Salt Lake City with the Kimballs. Finally it became the prevailing theme of conversation. The colonel, Mrs. Raymond and Kate all advocated the plan, this grand opportunity for Pearl's advancement was considered truly Providential, and soon a foregone conclusion by them. At first she refused to even take the idea into consideration before consulting Aunt Milley, and too, she wished a letter from Frank before she would give her final answer. She wrote immediately to him, asking his opinion of the project; also a letter to Aunt Milley, asking her to write immediately and tell her what to do; and while she was waiting for a letter from each, the conversations held by the Raymonds and Elder Kimball in her presence, all ran as though her trip to Salt Lake City was a certainty, and the most desirable move on earth for her to make. The Kimballs and Pearl were to start on the 29th of May, that being quite early enough to ensure good grass for their teams while crossing the plains.

Aunt Hannah heard of the plan for Pearl to go with Elder Kimball and his family. This she did not approve of in the least, and determined to dissuade Pearl from going if it were possible for her to do so. One day,

as she was in the pantry and the door nearly closed, she heard some one opening the stove door. This was something unusual. She listened, and in listening, heard Kate's voice, murmuring: "Letters are often lost at sea." This—and the kitchen door closing immediately afterwards. Aunt Hannah hastened to the stove, where she found two letters, one scorched to a crisp upon the coals, and one only partially scorched. This one she rescued and read the name "Frank" upon it. Although she was ignorant and uneducated, she could read and recognize the name. This letter she determined to save until Frank's return, for this she was certain belonged to him. So she wrapped it in a piece of brown paper and put it in her own bosom, determined to keep it with her until he came home.

A few days afterwards she had an opportunity of seeing Pearl alone, and commenced by saying: "Miss Pearl, let yo ole Ant Hanner 'vise yo' 'bout dis wile goose chase. Dis goin' out Wes' wiv dem crazy Mormons; doan yo' go, honey. Jes doan go. I lub yo' mor'n all ob um put togeder, 'cept Frank; an' I 'vise yo' not to go, an' I'se tel yo' Mr. Frank wud not 'low yo' to go if he wus heah. Der's sumfin wrong in dis hury to get yo' of to de fah Wes'. De Wes' whah so meny goes to neber cum back heah, nor go no whah else. Dar's my ole man, neber cum home, honey, neber; an' he wen Wes', or Soufwes'." "When did he go," Aunt Hannah, asked Pearl. "Way back in 46, when de wah brok out in Mexico, he wen as cook foah de officers, an' neber cum back," replied Aunt Hannah, "an' now, honey, let me tel yo', ef yo' wus los' on de oshunu an' foun, dat am no resun yo' be foun' if yo' get los' on de wide plains, an' sposen de Injuns steal yo? I say, sposen dey gets yo', what den? I jes' hope yo' won' go, suah; cos yo' ole Ant Hanner'l jes worry 'bout yo' all de time." "Well, Aunt Hannah," responded Pearl, "I will not go if Aunt Milley and Frank do not wish me to, and I hope to receive word from both of them soon. So don't worry, Aunt Hannah." Aunt Hannah thought of the scorched letters that she had found in the stove some time ago, but was afraid to say anything about them; and she little thought that the letter she so secretly carried about her person, if shown to Pearl, would have done more to influence her to stay at home than all she had already said to

her, or perhaps she would have permitted Pearl to read it. But then, her sense of honor was very great, and she kept this secret, and would do so until Frank's return.

Pearl knew it was time to receive a letter from Aunt Milley, and possibly time to get a response to the letter she had written Frank (asking his opinion in regard to her going to Utah), and if not; had he written as he promised to do, she ought to have at least three letters by this time.

She asked Colonel Raymond what he thought caused such a great delay in the London mail. His reply was: "O, there is nothing certain about the ocean mail at this time of the year, so we do not worry about that, for I am quite sure that Frank would be perfectly willing you should go with these worthy people, and you can return next autumn before he gets home. Yes, long enough before he comes back you will have an opportunity of returning. Get your sketches, and come home to enlarge and paint them."

So day after day passed by, and all the necessary preparations for her trip were carried on, the same as though she had given her consent. Anxiously she waited, yet no letter from either Frank or Aunt Milley came to her. A feeling, difficult to describe, took possession of Pearl. Who can tell how many persons are led to take steps of great importance in their lives that are utterly distasteful to themselves? Perhaps this is done by the psychological power of a stronger mind, or by the united power of many minds over the victim. If so, this is why she permitted herself to be managed into taking this journey. This stragetic web was woven around her and she was powerless. The day before the Kimballs were to start dawned, and yet no letters for Pearl. She asked Sam to saddle Starlight for her, as she wished to get some articles of clothing that she might need upon the journey, among the things that she had left at her home. Kate had always accompanied Pearl whenever she rode until to-day. She was glad to go alone, and Kate was too busy fixing something for the trip to go with her. She much preferred to be alone while she assorted her apparel and bade good bye to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Bruno and her childhood home. As she walked up the path from the front gate to the door of Aunt Milley's cottage,

dear old Bruno came to meet her. The excessive friendship that dogs can show to those they love made it difficult for her to repress the tears, or overcome the choking sensation that clutched her throat. Here the lilacs and snowballs had bloomed and faded, the pinks were in bloom, the roses, both the crimson and white, were budding; the multiflora at the side of the porch was full of swelling buds. Everything reminded her of happy hours spent with her loved ones here. She passed into the house and greeted Mrs. Thomas, who had lately received a brief note from Mrs. Barton. In this note was: "Love to Pearl, and why don't Pearl write to me?" Pearl asked Mrs. Thomas to write Aunt Milley that she had written two letters to her, and had received no answer to either one of them. Also, to tell her that as she could not hear from her or Frank, she was going to start tomorrow with Elder Kimball and family to Salt Lake City, to sketch the scenery there, and maybe would be back home in a few months' time; also to give Aunt Milley her love.

She spoke to her birds, who seemed delighted to hear her voice again, and finally went to her room, her own little room, where she had been very happy, happy and care free, and now? Oh, how could it be herself so worried and filled with a vague apprehension of evil ahead? She wished for her dear Aunt Milley, and lover, Frank, but what could be the reason of his silence? Had he not promised to write twice a week to her, whether he received a letter from her or not? All this she thought, while she selected the articles that she might need to take upon the journey. After this she sat in her own little rocker by the window. A great longing to hear from, or see, Frank almost overwhelmed her, and although it might seem unwomanly in her to write him another letter before hearing from him, she concluded that she would do so. So she laid all pride, either false or otherwise, aside, and wrote the following letter:

At Home, in My Own Room,
May 28, 1855.

My Own Darling Frank:

Why can I not receive any more letters from you? I have written two letters to you since I received the one from you, telling that you were safely ashore, in

the great City of London. I responded to that immediately; and in it asked your opinion of my going to Utah with your father's old time friend, and his family, Elder Kimball. Your father and mother urge me to go, as this will be a splendid opportunity for me to see, and sketch the scenery of the grand old mountains.

Your father says that he wants a painting of the finest scenery in sight of his friend's house. Your Cousin Kate (who appears to be very fond of me), also urges me to go. She wishes me to improve the opportunity to acquire a name and fame as an artist. She, as well as your parents, assure me that you would not wish me to miss this opportunity, as I can return probably before you do.

Your mother's kindness is quite overwhelming. She has purchased and had made for me an elegant and serviceable dark grey traveling dress and cloak, as the elder has assured her it is very cool in the mountains, and I will need heavy clothing, even during the summer time. Your father this morning presented me with a lovely gold mounted field glass, not very large, but with the most powerful magnifying lenses. Then, your Cousin Kate gave me a satchel with two compartments in it; one for my small sketch book and pencils, and the other for needles, thread, comb, or whatever small article I may wish to have handy. This can be carried at my side by a strap over my shoulder. And, too, your father presented me with the loveliest little folding silver drinking cup. It, in its case, can easily be carried in the satchel. Also a silken purse from your mother, well filled with coin from your father.

The elder and his daughter, Anna (named for your mother), have been visiting your parents. They came three days after your departure. I like Anna very much, she is a dear, sweet girl; and I also like the elder, as he seems to be a very kindly man. He takes every opportunity, or did take every opportunity, to tell me of the wonders of the great West, the immense "Wild West," and of Salt Lake City, that the members of the Mormon church are building and beautifying as a home for the Latter Day Saints. He seems to be good and earnest, and very fatherly in his demeanor toward me. So it is decided that we start on the proposed Western journey to-morrow

morning. I am home now, to select the few articles I may need, in addition to the many things I already have for the journey; and while sitting here alone, a desire to write you this letter so overpowered me that I have written it although, as I have before informed you, I have written you two letters that I have received no response to. I have asked your father's opinion in regard to no letters arriving from you (for I feel that you have written promptly, as you promised to do), and your father's answer invariably is: "O, it sometimes requires a long time for letters to cross the ocean, so there is no need of worrying about that."

Kate has promised to forward your letters to me whenever they come. You know that Kate always handles the mail at your father's home.

But to tell you the truth, dear Frank, I do not like to take this trip; in fact I dread it. If I had your consent it would be different. Many dark misgivings arise in my heart in regard to it, when I am alone. Then, too, I cannot hear from you, and dear Aunt Milley does not receive the letters I write her. I know this from a letter she wrote to Mrs. Thomas only three days ago, and I wish to have her approval before I start. Everything seems dark and uncertain to me under the circumstances. But I must start to-morrow as it is so ordained, it seems. O, I wish you were here to advise me; if you were here I could not go wrong, for your love for me would prompt you to give me the right advice. Poor old Aunt Hannah is the only one who advises me not to go "wif dem crazy Mormons." I hope this will reach you soon, dear Frank. I will mail it myself on my return to your father's. I am over here on Starlight. I certainly have written you a long letter, but not nearly so long as I feel like writing. Be sure and direct your response to this to me at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, in care of Elder Kimball. As I finish this to you, I feel if Aunt Milley were at home I would surely decline taking the journey, even if it incurred the displeasure of your estimable parents, and caused them to consider me a wilful, vacillating girl, for greatly I fear that you will disapprove, and that the entire arrangement is absolutely unadvisable. But as it is, my dearest one, I go, and with my heart's best love for you, and you alone, and with a hope that

I may receive a number of letters from you soon, after my arrival in Salt Lake City, I am, Truly your own,

PEARL.

After folding and addressing her letter to Frank, she took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Thomas, of her birds and of old Bruno; then mounted Starlight and went to the postoffice, some two miles distant, where she mailed the letter and enquired for letters for herself, hoping to receive one from Frank or Aunt Milley, but there were none for her. She reached the Raymond mansion as the sun was setting beyond the Western hills. To all of the seemingly friendly enquiries of why she had remained away so long, she answered: "It required some time to bid good bye to my dear old home." The truth was, she felt sensitive about anyone knowing that she had again written to Frank, without having received a response to the two letters they knew she had already written.

Kate went up to her room and returned with the article she had been busily working upon for two days, and that she had but a few moments before completed. This was a dark blue silk bonnet, made to screen Pearl's face from the sun and wind; a most beautiful and useful bonnet for the journey. She playfully placed it upon Pearl's head, and stood off a step or two to admire her handiwork; as well as its becomingness to the face it was made to shield from wind and sun; and exclaimed: "Is it not lovely, Aunt Anna?" Mrs. Raymond responded: "It certainly is, and very becoming, too." The colonel was reading a paper when his wife spoke, raising his eyes he saw Pearl with the bonnet upon her head, and remarked: "I wish that Frank could see you now, Pearl. If he could, he would surely think you had turned quakeress, or Mormoness." As he spoke, the tears arose to Pearl's eyes, and he wished that he had not spoken Frank's name, for he noticed the tears, as she said in a tremulous voice: "You all are only too kind to me; I thank you, Kate, for your thoughtful kindness;" then she hastened up to her room, where the tears could flow unobserved to anyone. All of them knew that the poor girl was weeping; but what could they do? The old colonel looked sad and sighed, then resumed the reading

of his paper, for he really admired Pearl, and loved his son beyond any earthly being, unless perhaps it might be his son's mother.

Pearl appeared at the tea table with a sad expression that might have touched the most stony heart.

The old colonel was very attentive to her, but Mrs. Raymond and Kate found many topics to chat upon, and took no notice whatever of Pearl's sad expression. It had ever been Mrs. Raymond's plan through life to ignore the disagreeable, if it could not be helped, and Kate was like her. After tea, Pearl excused herself, and again went to her room, where Aunt Hannah came and talked awhile with her; and for the last time tried to persuade her to give up taking the journey. She commenced by saying: "Now, honey, yo' lisn to yoah Ole Ant Hanner, an' doan go 'way 'mong dem crazy Mormons; jes doan yo' go; membah, yo' wus los' on de big watah, an' yo' stan a chance ob bein' los' on de big wide plains, an' no Capen Barton neah to pick yo' up, an' no Ant Hanner to keer foh yo', chile; an' maybe dem Injuns tak yoah gole har fur sculp, an' kill yo', chile; den what'l pore Frank do for a wife, honey?" She had taken Pearl's little white hand, and was covering it with kisses, as she plead with her to stay. Great tears were rolling down her dark cheeks while she talked. "An' if yo' mus go, may de Lawd bress yo', an' take powahful good keer of yo', honey, an' bring yo' bak safe to yo' ole Ant Hanner, an' to Frank, an' yo' Ant Milley. Yais, yo' ole Ant Hanner kin pray foah yo', honey, an' she will pray foah yo', shuah."

By this time Pearl was weeping, and sobbingly replied: "Yes, do pray for me, Aunt Hannah, for I feel that I need the prayers of every friend I have. O, if I could only have a letter from Frank, and Aunt Milley, with their approval, I think that I could go without this pain in my heart that nearly overwhelms me." Aunt Hannah replied: "Bress youh sweet heart, honey, dey wud neber let yo' go, neber, chile. Der's Miss Kate comin', an' I mus' go. I hearn her go to her room jus' now; so good bye, honey. I say good bye, cose I meby can't get de chanse in de moanin' fore yo' go." She took both of Pearl's hands, kissed them, and left the room sobbing.

In a few moments after Aunt Hannah went below Kate came to the door and asked: "May I come in?"

"Certainly," responded Pearl. "I have just finished packing my trunk." Kate talked very kindly and hopefully of the wonderful opportunity for Pearl to make a great name as an artist, and of the wonders that she would see, winding up with: "If Elder Kimball would take me, I would love dearly to take the trip myself, but then Aunt Anna needs me here, and I will surely forward your letters when they arrive, Pearl." "Please do," was Pearl's response. Kate bade her good night, saying as she left the room: "We must be up early in the morning, and need to retire early."

Pearl was glad to be left alone with her thoughts; for her thoughts were of her lover, and of his unaccountable silence; and of the possible perils awaiting her upon the impending journey. Elder Kimball always spoke of the trip as perfectly safe; but Aunt Hannah's evident misgivings and forebodings to the contrary affected her. She walked the carpet, and felt that perhaps there might be danger ahead for herself, and possibly some trouble or sickness had prevented her lover from writing. It was late that night before she could close her eyes in sleep, for the dark clouds of grief and apprehension of future danger and trouble completely overshadowed her. Morning came, and an early breakfast served. Elder Kimball and family took breakfast with them. All were cheerful and merry; all except Pearl, who could scarcely swallow a mouthful of food; yet she drank her coffee, and tried to hide her grief by entering into the conversation, or as much of it as was directed to her, especially from Anna Kimball, and her brother, Tom, who was full of plans for pleasures while upon the coming trip.

After breakfast, the good byes were soon spoken. Frank's mother kissed Pearl good bye; and when the old colonel took her hand in his, he drew her slight form to him, and held her a moment close to his heart, while he kissed her good bye. Tears stood in his kindly blue eyes, as he said: "I hope you will have a safe journey, and enjoy your visit in the far away West." Pearl's "thank you" was tremulous, for the tears that she had all that morning repressed rose to her eyes when Frank's father showed that he truly did care for her. Kate's good bye overflowed with cheerful words and beaming smiles.

Tom Kimball handed the ladies into the carriage, and right soon they were away to catch the early train. After

they were a distance away, the colonel, Mrs. Raymond and Kate entered the sitting room, Mrs. Raymond saying, as she settled herself in the easy chair: "The worst of it is over now." Kate, with a triumphant light in her dark eyes, responded: "Yes, it is over with, and I am glad everything has worked so nicely." The colonel looked troubled, shook his fine head, and replied: "It seems to me a bad piece of business any way I look at it, for Pearl evidently did not want to go, and, too, it seems like a great breach of hospitality to shuffle the girl off as we have done. I truly hope no harm will come to her." "O, no harm can come to her in Elder Kimball's care; and you know that she will be a great favorite with the Mormons. Israel, don't look so doleful. You always were too tender hearted. Her art and all the flattery that she will receive, with the natural buoyancy of spirit common to all young people, will cause her to forget her engagement to Frank, and certainly that Tom Kimball is already smitten with her charms; so she will not lack for lover-like attention, and Anna very nearly, if not quite, worships her. No need of worrying over Pearl, she is too well provided for to suffer; and absolute silence from Frank will finally cool her love for him. I tell you that the entire arrangement will prove to be for the best for all concerned, so don't worry," said Mrs. Raymond. "Strategy and kindness can work wonders." The colonel made no response, but went out into the park for a walk. He could not forget the tremble of the sweet lips that he had kissed good bye, nor the sorrowful glance from the lovely blue eyes. And more, he could not forget that his only son, his idolized Frank, loved this sweet girl, and had trusted her to his care.

CHAPTER V.

The journey was interesting to Pearl, and the Kimballs seemed very anxious for her comfort. Tom Kimball spared no pains in trying to interest, and even amuse her upon their trip by rail and boat to St. Louis, where a number of proselytes awaited the arrival of Elder Kimball before they would start upon the Missouri river to St. Joseph, their final outfitting point.

When they reached St. Louis Pearl wrote a letter to Frank, and one to Aunt Milley. These she entrusted to Elder Kimball to mail for her. From this place the elder, his family and his Mormon proselytes, together with Pearl, embarked upon a steamer that took them up the muddy stream as far as St. Joseph, Missouri, where Elder Kimball had directed the many to meet him who were to accompany him across the plains. To this point he had sent his fine horses, some weeks before. These he had entrusted to the care of an old friend by the name of Watkins, an old plainsman and mountaineer; and added to these very necessary prerequisites, he had of late become a staunch Mormon. The elder had trusted him to have everything ready on his arrival with his family and the few proselytes that he would take in his charge at St. Louis.

The trip up the Missouri, the muddy, turbid stream, was made in due time in safety; although other crafts had been demolished by the explosion of their boilers, this one that the Mormons were on (as a sign of especial Divine protection) came up to the wharf in good shape. Watkins, with a number of other Mormons, were waiting to welcome the elder and his party. This was a joyous and happy greeting. Pearl noticed that Elder Kimball was considered the leader of this particular band of Jo Smith's followers, and that Watkins was indeed the one of all others who understood the outfitting business to perfection. At this place Pearl wrote a letter to Frank, also one to Aunt Milley, and mailed them herself as she and Anna were out walking. It was a de-

light to the girls to be again on terra firma, and they enjoyed their freedom after being decidedly tired of their pokey trip up the uninteresting, fog-veiled, turbid river, so improved their opportunity while the men were bustling about here and there, getting ready to commence crossing the stream on the following morning after their arrival.

When the wagons, teams and stock were safely across the river, and all of the people also, they felt that they were indeed upon the journey, and great was their rejoicing. There was thanksgiving and prayer, with songs and hymns, the most cheering. This was a new feature to Pearl, and she enjoyed it vastly.

The white covered, convenient wagons and tents seemed clean and homelike to her. Nearly all of the men were dressed in overall suits and slouch hats with their boots drawn on over their overalls; each one wearing a leather belt on which was carried one, and sometimes two, revolvers. A spirit of hopefulness and hilarity pervaded the entire band, and this pleased her, as she had supposed that as a church, and "the church of the Latter Day Saints," the majority of its members would appear solemn and sedate, but after traveling for a few days, she concluded that as members of any church whatever she had never heard so much profanity. Mrs. Kimball and Anna were also shocked. The elder explained that the boys would soon overcome this profane tendency after their trip was over and they were at home in Salt Lake City.

Pearl was greatly delighted with the view of the broad prairies, now in their early verdure and bloom. She admired the borders of timber and groves that in the distance or nearby told truthfully of stream or lakelet near them. Often the springs at which the train halted for water were overshadowed by stately sycamore or gnarled cottonwood, looking as though they had stood as sentinels there for ages. Their camp was usually pitched by the side of some stream, sometimes close to a little claim cabin, where a squatter with his half-clad family, had taken up their abode, but more frequently there were no signs of habitants near. She had the pleasure of viewing the country in its perfectly wild state. Of course signs of other travelers having camped where they chose to camp gave evidence of others having trav-

eled the same route before them. Then, there were small and large graves to be seen not far from some of these camp grounds, that told of those who could go no farther on their pilgrimage. These lonely graves affected Pearl, they seemed so pathetic, and she wondered if anyone beneath these lonely mounds had started out with the joyousness that she witnessed in many who were her traveling companions; or were they like herself, half despondent, and doubtful, and so entirely alone (so far as relatives were concerned) as she was; or were there many who loved them, to mourn their loss? And wherever they were, did they long to sit by these lonely graves and decorate them with love offerings of wild flowers?

Often when she went out upon the prairies for bright, strange flowers, the prairie chickens startled her by flying up with a noisy whirr from almost beneath her feet; and once she stooped to see where one of them had been sitting, and found a nest of beautiful white eggs.

Every one of her traveling companions seemed happy, and some of them in an ecstasy of thankfulness.

The evening exercises were truly joyous and hope inspiring, and she enjoyed them all, yet the singing was to her the grandest. Her voice, with the many other voices, swelled upon the evening air in songs of thankfulness and praise. This, to her, seemed a fit closing for the day's exercises, and for the church whose members were upon this vast expanse of wild country a fitting tribute to the Infinite Father.

Watkins drove the team to the lead wagon (as he was accustomed to crossing the plains), then Elder Kimball's came next in line. Tom drove the team, and insisted upon Pearl sitting in front near him, so that she could enjoy the view and watch the many bands of antelope that often circled near them, and the brave, saucy little prairie dogs. She enjoyed all these sights and considered the little dogs (as they were called) the bravest little creatures alive, as they sat up like sticks at the entrance of their homes and barked bravely until the train approached entirely too near for such tiny creatures to cope with when, with a last "yip," they hurried into their holes, their tails giving the last nervous tremble as they disappeared from view, and if the train did not come too near them, they would bark bravely while the whole line of wagons passed by.

On Watkins' wagon was fastened a coop in the rear, in which were some beautiful poultry. Pearl noticed that other wagons had coops also, and in some of them were pigs instead of poultry, and others had both pigs and poultry.

One day at nearly noon the train halted near a fort, where those of the train who wished to post letters to their loved ones could do so. Pearl wrote a letter to Frank, and another to Aunt Milley. These she entrusted to Elder Kimball to mail. Were they mailed? Who will answer? At all events, they never reached their intended destination. After passing this fort Tom pointed out a river to the right of them and said: "That is the Platte, and now after to-day we may consider ourselves upon the plains." She wondered how materially the plains would differ from the prairies over which they had been traveling for many days, and she mentally summed up the (to her) unusual sights that had interested her upon the prairies: There were flowers (to be sure) that she had never seen before, the prairie chickens, the antelope, the prairie dogs and the wide stretch of undulating land, beautiful in its serene loneliness; then the lovely prairie lark, whose liquid notes either day or night were ever sweet to hear, although they were certainly half cheerful, half sad. Once or twice the mirage had appeared mystically splendid. But she began even now to wish to see the mountains loom up grandly in the distant west, and they were now only upon the border of the plains; yet she felt that to be home and see dear Aunt Milley again, and have Frank by her side, beneath the vine wreathed porch, and look out upon the home flower garden, now fragrant with the sweet perfume of many roses, would be preferable to all this that she had seen, or whatever else might come of this tiresome journey.

That evening they camped early, and after the animals had been attended to, Tom tacked a piece of white paper upon an old cottonwood tree and insisted that Pearl and his sister, Anna, should practice shooting at a target with a revolver, as he considered that every woman in the train ought to learn how to handle fire arms, a revolver especially. Anna shrank from the thought of it at first, but Pearl considered awhile, and consented to try, as she too thought perhaps it would be better for a woman to know how to defend herself in

case of imminent danger, and that evening she learned how to load and fire a revolver, learned never to forget. Other girls of the train also tried shooting at the target, Anna with the rest. This was a novelty, and quite exciting. Tom assured all that Pearl shot nearer to the center of the target than any of them did. Perhaps she was more in earnest than the others were.

After supper, a place was cleared for a dance, the first indulged in since starting upon their journey. They enjoyed the exercise, the young and middle aged in dancing, and the elder members of the train in looking on and watching the younger ones enjoy themselves. After the dance was over prayers and singing ensued, as was the custom every evening.

The evening's exercise caused the young folks to sleep well. All were up early in the morning, and the train moving in good time.

Day followed day, and the train moved on ever westward in its course. Some days the monotony of the scene was broken by beautiful bluffs appearing upon the south. These seemed like a miniature range of mountains, and those of the train whose eyes longed for a sight of the grand old Rockies were glad of this change in the scenery. One evening while they were near these bluffs the train halted early, and a number of the young folks concluded to explore a portion of the heights. Pearl was delighted to go, although Watkins warned them to take their revolvers, which they did, so all were armed, the girls as well as the young men. They made a jolly party of explorers, all bent on recreation and adventure. There was more hard climbing to be done than they expected, but all went determinedly up and over the first range of bluffs, down into the small glens and dells, where they were completely shut in and surrounded by no small heights. The trees were stunted and gnarled, and instead of rocky precipices there, they found perpendicular walls of clay. In one place they found a spring of sparkling water, its outlet forming a miniature cascade. Birds flitted above them unfrightened and quite at home. Here the Spanish bayonet grew. Pearl called Tom's attention to this growth. He stooped to break off one of its leaves, and found to his surprise that every leaf or blade was armed with a point that forbade close intimacy especially with an ungloved hand. The sun was nearly

down before they attempted to climb out of the glen that had most attracted them, and it was quite dark before the party reached the camp.

All were tired, but delighted with their exploration. On the following morning Watkins informed them that it was time to see plenty of buffalo. Carcasses and skeletons of the huge animals had been seen here and there not far from the road all the day before. Buffalo wallows were abundant on every side, also the deep trails that they had worn on the way to the river. These appeared like deep furrows across the road from the southward down to the river's edge. All signs were in favor of buffalo near. So everyone not otherwise engaged were on the lookout for them, and in the afternoon of that day a herd of buffalo appeared ahead of the train. At first only a moving black mass, no one animal distinguishable from another, but moving from the south toward the river, intersecting the course of the train, but quite a distance away. Pearl had noticed this awhile before calling Tom's attention to it. The wagon ahead halted and Watkins came to the elder's wagon. Pearl considered this a good opportunity to test the field glass the old colonel had given her. She was looking through it as Watkins came up to tell the elder and Tom: "Them's buffalo, elder, and a good chance to get some beef for the train." Pearl handed the glass to Tom saying: "I believe there are more than a thousand of them." Tom looked through the glass, then handed it to his father saying: "Those are buffalo sure enough." The elder looked through it and in turn handed it to his wife saying: "Mother, do look, it is a herd of buffalo, worth coming this distance to see." Watkins had hurried on after the first announcement to the elder to tell the hunters of the train, and now returned to the elder's wagon and said: "I guess that our best hunters that have horses 'il go and kill a few of 'em, an' we'll stop right here till they're through." "All right," responded the elder, "would you like to go, Tom?" "Yes," replied Tom, "I would like to go, and try my hand in the shooting, and I wonder if Salem will let me shoot from his back?" "I don't know," responded the elder; but Pearl did know, and said: "I know that he will, or would let Colonel Raymond's son shoot from his back." A tell-tale blush arose to her beautiful cheeks as she said "Colonel Raymond's son," but no one seemed

to notice it. Pearl was thankful that they did not. She took the glass and looked again. On, on, the huge creatures came by the hundreds. It appeared to her that they would never cease coming. She looked at the opposite side of the river, and saw that a number of the herd had passed over. Watkins came and asked Pearl for the glass, looked through it, handed it back to her and said: "Thankee, Miss, that thar ar' a good, a mighty good, spy glass." He then turned to the elder and said: "Them buffalo ar' in no hurry. So I calkalate they ain't druv down by Injuns. So our boys 'ill be safe, and kin take their time to bring down the fattest; the young uns 'ill make splendid eatin'." By this time the young and middle aged hunters of the train were mounted and riding briskly toward the herd. All were full of hope and excitement. Pearl wished to watch the hunt unhindered by anyone, and chose a knoll near by from which to view it.

After looking a few moments, she called to Mrs. Kimball and Anna: "Tom is ahead, Salem is taking him flying." After a moment's pause: "Tom fired, and a small buffalo has fallen." A moment more and: "Another man has fired and another buffalo has fallen. Another man fired and his horse has thrown him. He is up again and loading his rifle, but his horse is coming as fast as he can fly towards the train." Men were out to catch the runaway. Pearl still watching the hunt, reported: "Tom has fired again and another buffalo is down. I wonder how many they will try to kill?" Her sweet face was pale, but her eyes glowed with excitement. She lowered the glass as she said this, then raised it again and exclaimed: "O, something has happened to one of the men; ;but Tom and Salem are all right so far. There seems to be great confusion there of some kind. O! it's a wounded buffalo, and he—Why don't the men hurry to that poor man's rescue? There, Tom has seen him, and has shot the wounded buffalo—gets down and raises the man—now he puts him upon the saddle and mounts on behind, and with his arm around the man is now bringing him back to the train." Soon Tom came up, bringing a badly wounded comrade to his wagon. The young man was pale and limp. This Pearl noticed as they passed her. This wounded man belonged to a wagon back in the train, where Tom took him and laid him tenderly upon the bed-

ding, where his mother and sister could take care of him and then rode to where Pearl stood watching the hunt and said: "Well, Miss Barton, what do you think of this?" She replied: "O, it would be difficult for me to tell you all I think about it; but really, there is no need of killing any more buffalo, is there?"

"No," responded Tom; "I think we have more than enough already," and he rode again toward the buffalo that by this time were nearly all across the river. A few straggling ones were left behind, but there were no more shots fired, and the Mormon train pulled in close to the river side, not far from where the buffalo had crossed, where it was corralled for the night. The men dressed the slain buffalo and divided the meat, distributing according to the number of people in each family.

That evening there was no dancing or rejoicing, for the young hunter who had been hurt by the wounded buffalo was dying, and on the following day another lonely grave marked the course by which the Mormons traveled to Salt Lake City, the home of the Latter Day Saints. One day they remained in camp to bury the dead, and on the following morning took up their line of march toward the setting sun. A sadness pervaded the entire train; life seemed so uncertain and death so near. Pearl was particularly sad, for she thought that possibly she would never see her loved ones again, as she to see them must return upon this very route that she was traveling away from them upon. Day followed day, and still they continued their weary march. The mirage appeared in all its beautiful promise of lakes, groves and streams—appeared only to deceive the weary, homesick traveler and then vanish. Less and less verdure was to be seen. Cactus and sage brush, with the Spanish bayonet, were abundant, the grass being very scarce upon the highlands. Occasionally a few dirty Indians visited the train while in camp by the river side, and invariably begged for food. Sometimes a number of them would come, some of them upon ponies and others afoot. In some instances they had nicely dressed furs and robes that they wished to swap for sugar, bacon and other provisions. Thus far all had appeared very friendly and inoffensive, but they were most wretchedly greasy and dirty.

One evening the train was corralled in a lovely spot where the cottonwood trees grew of an almost uniform

size and at an uniform distance apart, and not one larger than the old apple trees at home. So Pearl thought as she admired them, and admired the spot in which they grew, for here was an abundance of green grass, looking to her like the grass at home in the old orchard. In fact the place seemed more homelike than any spot she had seen since their march upon the plains. There were high bluffs upon the south nearby, and the river on the north, and these trees upon a piece of level bottom land near the river side, she thought a small house and a little fencing would make the place look as though it was indeed somewhere within the bounds of civilization. But no; it was just as wild as any other portion of the wide, boundless plains. The wagons and tents were the only habitations near, and they would be gone tomorrow. The train had camped early for the clouds looked threatening and the men wanted plenty of time to pitch their tents and dig ditches around them to prevent the rain from running under and into them. Pearl could not sleep until after midnight, the patter of the rain upon the cover of the wagon in which she and Anna had their bed, and the many thoughts that thronged through her mind prevented sleep. These thoughts of her lover and home, of Aunt Milley and of Frank's parents and Kate, followed by a grand retrospective glance over the part of this wearysome journey that she had already come, the tender good bye of the old colonel's—that even now brought tears to her eyes—the journey by railroad and up the muddy Missouri river, the bustle of crossing the river—these reminiscences hurried through her mind. Then when they reached the broad wild prairies, where bloom and verdure abounded, and the many bands of antelope that inspected at a distance (to be sure) their long and slowly moving train, these bands, in many instances furnishing the finest fresh meat for the travelers, brought in by twos and threes by the hunters of the train, the prairie chickens that had startled her while gathering singularly beautiful wild flowers, the nest of white eggs that she left undisturbed and the sweet notes of the prairie lark that even now she often heard, for they inhabited the plains as well as the prairies, their sweet, liquid notes, half plaintive, half cheerful, that often during the nights greeted her listening ear, the prairie dogs with their dauntless yip, yip, and hurried exit into

their underground homes when too closely pressed; the great wide plains where verdure was scarce and cactus, sage brush and Spanish bayonet abounds; where sand-storms prevailed, and the beautiful, deceptive mirage arranged its wondrous display to cheat the traveler's eye; the buffalo wallows and their trails, their carcasses and bleaching bones, their broad white skulls that had tempted her into penciling a few lines upon them to Frank, to Frank who of course would never read these notes, and if strangers found them they could never know what Pearl it was, that chose these ghastly tablets to write upon to her lover Frank. No. No one would ever guess this, she thought.

Then she wondered if they would ever catch even a faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, or were they doomed to travel forever with nothing but the dreary plains in view? Those mountains she so longed to see and sketch some of their grandest scenery and rest from this weary plodding, near some one of their crystal streams, beneath their tall, stately trees; and as she was picturing to her mind the grand scenery in store for her she was startled by the howl of a pack of prairie wolves, or coyotes. This noise was of nightly occurrence, but now their hideous howls were intermingled with the heavier, louder, deeper howls of larger wolves; all doubtlessly contending over some half devoured buffalo carcass. This noise started every dog that belonged to the train into barking, and also aroused nearly every member of the train. Pearl arose and looked in the direction of the noise, but could see nothing of the animals that made the night hideous with their yells. These creatures were across the river, although they seemed to be very near, the slight breeze bearing their startling howls to her. When morning dawned she arose feeling sleepy and miserable, yet the morning was truly bright and beautiful, with a sweet breeze from the west that was cool and bracing, and in this she forgot her languor. The train moved early, and soon had a long, sandy hill to pull up. Teams were doubled upon the heaviest laden wagons to take them to the top of this. When the entire train had reached the summit and before they were ready to move on again the clouds that had been hanging low upon the western horizon arose, and soon the glad cry was heard: "The mountains! the mountains! look at the

mountains." All eagerly looked, but some said: "O, it's only clouds." Pearl took her glass and assured herself that the objects along the western horizon were indeed a range of mountains. Many a man shook hands with his friends, and with tears of thankfulness said: "Thank God, there are the mountains at last." Some were too overcome with joy to speak. She felt that others, as well as herself, had longed for a sight of them, and perhaps had thought, like herself, they would never reach them. All hearts were glad as they resumed their march and plodded on through the weary day with their eyes often upon the distant points that they were surely nearing; and at night there was another dance, followed with prayers and songs of thanksgiving and praise.

Early on the following morning they were on their way. Unusual joy and hopefulness pervaded the entire train. Bands of antelope were seen on every side. Hunters went out and brought a number to the train. On they rode day after day, the mountains looming up higher and grander to their view as they approached them nearer. The road led down to the Platte river. It required a whole day's time to get the entire train across. On the following day they parted company with this stream and traveled due west over undulating lands directly toward the mountains. Pearl had noticed, and wished for an opportunity to sketch some of the most prominent peaks. This she had told Tom, pointing out to him the ones she most admired. But it seemed to her a long, long way before they could reach them, even after they appeared to be very near, and in her impatience to reach them she questioned: "Will all this promised grandeur and rest from the monotony of the dreary plains prove to be a deceptive mirage? Or are we where objects appear more distince and seem to be near while indeed they are a long distance away?" But no, this was no deception. They were approaching the mountains, and were very near them.

CHAPTER VI.

The plains, the monotonous plains, were at length crossed, and the mountains that had for weary days been their beacon, were near at hand. The low rolling lanes were already around them, and they were approaching the more lofty heights. Many a danger had been safely passed, and on this evening, in early July, the wagons of the Mormon train were corralled early, horses and cattle turned out to graze, and a conclusion reached by the majority (with Watkins as prime adviser) that two or three days here in this spot, where grass, water and wood were plenty, was absolutely necessary to rest and recruit their teams before undertaking the mountain roads and passes that were ahead of them. Then, there was much work to be done to make everything comfortable for their coming journey. Pearl was delighted, as were all of the young folks. She was eager to sketch some of the southern peaks, and began to fear she would not have the opportunity, but the rest insured her ample time for the purpose. Tom Kimball came up to her and said: "Now, Miss Barton, we can climb some of these near swells, and from the summit of either one you can sketch these grand heights that lie to the southward." She replied that she would like to decide upon a point to sketch from that evening, as there would be no time to lose if she sketched them as faithfully as she wished to do.

Tom's duties about camp were soon attended to; when he, with Pearl and his sister, Anna, started to climb a wood crested point near by. They had no trouble in finding a suitable spot to sketch from. There was a lovely view from here, and Pearl commenced her work. They were out of sight of the camp, but within hearing distance, so felt quite secure. Then, too, there could not be found a more quiet spot, no danger from wild animals, and they felt sure there were no Indians within many miles of them. Pearl worked industriously upon the sketch, while Tom gathered many an armful of dry pine limbs

and piled upon the mountainside to be taken down to their camp fire. Anna, tired of watching Pearl sketch, gathered gum from the pine trees. This was the first that she had ever gathered in her life, although a Mormon who had been to Salt Lake City and returned, had brought her some of it—a young man that was now going back in their train, who considered Anna the loveliest of all the Mormon girls. The sketch was pretty well outlined before the setting sun warned them that it was time to return to camp. When they returned the campfires were burning brightly. There was no need for economizing fuel here where wood was plenty.

The supper, as well as the lovely evening, were enjoyed, although the evening seemed cold for their idea of summer time.

After supper a place was cleared for a dance, the violins and other musical instruments were brought from the wagons of the musicians, tuned, and the caller ready. This was to be the swell dance of the trip, as now the mountains were reached in safety, and in this manner they proposed to express their great joy. The young and the middle aged enjoyed the recreation, and to Pearl this dance seemed peculiarly romantic, this dancing beneath the overarching sky with innumerable stars twinkling down upon them, the stars appearing to be nearer now than ever before, the large and brightly burning campfire that illuminated the camp near by, and left the rest in the darkest shadows beyond, then the heights around tree crested and picturesque, added to the romance of the scene. Of course they had danced while crossing the plains, but never with such a brightly burning camp fire, for fuel was scarce there. The close proximity to the (to her) untried mountains, all added to the romance of this night's dance; but a sadness accompanied every thought, and although she tried to appear gay and happy, there was a tugging at her heart that the other young folks did not feel, or even think of. She felt herself the odd one, as all of her dearest ones were far, far from her. Then, too, she did not like the love-like attentions of Tom Kimball, nor the evident pleasure it gave his father. All these thoughts with a knowledge that she had been overpersuaded into taking this horribly long trip, gave her a feeling of unrest, more clearly defined now than ever before. Added to all this

the question "What will Frank think of me starting away with strangers, without first hearing from him?" Of course the old colonel and everyone else seemed to consider it the correct thing and Providential, telling her that she need not fear, for Frank certainly would approve of this move. This evening grave doubts arose in her mind as to whether Frank would think it right for her to take such a long journey where the possibility of returning in safety seemed rather improbable. What family could she return with on her return trip? And, too, she felt that Elder Kimball had misrepresented when he assured her that the trip would be safe and enjoyable. Then, too, the postal facilities were slow and uncertain, and so many, many miles lying between her lover and herself. In thinking of all this there was nothing to make her feel in the least happy, and if it had been possible to have done so, she would have turned about and started homeward this very night, so great was her longing for friends and home, notwithstanding the many allurements constantly offered for her to go on, in every conversation with Elder Kimball, who had taken every opportunity to converse with her upon the subject of her sure success as an artist, and the name, fortune and fame that would be hers. Frank did not care whether she had any name or not, and what would he care for her fame? He loved her and she loved him, that was all that he asked until he could give her his name. Yes, she had been overpersuaded. To-night she stood face to face with her own preferences and desires, and knew that the trip had been planned for her by others, surely not by herself, and that it was likely to prove disastrous to her dearest hope and happiness. She also knew that she could never become one in heart and mind with the people whom she would be forced to associate with while in Salt Lake City. No one noticed that she seemed quiet and abstracted or at all different in her behavior than usual. How could they? Pure animal pleasure ran riot for the time, and no one in the train could possibly understand her feelings. The dance was followed by prayers and songs of thanksgiving and praise, as usual. Pearl joined in the singing, and the musicians played accompaniments upon their violins. This closed the evening's exercises. It was not many moments after when the camp was quiet and all slumbering sweetly either in tent or wagon,

aside from the few guards who kept watch over camp and stock. These were awake, and constantly on the alert.

At dawn the camp was astir. There was baking and washing to be done while resting from the onward march; wagons to be repaired or strengthened for the mountain roads and horses to be shod. Breakfast was served early. This over, and Pearl, well wrapped in her cloak (for the morning was chill), her sketch book and pencils stowed away in her satchel, in the satchel that Kate gave her, where aside from the sketch book, pencils and knife, were to be found in its other compartment, thread, thimble and needles, also her silver drinking cup and the field glass that Colonel Raymond had given her. With this satchel at her side she started up the height to do what sketching she could, and perhaps finish the sketch that she had already commenced that day.

Tom called to her to wait until he could accompany her. She answered: "You and Anna come when you are through with your work. I am not afraid, and can find my place, I am sure."

She was getting along finely, the sun was scarcely an hour high, when she heard an unusual noise in camp. She closed her sketch book, gathered up her pencils and put them into her satchel, then hurried to the brow of the hill where she could overlook the camp. She had taken her bonnet off that she might be able to see and hear everything, and as she stood upon the top of the hill, to her horror she saw a band of Indians stampeding the horses, and another band riding up right among the tents and wagons, heard women screaming and dogs barking and a few shots fired. She saw one of the Indians stoop down and take a dog up by its tail, carry it a short distance and drop it again. In the general commotion and noise it seemed to her that no one could be safe near there. She replaced her bonnet, turned about and commenced descending the hill fartherest from the camp, to get out of sight somewhere. She wondered if the Indians would kill all of the Mormons, and dared not scream, for if she did she reflected that no one who could help her would hear her. She had taken only a few steps out from among the trees, and was standing upon a rock, when to her consternation she was

confronted by a large Indian mounted upon a powerful black horse. To say that her heart stood still with fear would be but a mild expression to describe the terror that held her motionless. Before she could move he had reached down, took her around the waist and swung her upon the horse before him, hurried down the slope and galloped southward at a rapid rate, taking them miles and miles away from the Mormon camp in a brief space of time. Pearl did not cry or scream or struggle to get away. But, O! The thoughts that rushed through her mind with the question: "Where is this Indian taking me, and what will be my fate in his hands? Surely this trip is all wrong, and poor old Aunt Hannah was right?"

The horse kept up the same easy, long reaching gallop, measuring the distance fearfully fast, so thought Pearl. Mid-day came, and a spring near the course they were traveling was reached, where the Indian halted the horse and stood Pearl upon the ground. Not a word had been spoken by either of them. He dismounted, watered his thirsty horse and turned him loose to feed at his own sweet will upon the tender grass that surrounded the spring and in the little dell watered by it. On either side, or in the distance either way there seemed to be but a limited supply of grass or any vegetation whatever that could be utilized as food for an animal, so thought Pearl. She wondered where and when the Indian and herself would dine, although (to tell the truth) she cared very little for food, as her heart was so filled with anxiety and trouble that she was not in the least degree hungry. The Indian, now seen by her for the first time at his full height, stood looking at her. Her one glance took in his appearance. He was surely six feet tall, was well proportioned, youthful and cleanly dressed in buck-skin clothes, fringed leggings, beaded moccasins and plate like silver ornaments attached to his scalp lock. Then, too, there beamed a kindly light from his fine dark eyes as he looked long at her, and although he did not seem or look vicious, yet to her the situation was terrible. She had concluded while on their morning ride to do nothing to cause this Indian to tie or bind her (she would not attempt to get away) as partial freedom of motion was too dear to her to risk losing it. Then, too, her reason asserted that to be entirely alone in this wild coun-

try was worse than to have the company of an Indian, and the Indian, with the powerful horse, would surely take her somewhere among people of some kind, so she walked up to the horse (this horse that resembled Frank's Black Prince). A question arose in her mind as she walked toward him as to whether he would kindly accept her petting and caressing as Black Prince always did? She went fearlessly up to him, patted his beautiful broad head and stroked his arching neck. Love and kindness is understood very readily by all domestic animals, and it was a comfort to Pearl to have this horse receive her caresses kindly. She talked to him softly and sweetly as she always talked to her pets at home. He listened, and seemed to like the voice. "Had he ever heard a white woman's voice before?" she mentally questioned, "and was he, too, a captive?" The Indian soon attracted her attention to him by uttering a good natured "ugh." Pearl turned and saw him pointing to some pieces of dried buffalo meat that he had placed upon a buffalo robe, and as she took a step or two toward him he signed for her to come and eat. She stooped and washed her hands in the little stream that flowed from the spring, approached and reclined upon the grass by the side of the robe where the meat lay, reached into the satchel, took out her knife, and commenced chipping the meat and ate of it. The Indian seemed pleased as he sat upon the ground opposite her and heartily ate of the dried saltless meat. Pearl was not hungry and there was nothing to tempt her appetite in this breadless, saltless dinner, as thoughts of friends and home and plenty arose in her mind she could not swallow for the choking sensation that filled her throat. But she would be brave. This Indian should not see her grief, should not see her shed one tear. With an almost superhuman effort she controlled her rising emotions and remained at the dinner until the Indian was through eating, when she went again to the horse. This time as she approached him he raised his head, looked toward her, and in a whispered neigh welcomed her. After caressing and talking to him awhile she walked to a small knoll that overlooked the little valley they were in, a valley between foot hills and mountains. She felt that the Indian was watching her every movement, and soon returned to the spring, took the silver drinking cup from

her satchel and drank. Then as her hair had become unbound in the morning's ride, she removed her bonnet, bathed her hands and face in the rivulet and commenced brushing it. While this mass of golden hair fell like a glory about her slight form far below her waist it fell in its billowy, rippling splendor. She raised her eyes to where the Indian stood looking at her, and instead of the kindly light she had at first noticed in his dark eyes there was that of admiration or adoration, and he softly and reverently ejaculated words that she could not understand except the last one of the sentence, which was "Manitou." To say that she was surprised because this Indian seemed to admire her hair would not be true, for every one admired it, and she loved it because Frank had so often called it her regal crown of golden glory. Tears arose to her eyes as her thoughts reverted to Frank, but she was several yards away from the Indian and he could not see them she thought, and after she had braided and bound her hair around her shapely head, making herself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, she walked up nearer to the Indian, sat down, took her small sketch book from the satchel and busied herself in finishing the foliage of a tree she had outlined during the morning. Curiosity soon took full possession of the Indian. He stood behind her and looked down upon her swiftly moving hand executing this fine and (to him) astonishingly beautiful art work.

In following Pearl as an Indian captive we must not forget the Mormon camp, for it had been thrown into great consternation and fearful alarm by the lightning-like Indian raid. And yet not one of the number had been killed. This was not the intention of these Indians, who were a band of braves from the southern Ute or Utah tribe, who had received the sanction of the Peace Chief——— to stampede their fine horses, but not to kill the pale-faces who were traveling toward the setting sun. This Peace Chief's eldest son was the leader of this band of braves and who, instead of stampeding fine horses, had captured Pearl. In these raids the young braves had brought to their tribe the finest horses that could be found, or really can be found in the United States, as the immigrants to Oregon, California and Utah took pains to take the finest breeds to their proposed western homes. Enough ordinary stock was left to move

the train, but twenty of the finest horses had been stolen. Tom Kimball had been up near the higher mountains to ascertain the best place to graze their stock while they remained in camp. He had ridden Salem, the finest and best of all the horses, a brother of Frank Raymond's Black Prince, a horse that Colonel Raymond had given to Elder Kimball for "early friendship's sake" (?). When Tom returned and the startling news of the raid and stampede was imparted to him, his first question was: "Where is Pearl Barton?" No one could tell him where she was, for no one had thought of her, or if they had thought of her, supposed that she was out finishing her sketch. Tom's pale face told of the apprehension and fear that filled his heart as he remounted Salem and rode swiftly around the height and to its summit, where he hoped to find her sketching. But there was no sign of her being near. One small pencil marked the spot where she had been sketching in the morning. Tom called her name several times, hoping to hear a response, but no voice save the echos of his own greeted his listening ear. Then he dismounted and searched the side of the hill for tracks or traces of others than those made by themselves the evening before. Here and there he found new tracks made by Pearl's small boot in the yielding earth between the rocks. He followed these until he came to the edge of the timber and to the rock on which she stood when the Indian came. Here the boot tracks ceased. His heart now stood still with fear, for right below this rock were fresh hoof prints among the yielding earth and small stones; hoof prints that told of the weight above them. He traced these down the slope and away to the southward, telling Tom the awful story! Pearl, the beautiful, talented, lovely Pearl Barton was in the hands of the merciless Indians. At first Tom thought this terrible fact would drive him mad. His young heart was full of love for this truly lovable girl, and now how helpless he really was to shield her from harm! "What was he to do to rescue her?" This was the question of deepest import to him. Here was a problem for him to solve in a hurry. If the fleet horses had not been taken he could easily form a party to go with him to rescue her. But they were gone and only Salem left, and the Indian horse with his load could out-distance Salem. And, too, what could he do

alone against perhaps the entire band that had stamped-ed their horses? O! He felt helpless, indeed. He knew of Pearl's and Frank Raymond's engagement. He also knew that Frank would spare no pains or wealth to rescue his betrothed. And to think that he, himself, Tom Kimball, had fondly hoped that he in time could win her love from Frank, all for himself. He thought of his own stupidity and absolute helplessness in this, the most terrible situation.

As he rode back to camp he formed a resolution to carry immediately into effect, and that was to write a letter to Frank Raymond and get it to him as soon as possible. This could be done by his taking this letter to a mule train that their train had passed going eastward only two days before.

He could reach the train in three days' time he felt sure, with Salem to carry him. So by the time he reached camp his plans were well matured, and worthy they were too of an older head. To attempt to describe the consternation and grief that pervaded the Mormon camp when Tom rode in and announced in so many words: "Pearl Barton is stolen by the Indians," would be impossible. He soon told his father what he would do, and that, too, immediately after dinner. His father approved, and in fact considered his plan the only one to be followed in this terribly emergency.

"Yes," said the old elder, "you, or Anna, must write to Frank, and I will write to Colonel Raymond myself, for he must know of this awful trouble that has come unto us." He wound up the sentence with: "O! The poor, dear girl. I do wish that I had not taken a hand in bringing the sweet child to this terrible pass, this awful grief and maybe torture." Tears of grief and remorse filled his kindly blue eyes and rolled down his cheeks before the sentence was half finished. The letters were written and duly addressed for it was no trouble for Anna to find Frank's London address in Pearl's trunk. Tom was soon equipped and away like the wind to overtake the mule train. He gave the horse but little rest, and himself no sleep until he reached it, which he did in two day's time. He found this train in camp the second evening out, and entrusted the letters to the master of the train, with instructions to mail them the first opportunity. He remained over night with them, rested

and groomed Salem, then started early on the following morning back to the Mormon camp.

Tom had performed his duty faithfully and promptly, but could not help grieving over Pearl's probable fate. At the best she must be miserable indeed. His inability to rescue her irritated him beyond expression, for with all the ardor of his young heart he loved this estimable and beautiful young woman, loved her as he could never love again.

Tom's safe return to the Mormon camp was a great relief to all, as after their fright from the Indian raid his success and return seemed to them clouded in uncertainty.

On the evening of his return the elder offered thanks to the Infinite for the protection and safe return to them, and Elder Kimball, with tears raining down his cheeks, earnestly petitioned that Pearl should be protected from all harm, and that finally she should be rescued from the hands of the merciless savage. The poor old elder was indeed terribly cast down and grieved because of her capture, and Tom was never the same light hearted Tom Kimball again. Their train moved on, encountering no more losses or troubles than would be expected from the rough, perilous journey ahead of them, and they reached their destination in good time. There were no more dances on the way, but service was held every evening. Songs of praise followed the humble petitions for Infinite protection. Pearl's name was ever mentioned in these earnest petitions. One more lonely grave marked their course, it was the grave of the mother of the young man who died from the hurt received from the wounded buffalo. He was her heart's idol, and life seemed unbearable after he died, so in mercy she fell asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

We left Pearl sketching and the Indian admiring her work, and will now return to them.

Ugh was the only word that Pearl could have pronounced of all the short sentences he uttered to express his great astonishment and admiration. Of course it was expressive to himself, but truly not so to her, and she paid no heed to his words, but continued to finish the sketch as far as possible, then placed sketch book and pencils back in her satchel and was quite ready to remount when the Indian led the horse up for that purpose. This time he placed her carefully upon a buffalo robe, spread back of the saddle, and mounted in front, then started away, still taking a southerly direction. She noticed that this had been the course of their route from the first, and reasoned that at the rate this powerful horse was taking them, they must reach New Mexico in a few days' time, and possibly this would be their course only a short distance. So when a hope arose in her mind a host of doubts swarmed up to alarm and discourage her. They rode near the base of the mountains a portion of the time, and were nearing one of the grand heights that she had watched from Elder Kimball's wagon, and longed so much to reach. Now she was near it—but under what circumstances?

On, on they rode at the long swinging gallop that seemed the one favorite gait of the horse. On, until the sun had sunk behind the grand old silent mountains, and for its good night to all the wild western world lighted the clouds with the most wonderful golden glory. Near a mountain stream they dismounted and the horse turned loose to come and go as he pleased.

Pearl, very tired from riding, walked leisurely about for a few moments then laved her hands and face in the cold stream, after which she walked out to where the horse was cropping the tender grass that grew beside the stream. As she approached and spoke to him he turned his head, and seemed to like her presence, so she felt sure he was accustomed to some white woman's

voice and caressing, and a captive, as well as herself. A bond of sympathy was soon established between her and this very powerful and intelligent creature. This was a comfort to her, as now she had something to talk to and love while taking this unavoidable journey. To her he seemed an almost exact counterpart for Frank's favorite, Black Prince, and because of this resemblance he seemed like a connecting link between the unhappy now and the vanished but lovely past.

Just before they had halted to camp they had seen a large band of antelope. These partially circled around them and disappeared beyond a swell to the east and had not shown themselves afterward. The Indian took his gun and went in the direction they had last seen them, and was soon at the top of the swell. Pearl heard the report from his rifle, but failed to see him. Yet he was out of sight but a few moments before he reappeared with a portion of the antelope. She was delighted, and her eyes expressed the pleasure. The Indian noticed this and smiled, then set to work cutting the choicest pieces for their supper.

He kindled a fire and placed the juicy steaks upon pointed sticks that he had sharpened for this purpose and set these sticks into the ground near the fire where they could cook nicely. Pearl sat near the fire and watched the Indian cook. While the steaks were roasting he went down to the stream and brought up a flat, smooth stone, washed clean, upon which he placed the steaks when done, then sharpened two sticks, one for her and one for himself, and as he handed the stick to her he pointed toward the steaks and made signs for her to eat. This she did, not very heartily to be sure, as there was no salt to season the meat with, and no bread.

As one by one the stars appeared her thoughts reverted to the last night's dance, and she wondered if all those happy, thankful people were murdered, or were they camping where they were, with no horses to take them farther on their journey? And if they were alive, all of them knew by this time that she had been captured by the Indians. What were Tom and Anna Kimball doing, and how were they feeling, and how did the elder feel about her being taken? All these questions arose in her mind, followed by those of greater import to her, and she murmured: "What is Frank doing and think-

ing of now? He had surely received and read my last letter sent from home, mailed the evening before I started upon this ill fated journey, and perhaps he has received the letters I wrote afterwards." Then other alarming and unanswerable questions arose and thronged wildly through her mind. "What am I to do during the night, that must be passed alone with an Indian in this wild, wild place, with no shelter near?" She shuddered as this question arose for she had been so absorbed in the many questions that had flitted through her mind, she had not noticed what the Indian was doing. He had taken his small ax or tomahawk and cut many bundles of brush that he was fashioning into a small room, piling it quite high upon the north side, for the breeze was blowing from that direction. Then he cut willow brush and laid upon the ground and upon this he heaped it over with grass that grew abundant and tall in a marshy place nearby. This arranged, he placed above the grass a large buffalo robe, then came near Pearl, making motions for her to go into this place that he had so carefully prepared for her. She bowed her head, and immediately retired to the primitive bed room, and gladly wrapped the buffalo robe over her, for the night was chill. With half the robe beneath her and half over her, this, with her cloak, made her a comparatively comfortable bed, and although her young heart swelled with rebellion over her present situation at first, a feeling of thankfulness succeeded this because of the Indian's kindness and consideration for her comfort. She had often read of the horrid and cruel treatment of white captives while in the hands of western Indians, and considered herself fortunate in comparison with them. After closing her eyes, and fervently repeating the Lord's prayer (taught to her by Aunt Milley), she opened them again and watched the Indian, busily engaged preparing the fresh meat by cutting it into strips and half cooking and drying it over the camp fire, doubtless to be taken with them upon their journey. After awhile she looked at the silent stars watching over her as of old, only twinkling more brightly and seeming nearer than ever before, nearer than when Frank, a year ago, was with her watching these same stars, and first told her of his love for her in words. His actions had told her long before this.

On the evening he asked her to be his wife—she

thought now of their conversation then, and of her answer to him: "I dare not promise to become your wife, although I love and esteem you above all other men;" and his response: "Why do you not dare to promise me, my precious one?" And her answer: "Because I do not know who I am. I may be beneath you socially. Who knows?" "And how long must this unanswerable question remain a barrier to our happiness, may I ask?" responded Frank, rather impatiently. "I do not know, Frank, but somehow I cannot help thinking that this mystery will be solved, and if it cannot possibly be solved soon, then, if you still wish it, I will become your wife." "And how long is 'this soon' to be? How many days, weeks, months or years?" asked Frank. And her reply: "One year, Frank, only one year, and if there is no hope of this question being solved, perhaps sooner." All this conversation came up in her mind to-night as she looked at the stars, and the remembrance of his first warm kiss upon her lips, all this arose, and with these thoughts, the tears, tears that need not be repressed, as no one could witness them now, and to her it was a sweet relief to weep. In looking up toward the stars with tear-filled eyes a sweet vision came between them and her sight. First a vapory mist, then in this mist the form of a beautiful woman smiling down upon her. She had seen this face before, this face so singularly like her own now, while she was a small child, once when she was sick, and twice after hearing Uncle John relate the exciting story of how he had found her alone upon the broad ocean.

Her tears ceased to flow, and a sweet, restful feeling took possession of her soul. "Probably this is my own spirit mother," Pearl murmured, "and if so, can my angel mother speak to her captive daughter." Pearl heard a soft, sweet voice in answer to her thoughts and questions: "Sleep, dear one, thy mother guards thee." This was indeed her mother, and her guardian angel, too. She did not stir or close her eyes while the sweet vision remained. It soon vanished, but the restful sensation remained, and in looking toward the camp fire she saw the Indian still busy preparing the meat. Then she looked toward the mountain tops far away, where she watched the silent stars one by one sinking behind their bristling summits. All fear had vanished from her mind

and her fathomless blue eyes closed in restful slumber. On the following morning she awoke with a start as the first rays of the morning sunlight stole across her face. At first she was bewildered, and wondered where she was, for her dreams had been of her lover, Aunt Milley and her cottage home. In a moment the entire disagreeable situation flashed through her mind. She looked toward the camp fire, but did not see the Indian, yet the fire was burning brightly, with plenty of fuel near by to replenish it, and the horse was within her view. She arose, went to the stream and washed her face and hands in its ice cold water, which was refreshing, then combed her silken hair and as she was winding the shining braids around her head, the Indian approached, with a number of fine trout for breakfast. He looked a pleased and kindly good morning, and Pearl bowed to him. It was so natural for her to bow that she did so before she thought, and then, she had enjoyed a lovely night's rest, and it had been because of his thoughtfulness for her comfort, he had treated her kindly, even if he was her captor, and she would at least treat him politely. This she thought, and this she did. The broiled trout made them a very palatable breakfast, notwithstanding the absence of salt and bread. Pearl ate quite heartily. This evidently pleased the Indian.

While they were breakfasting this morning she mentally named her captor "Eagle Eye," as he was ever watchful and on the alert. By this name we will call him, as I could not spell his real name correctly if I should try, and when she went out to caress the horse this morning she christened him "Sultan." As she arose from breakfast Eagle Eye started toward a point near by from which he could have a splendid view, both distant and near. She noticed that he was especially long engaged in looking eastward, and upon the course they had come. This, she thought, was because he expected to discover the portion of his band that had stampeded the Mormons' horses, as she reasoned that he belonged to the same band, only instead of stampeding fine horses he had captured her.

She was half inclined to go to him and offer him the use of her field glass, but did not, as she dreaded to have him consider her in the least familiar or interested in his affairs, but took it from her satchel and

climbed an eminence near by, and in turning it eastward discovered in the distance not far from what appeared to be a tree fringed stream, several columns of smoke. "A camp," she thought, "and probably Indians, too."

She did not wish to know who or what they were, fearing they were indeed Indians, and this Eagle Eye was the only one she was particularly interested in, because she hoped he would take her to where she would find white folks who could speak the English language, so that she might be released from captivity and go home or be taken home. She turned the glass toward the grand old silent mountains, and was lost in rapture viewing their rugged crests, when Eagle Eye came up to her and gave her to understand that he wished to look through it. She handed it to him, and in looking was perfectly delighted, repeating in a glad voice "buena, buena." This she understood (if it was indeed the Spanish language he was speaking). He looked through it toward the east, and after a moment or so frowned and muttered some words that Pearl did not understand. Other objects met his view through the glass that he could not have seen with the naked eye, however strong his vision might have been. An alarmed expression and a shake of his head was all as he handed the glass back to her and hastened to saddle Sultan.

In a few moments they were upon their southward journey. This morning Pearl had Eagle Eye place her upon the horse with her face toward the mountains, as she wished to enjoy a view of their granduer. The view of the plains had become monotonous to her, but she never tired of looking at the mountains.

She thought that Eagle Eye seemed anxious to avoid being seen by anyone who might be in camp by the river side, far to the east where they had discovered the columns of smoke, and once she heard him muttering to himself "Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Ugh," and as they reached the top of an elevation he turned and gave her to understand that he again wanted the glass. This she handed him. They halted, and he scanned the eastern scope of country for some moments intently, then handed her the glass and hastened onward for several miles, until it seemed to her that he felt they were out of danger, when again he wanted the glass, and after looking toward the camp and in every direction for a few moments,

returned it to her, and permitted his horse to take his usual gait. The danger (if there had been any) he doubtless considered passed. On, on they rode until past mid-day, before they reached a secluded spot where water and grass were near. This time the stream that they halted by was larger than any stream they had seen since they started on this journey. It seemed to her like a river compared with others. She noticed that all of Eagle Eye's motions were hurried, and as soon as his horse was attended to, he wanted the glass again. When she handed it to him he climbed to the top of a bluff near by and again swept the scene in every direction with the glass, then leisurely approached her, and as he handed it to her look pleased and ejaculated "buena."

Their noonday's meal of dried antelope meat was soon disposed of, Eagle Eye eating very heartily, while Pearl could scarcely swallow any of it. This seemed to annoy and trouble him, so after his dinner he went to the stream and caught two large trout. These he broiled, and these she could enjoy much better than she did the antelope meat without salt. While eating these, tears filled her eyes, as she thought of his kindness to her in her captivity, and in looking toward him she believed that he understood her feelings. He gave her one glance, turned to his horse and had him saddled for their onward trip as soon as she was ready to mount. They rode during the afternoon without a word, a halt or a sign. Yet his gaze was often turned eastward, while to Pearl's view the mountains presented an ever varying and interesting panorama. Again the sun sank behind the mountains and the cloud effect was quite as gorgeous as it had been the evening before. Both were grand beyond description. They halted for the night by the side of a small mountain stream. Eagle Eye again wanted the glass, which he took to a slight eminence near by. She stood and watched him for a moment, and then went to Sultan, who neighed softly as she approached him. They were the best of friends, and as she pressed her cheek against his velvety muzzle her thoughts flew back to the sweet days of childhood when she had patted the little white pony Uncle John had given her, and the later days of matured womanhood, when Starlight and Black Prince would reach out for her caressing. Eagle Eye was standing near her when she turned from caressing Sultan,

and she noticed again the expression of admiration, amounting to adoration, in his fine dark eyes. She would not appear disconcerted, although she had not heard him when he approached. His looks puzzled and almost annoyed her. She took the glass that he handed her, then looked enquiringly toward the east and back to him again. He gave her an assuring look, then went away for fuel to kindle a fire. In approaching a small thicket near by a grouse fluttered out and away. Eagle Eye looked down and discovered a nest well filled with eggs nearly as large as hen's eggs. Had he struck a bonanza he could not have looked more pleased. He broke one, and found it was good, gathered the balance of them up, placed them in a fold of his blanket and took them to Pearl, giving her to understand they were for her supper. She, too, was pleased, for they were a change from the ever present saltless meat, and would doubtless prove more appetizing. He went again to the thicket and gathered a handful of more than half ripe berries and brought to her these. She ate immediately, and by the time the eggs were roasted was really hungry and ate heartily of them.

A projecting rock was near their camp. Under this Eagle Eye spread brush and grass, a few brush he arranged for a screen, then motioned that this was for her. She bowed, and gladly retired.

She watched him through the screen of brush, and noticed that he appeared uneasy, and often listened attentively, also took short walks away from the camp. But before a great while he settled down, and seemed satisfied that no danger was near. Then she closed her eyes and repeated her usual prayer. Her thoughts from this ran to the dear ones far away. They were never out of her mind many moments at a time, and now a new idea came to her, as a conviction that Frank would try to find her, arose in her heart, and if he should attempt it, how would he know what direction to take? She resolved that at this camping place she would leave her name, and the direction she had been taken in thus far. This thought, or determination, gave her a new hope to cling to.

Little she knew or guessed the danger they had passed by that day. Eagle Eye knew and, too, the glass that Colonel Raymond had given her had helped

him to decide that the camp near the tree fringed stream was that of Arapahoes and Cheyennes. These tribes, so closely related by inter-marriage, formed, indeed, one formidable tribe, and their home was upon the plains; while Eagle Eye, or any member of the Ute tribe, had no business upon their territory; and, too, the mountains and plains Indians were inveterate enemies to each other. So, if Eagle Eye, with Pearl, had been espied by any member of those tribes their most fearless braves would have been mounted upon their fleetest horses, to overtake and capture, or kill them. Doubtless Eagle Eye would have been captured, as well as the magnificent horse, and to be captured by them would have been much worse than death.

Pearl, of course, could not know how much of absolute terror she had barely escaped that day, but a feeling of true thankfulness took possession of her, because her fate as a captive was no worse than it was; and the sweet, restful feeling of the previous evening caused her to think that the spirit of her guardian mother was near, and soon her eyes were closed in sleep, sweet, restful sleep.

Eagle Eye was on the alert all night long, for he knew that his deadly foes might be near. Once he heard the coyotes howling, not far away, and again the cry of some night bird in the distance, and he felt that if it were not for leaving the white captive he would mount his horse and fly towards his own true tribe, now camped in the mountain fastness away southwest of there, and far, far away from his enemies. But he would not leave his white captive to save his own life, even if it came to a choice, for she was a being sacred in his heart—sacred and beautiful beyond any being he had ever met or dreamed of, and he would take her safely to his tribe.

Pearl awoke early on the following morning, and found that Eagle Eye had their breakfast nearly ready. The eggs that were left were nearly roasted. He came up from the thicket with a handful of berries and signed for her to come and eat. This she did. The berries sharpened her appetite for the morning meal. They were soon through with the breakfast, and while Eagle Eye was saddling his horse, she managed to pencil a few words upon a piece of drawing paper with her name to the

note without him seeing her, and this she placed upon the grass that had formed her bed, beneath the shelving rock, and was ready as he led the horse up to her. But before they mounted Eagle Eye took the glass, which he turned toward the north at first, then gradually around the entire scope of plains to the south. He looked satisfied as he handed it back to her. He lifted her to a seat behind the saddle, mounted himself, and again they were away upon their southern journey. It was about mid-forenoon when they forded the widest and deepest stream that they had been obliged to cross upon the route thus far, and were upon the rolling land a short distance upon the southern side, heading toward a high divide, when Eagle Eye halted and signed for the glass. This Pearl handed him, wondering what he had seen that caused him to halt. He directed the glass toward the southeast, and only for a moment, when he handed it back to her, turned his horse around and descended to a spot near the stream. Here a perpendicular bluff arose near the place where they had crossed it. He stood her upon the ground and proceeded to make things comfortable for her, between the bluff and a thicket of willows, leaving one buffalo robe, a knife and the sack of dried meat; then mounted Sultan and rode rapidly away toward the point he had been looking. As she looked around it seemed to her that she could not have been placed in a spot where she would be more perfectly hidden. She was alone, yet he might soon return. Pearl sat in the shadow of the bluff and wished it were possible for her to understand his language, as he seemed excited and had talked to himself while fixing the things for her. But of course she could not understand, yet he did not appear to be particularly vexed, or annoyed. She reasoned that it could not have been any game that had so excited him, as band after band of antelope had circled near them and sped away in the distance during their morning's ride. Noon came and passed and the sun was slowly sinking towards the west when she first thought of food, as all this time she had been attentively listening for his return. She opened the sack of dried meat and found that he had put two roasted eggs in that were left from their breakfast. These she ate—the meat was not appetizing. She looked into the thicket, where she found a few berries. These she gathered and

ate, although they were only half ripe, and now began to think hopelessly of the terrible position she was in. Alone in the "wild, wild West," hundreds and hundreds of miles away from any friend, no provisions, only a small quantity of half dried meat, no means of kindling a fire, and the only mortal on earth (and he an Indian) that knew where she was, and by this time probably killed (yet she felt that he would come for her sometime if his life was spared him). Her usual fine health and strength were failing on account of anxiety and want of suitable nourishment. So taking it all in all, the outlook was anything but hopeful. And yet, she did not weep. She wondered if she were indeed growing stoical? Then her thoughts reverted to her early life, and Aunt Milley's kind care of her; and to her lover, and his parents, their mansion, its lovely surroundings, and their bountifully supplied table, and of her lover's cousin, Kate; when like a flash the whole truth dawned upon her. She now knew why she had been sent with the Mormon train! And why all had been so very kind in furnishing her the necessary articles for the trip. What did they care for expense if their cherished plans and desires could be realized? And she, Pearl Barton, gotten entirely out of Frank's way and hearing?

Kate Harrington's professed friendship and fondness for her while all the time urging her to go) was simply all a horrid sham; also Frank's parents' kindness was only a blind, a miserable blind to get her out of their way, so that in time he would marry their niece, Kate Harrington.

This, indeed, was a revelation of a horrid duplicity that her young, honest soul never dreamed of; and never before in her life had absolute indignation and anger taken possession of her. But she was angry now, angry with them for their duplicity and angry with herself for being flattered and urged into taking this terrible, and now, to her, the most hateful journey; not only hateful, but disastrous to her happiness, and perhaps to her honor and life. How could Frank ever know that she had been captured by an Indian? And if no letters reached him from her he would infer that she had proven unfaithful to him—to her vow. And if all the Mormons of the train that she had traveled in were murdered, he must conclude that she, too, had been murdered. So in either

case Kate Harrington and his parents would be sure to have everything their own way. Thus she reasoned in her helpless loneliness. With these intense feelings of anger and indignation, a hatred arose in Pearl's young heart toward her deceitful enemies that almost overwhelmed her, and she found herself trembling in every limb; her waning strength nearly exhausted by these terrible and hitherto unfeared emotions; she almost feared herself, and wondered what kind of emotions she was indeed capable of entertaining.

This state of feeling soon subsided and a sensation of absolute helplessness ensued, filling her beautiful eyes with tears, and her soul with an earnest prayer for help and strength—a prayer so intense that it seemed to her it must be heard by her Heavenly Father, and that He would surely answer her.

Then the sweet restful feeling so soothing in its sweetness (that came over her after seeing the lovely vision of her spirit mother) enveloped her troubled soul, and all anger, indignation and hatred fled. She leaned her shapely head against a rock near by to rest and reflect that it were as possible for her to be rescued from her present peril as it was for Uncle John to find her a wee waif upon the boundless ocean. As the shadows closed around her she arranged her couch, and while listening for Eagle Eye's return sank to sleep to dream of home and loved ones.

CHAPTER VIII.

Away into the night Pearl slept. The slender new moon had set, stars were shining brightly down upon her lovely, pale face, when Eagle Eye returned. She did not hear his voice while he talked lowly to his faithful horse. Nothing disturbed her slumbers. She was exhausted, and sweetly slept. A stealthy step near did not arouse her. Eagle Eye stooped down to listen if she were breathing (he feared she was not). A soft lover-like kiss was pressed upon her brow. But this, too, was so blended with her dreams of home and Frank that she still slept on, on until the morning broke, and a bird in the thicket near by trilled its matin song. This awoke her. At first her thoughts were of the birds at home; then, on looking around, she knew where she really was. The contrast between the vivid dreams of home and loved ones and her present surroundings quite overwhelmed her. She felt so weak, and helpless, and so entirely alone. Tears arose to her eyes, tears of absolute grief and utter helplessness. But while she was sobbing a voice reached her. She arose and listened. It was Eagle Eye talking to his horse a short distance away. The words she could not understand, but the voice (an Indian's voice) was music to her. Yes, he had returned. She did not know when, but he had come, and now she was not alone, and he would take her somewhere, among some kind of people. These were her thoughts as she arose and went down to the water's edge to lave her face and hands and arrange her hair, after which she stepped from behind the thicket, and as she did so he advanced to meet her with both hands extended, saying in kindly voice: "How? how?" She placed her white hands in his, and cheerfully responded: "Buena." This she said before she reflected, as hitherto she had considered it best not to establish any perfect understanding between them; now his glad expression told her that he understood the meaning of the word.

She almost regretted having uttered it, and yet she was truly delighted to have him back again. Soon he

spoke in Spanish to her, and told her the objects he had seen through the glass were of his own tribe, that they were the braves who had stampeded the Mormons' fine horses—that he was a son of the Peace Chief——, of the Southern Utah tribe, and that properly he was the leader of this band of braves. This was why he rode out to them, to know how many horses they had taken, and here he counted upon his fingers the number, which was twenty, twenty fine horses, and they were on their way home with them—that these braves had seen the camp of their enemies, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and had made a detour eastward, to avoid being seen by them.

Pearl was deeply interested, and asked in as good Spanish as she was mistress of: "How many Mormons did your braves kill?" He smiled, and assured her that not one had been killed, that his father the Peace Chief—— had instructed them to not kill one of the pale-faces, traveling toward the setting sun.

This was a relief to Pearl, for now she reasoned that Tom or Anna Kimball would write to Frank of her fate, and that he would spare no pains or money to release her. Eagle Eye wished to tell her much more, which he did in tolerable Spanish, although Pearl pleaded that she did not understand him perfectly.

He told her of how, when a number of his braves had rushed into the Mormon camp to frighten the Mormons until the other braves stampeded the horses, that he had looked up to the top of the hill, where she stood with sunbonnet off listening, and knew that she was the white squaw that a wise old medicine man had told his father, the Peace Chief——, about when he, Eagle Eye, was a wee papoose, and that the medicine man had told his father this white squaw, with the long, golden hair, the hair that shone like the sun light, was "The Sacred Daughter of Manitou," and that he, Eagle Eye, would bring her to their tribe and forever afterward no other tribe could overpower them—that Eagle Eye would be married to this squaw with the golden hair and eyes like the highest skies—that they must be married first by the rites of their tribe, and then by a Mexican priest, as she was "The Sacred Daughter of Manitou." After Eagle Eye had related this to Pearl, he assured her that he had told his braves to take the

tidings home to his father, that he was bringing the beautiful squaw home with him, and the tribe must have a great feast ready for them as soon as he reached home with her.

That they would reach the tribe three days after his braves with the horses would. Pearl understood all this only too well, although she pleaded ignorance of the Spanish language, and that it was only a few words she could understand. In truth she could not understand the language perfectly, as spoken by Eagle Eye, as she had been taught the pure Castillian language; and yet the sweetest hopes began to fill her heart, as now, according to Eagle Eye's conversation, she would surely come in contact with a Mexican priest, and could explain all to him, and get his assistance in mailing letters to Frank and Aunt Milley and, too, she would have the priest explain to Eagle Eye that she was betrothed to a very wealthy lover, who would give them a great ransom for her. There were many bright hopes now for her and, too, she was certain of her safety from all harm while she remained Eagle Eye's captive. There were happy surprises in store for her this morning, aside from the hope of sometime getting out of captivity and again being safe at home with her friends and lover. After Eagle Eye kindled the fire he brought a small teapot, filled it with water, and set it near the fire, then went to the river and brought up a clean, flat rock, that he propped up near the fire near enough so that it would soon become hot, then brought a small sack in view. This was filled with something that looked suspiciously like flour, and with an hitherto unseen tincup, brought water up from the river, and with a freshly whittled paddle, stirred the water into the flour and added a pinch of salt. Pearl wonderingly watched him. Soon a flour cake was patted out upon the flat rock and baking. Then a nicely dressed rabbit was placed before the fire upon the point of a sharpened stick and roasting, opposite the baking cake. She wondered if it were possible that they were to have wheat bread for breakfast? Wheat bread and salt, and perhaps tea for breakfast! To those who have every possible luxury, perhaps the idea of Pearl being thankful for the poor bread and salt may seem absurd. But she was thankful, and the breakfast seemed sumptuous to her, after

the many saltless meals she had partaken of of late. They had tea, and sugar, too. Surely Eagle Eye had been well supplied by his band of braves. But he did not explain, and she did not ask any questions in regard to where he had procured the articles of food so necessary to the appetite of a white woman.

While eating heartily of the cake and rabbit, and enjoying her tea, tears of thankfulness filled her eyes as she thought of yesterday, and of her prayer that evidently was being answered, and in contemplating the difference between yesterday and now a feeling of gratitude arose in her heart that for a moment almost overpowered her, and she thought that she would never become doubtful and despondent again. It seemed a certainty that Frank would come and ransom her, since Eagle Eye had communicated all he had to her this morning.

There was no seeming hurry to start. The horse needed rest. Eagle Eye went to the stream and caught a number of fine trout, after which he took the glass and climbed the bluff near by, scanned the country around and descended to where Pearl stood caressing Sultan, handed her the glass and sat upon the ground near by, seemingly perfectly happy in his rest, and in the admiration of Pearl. She chose a spot near by from which to sketch Sultan, as she wished to keep in practice with her art work. The outlining did not require much time. Eagle Eye saw and understood what she was doing, and was pleased. He told her that his tribe would admire her because she could do this art work—that she should never do hard work like the squaws of his tribe—but keep her hands white and soft, to do this beautiful work. She understood him, but appeared partially ignorant of the Spanish language, and the way he spoke it was indeed very imperfect.

Eagle Eye prepared a very palatable dinner. The trout were delicious, now seasoned with salt. Their dinner over and past mid-day, yet Eagle Eye showed no signs of starting upon their journey. Pearl wondered some at this, but continued her sketching until the sketch was completed. When done, Eagle Eye expressed his delight and admiration of the picture, then went up to the horse's head, and desired her to sketch him, which she did very truthfully. He was indeed proud of the entire picture, and as well as he could, expressed his pleasure and

pride, concluded by telling her that his father must have this sketch when they reached home, as he would keep it sacred forever. It was now growing late in the afternoon. Eagle Eye took his rifle, mounted Sultan, and rode toward a height nearly a mile distant, up the river toward the mountains. He had seen a few deer near the foot of the mountains, and went to kill one. Pearl thought she had heard the report of his gun, but was not certain. She waited long for his re-appearance. It seemed a long time to her, while looking in the direction she last saw him. At length she attempted to obtain sight of him through the glass, but could see nothing of him, and began to wonder if she were again left alone, probably for the entire night, and maybe forever, as she was certain he would have come in sight before this, had not some trouble overtaken him. The evening shadows were falling and she alone, while only a short time before she had been most hopeful, and now apprehensive of danger. While looking through the glass, wondering what had happened to him, she heard a noise near by that caused her to turn quickly. Eagle Eye had returned, but by a different direction. The noise was caused by him throwing a beautiful deer upon the ground near by. He had surprised her looking for him. This pleased him, and he smiled. The venison steaks were delicious. Pearl retired early to her couch at the foot of the bluff, and in preparing for the night, she noticed how loosely her engagement ring encircled her finger, also how her once closely fitting traveling dress seemed altogether too large for her form; so she resolved to quit grieving and try to be herself again, for she was sure that Frank would some time come and ransom her. Yes, she would be hopeful now, and never so sad again. This she resolved as she closed her eyes, before repeating her evening prayer. Long after her eyes were sealed in slumber, Eagle Eye kept the camp fire burning while preparing the venison for (to him) their homeward trip. On the following morning they breakfasted early, and started again upon their southward journey. To describe the grandeur and beauty of the mountains, both near and far, would be impossible. Pearl's love of the picturesque and grand was more than satisfied. The scenery was beautiful and grand beyond any dream of hers, and with renewed strength and a hope that seemed to her

a certainty, she enjoyed this morning's panorama vastly. Pearl had noticed from different points of their journey a mountain to the southward, with its snow capped brow rising in stately grandeur far above all other heights, in fact, it appeared solitary, as having advanced far out upon the plains, disdainful of a position among the many points in the range west of it. This she saw as they reached the summit of a great divide. This divide, running from the Rocky Mountains eastward, that their course tended over, and this point from this highland, seemed to have taken on a new and unhitherto dignity and grandeur; for from here she saw that it was not out upon the plains alone, but was surrounded by lesser heights, over which this Prince of the Rockies seemed to be ruling as prime potentate.

They halted for their noontide rest by the side of a crystal spring of cold water. There were signs of other travelers having been there recently. Eagle Eye gave her to understand that it was here where he had taken dinner with his braves two days before. Their afternoon's trip was nearly all down hill, and the horse chose to walk. She noticed a creek where the rock formation near it seemed in the distance to be statues. Flat cap rocks crowned many a column of gray stone. Before they had passed all of these, and after the level ground was reached, the horse resumed the long, easy gallop that seemed to be his natural gait, overcoming the distance swiftly and easily.

As the sun had nearly reached the mountain tops on its downward course they turned westward through a narrow vale, where a small tree bordered stream took its course westward, and lost itself in a mountain torrent flowing southward. In speeding along down this vale they passed pink and red rocks, with here and there a few white ones, and in glimpses that Pearl could gain between these rocks in passing, she was sure that real statues, carved by the hands of some race once inhabiting this strange, wild country, were scattered among other singularly shaped rocks. Beyond these pink and red ones there appeared to have been parts of a wall around this singular place; and in looking upward she saw the snow crowned peak that she had named "The Prince of the Rockies," towering above this singular scene. It seemed to her that they were at the very foot of this height.

Eagle Eye guided his powerful horse across the mountain torrent, and dismounted upon its western bank. Here they found bubbling springs, springs of crystal water gushing up in their rocky basins. Pearl was thirsty, and took her cup to dip a drink from one of them. This she tasted, and dashed it aside, as she was both disappointed and surprised at its taste; yet tasted it again, as she rather liked its sparkle, although this water held in solution many mineral substances, rendering it so different from the pure mountain water, she feared to drink it. Eagle Eye had been watching her, came toward her and said "buena," filling his tin cup several times with it and drank as though he really liked it. Pearl tried it again, but much preferred the water from the cold stream nearby.

Near this spot their camp for the night was made. The monotonous roar of the mountain stream served as a lullaby for Pearl, as only a few moments after saying her evening prayer she was sleeping soundly.

A gleam from the early camp fire, with the noise made by Eagle Eye cutting sticks, awoke her. She saw that the sky was overcast with clouds, and that all of Eagle Eye's movements were hurried; so she arose immediately and made ready to partake of the breakfast that he had nearly prepared. As she approached him, he kindly said "How? how," and seemed glad that she was up so early. Their morning meal was rather hurriedly disposed of, and soon they were again upon their journey. There seemed to be no trail for them to follow, and the prairie dogs' burrows were alarmingly close together in many places as they hurried down the valley, yet the even gallop of Sultan was never broken, nor did he step into one of these holes, although Pearl much feared that he would.

The lovely, fertile valley, with mountains upon one side and undulating foothills upon the other, seemed so peaceful and homelike that Pearl felt there must be some human habitation near, and finally she espied a small flock of sheep feeding among the foothills, with only a wolfish looking dog for their shepherd. Her heart gave a great throb of thankfulness as she saw these, and thought that she was sure to see white folks again, and perhaps women and children. This truly would be very desirable indeed, she thought, and her spirits arose as

she saw other signs of inhabitants near. A few dejected looking donkeys were either nibbling the tender grass, or standing in seemingly deep meditation.

She had not noticed that the clouds were lowering, until a threatening roar of thunder denoted that the storm was nearly upon them. Eagle Eye gave a discontented "Ugh," and urged his horse to greater speed. They were indeed riding very fast, and the threatening storm seemed to be coming faster than they were riding.

On, on they sped, the threatening gusts of wind now as advance couriers of the coming storm, caused Pearl to turn so that the wind would not blow into her face, and she did not see the hut they were approaching.

She wondered where they could go to get out of the storm? Then another lightning flash, and a terrific peal of thunder accompanied by great drops of rain, when Eagle Eye checked Sultan's onward course, and with an ejaculation of delight, dismounted and helped Pearl into the hut as the rain commenced pouring down in torrents. His saddle, buffalo robes and provision sack were quickly sheltered and the horse turned loose to take care of himself. Eagle Eye came rushing into the hut laughing after turning the horse loose, shaking himself, all the time talking poor Spanish to the dark woman who seemed to be mistress there. Although the entire situation was strange to Pearl, she was thankful to be sheltered from the storm. Strange surroundings and situations seemed to be in order along the line of her present life. She thought now of Eagle Eye's early camp fire and of his hurried movements that morning. Surely he knew that the storm would break about noon, and intended to reach this place before it came. The woman appeared to be well acquainted with Eagle Eye. She asked in Spanish about Pearl. He frankly told her where he had found her, and who he was sure she was. Also of his intention of taking her to his tribe and marrying her, and wound up by telling the woman that he wanted a good dinner for Pearl and himself. This the woman went to work preparing right away, but not before she gave Pearl to understand that she must feel perfectly at home in her "casa." Pearl straightway removed her bonnet and cloak. A fire soon crackled upon the hearth and the dinner cooking. The cake that she baked was

much the same as those which Eagle Eye had baked before the camp fire, only they were thinner and rounder in form. Pearl's abundant hair had been shaken down during their hurried ride, so she unbraided it, standing with her back toward the door. The storm had somewhat abated. Two men came into the hut while she was standing with her back toward the door. One of them, in Spanish, uttered: "Very beautiful hair!" And the other man, in good English, said: "The most beautiful hair I ever saw in my life!" and "look at the diamond upon her finger! That's worth a hundred, sure!" Pearl was astonished to hear these comments in English, but did not turn around until her hair was arranged to suit her. She then placed her small hand mirror upon a shelf in the mud wall, and was thus enabled to make her toilet somewhat to her satisfaction; after which she quietly turned around and bowed to the two men, who were looking at her. One was white and the other swarthy. After bowing to them distantly, she sat upon a sofa of piled up mattresses that occupied the corner of the room. The white man advanced toward her (rather awkwardly to be sure) and asked: "Miss, do you speak English?" "I certainly do," she replied. Eagle Eye stood watching the man with lowering brow. Pearl noticed this, and did not care to converse with the man, but said hurriedly: "If anyone comes this way enquiring for such a looking person as I am, tell them that Pearl Barton stopped here on her southern trip to the Utah tribe, with her captor, that she was treated well, yet hoped to be ransomed." "I will," the man responded, and then noticing Eagle Eye's vexed expression, doggedly went out of the hut.

The dinner was soon ready, but there was no table to place it upon, so everyone sat upon the earth floor around the cooking utensils in which the different articles of diet had been cooked. A tin plate with meat, dark beans and a round cake was handed to Pearl where she sat, and a fairly good cup of coffee was also handed her. This was quite enough for her dinner, but in addition to this the Mexican woman handed her a small plate filled with sweet curd with brown sugar sprinkled over it. This was a dainty morsel not to be left untasted, so Pearl thought. She tasted it, but salt would have made it more palateable to her, while sugar as seasoning was

anything but desirable, especially in this particular dish. She scraped the sugar aside, and asked for salt. This the good woman supplied her with, but with a puzzled expression, filling her dark eyes while watching Pearl sprinkle it upon the curd instead of the sugar. After this Pearl indeed relished it, yet possibly she would not have done so had she known the curd had been made from the milk of the sheep she had seen with the wolfish looking dog as shepherd; as it truly was, for there were no cows near here, nor for many miles around.

The rain continued to pour down at intervals, rendering it unadvisable for Eagle Eye and Pearl to travel that afternoon. He seemed anxious and impatient, often looking out from the door as the afternoon advanced, shaking his head and in other ways evincing his displeasure. The Mexican man spread a blanket upon the earth floor and brought a deck of cards (they were small cards, such as Pearl had never seen before), and asked Eagle Eye to play; which he did, and seemingly became interested to such a degree that he did not notice whether it was raining or not. Pearl went to the door to watch the clouds, and again met the white man. He spoke in regard to the rain, then hurriedly asked her if she wished to be rescued from Eagle Eye by him? She answered: "It is not worth while to try to rescue me, but I would like to know how many days we will be obliged to travel before we reach the Utah tribe?" "Three, and perhaps four days more." "And in which direction?" asked Pearl. "Southwest from here," responded the man. Eagle Eye heard this conversation, that he could not understand, and quit playing, and came to the door. Pearl called his attention to some patches of blue sky, and asked him if he thought the storm was over. He shook his head, and did not appear to be in the least encouraged. In a moment more the rain came dashing down again, causing them to retreat into the hut and close the door, as the wind had changed and drove the rain far into the hut. After their supper (which was a duplicate of the dinner, minus the sweet curd), the sofa of wool mattresses were unfolded and spread about upon the dirt floor. These were made into comfortable beds. Eagle Eye spread his buffalo robes down near the door for his couch. Pearl's bed was in the corner of the room, and the children's bed next to hers. No night of the entire trip seemed half so dis-

agreeable to her as this did; there was no ventilation, and the fetid, cellar-like air seemed to her absolutely poisonous. It was far into the night before she could close her eyes in sleep. Once she thought she heard footsteps outside, and she feared the white man had come to rescue her. She did not like the expression in his eyes when he looked at her; nor the way that he looked at her ring; and would much prefer to take her chances for freedom as she had planned to do in going with Eagle Eye to his tribe, and seeing, and explaining all to the Mexican priest, that she had grown so sure she would see if she went with him to his tribe; and reasoned: "If this white man is only responsible and true, it would be altogether different; but he surely is nothing better than a renegade, and perhaps hiding here among these low Mexicans from justice." In this conjecture she was perfectly correct. He was living with a Mexican woman in a hut near by, was both irresponsible and naturally vicious; he had noticed the brilliancy of her diamond, and had thought to in some manner obtain that by getting her into his power. Eagle Eye opened the door in early morning. The flood of light and fresh, pure air awoke Pearl and the elder people. The children slept on. Pearl's one dream of that night haunted her. She did not know what to make of it. A voice from someone (she could not see) warned her by these words: "Be careful;" then another sentence from the same voice: "A great change is soon coming to you, be patient."

When she looked out of the door she saw that a bright day was dawning. Eagle Eye was out near Sultan when the white man came up to her. She noticed that he had a half hidden pistol in his hand. This, he told her, he wished she would take and conceal about her person, so that when she and Eagle Eye were started she could shoot and kill him, then he (the white man) would come, and upon Eagle Eye's horse would take her far into some hiding place where the Indians could not find them.

She was horrified at the proposition, and the warning, "Be careful," sounded in her ear. Eagle Eye was her protector, as well as her captor. He had ever treated her with respect and even kindness, and she would still trust him, but not this white man! No! The next thing she thought of was how to manage so that no harm would come to Eagle Eye from this man.

The white man saw Eagle Eye coming, and sauntered leisurely away. She had given him no answer to his horrid proposition. He hoped to see her alone again before she started that morning, and did not go far from the hut. Eagle Eye noticed the paleness of Pearl's face, also the horrified expression in her eyes, and remained near. His horse was not far away now, and there was no need of him going away from the hut. He felt sure that the white man had said something that had hurt Pearl, for he had never seen her look so pale and horrified before.

The Mexican woman prepared a hurried breakfast, and it was soon disposed of. Pearl had selected some small coin for the children, and two dollars to give the Mexican woman. This at first she refused to take, but Pearl insisted, and she finally took it, returning a profusion of thanks and blessings on Pearl's life. The good byes were soon spoken by her to the woman and children, and she was quite ready when Eagle Eye came up to the door with the horse. Eagle Eye noticed that the white man again came near Pearl, but that she avoided speaking to him, and came out of the hut as soon as he was ready to start. He lifted her to the seat behind the saddle and then mounted himself. They both noticed the white man. One glimpse of his face terrified Pearl, so as soon as Eagle Eye had mounted she spoke to him in Spanish the one word, "hurry."

The horse started at a rapid rate of speed, but could not go any too fast to suit her, for she feared that the white man would shoot Eagle Eye himself, as he had been foiled in his plan to induce her to shoot him. Eagle Eye urged his horse onward until a ford across the river was reached; then he plunged into the water and was soon upon the other side. This river's course was eastward, and a barrier to anyone who might wish to follow them, unless that one had a horse that could ford it, so Pearl breathed more freely when safely upon its southern shore, and Eagle Eye permitted his horse to assume his favorite long, easy gallop. The white man still stood near the door of the hut after seeing them far beyond the river.

He had not slept any during the preceding night, so busy was his brain in making his plans to get Pearl into his power. He reasoned that she had money, as well as that valuable ring, and he wanted not only these,

but he wanted her, too, as he considered her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He also reasoned that the man whom she was engaged to was very wealthy, as the ring evinced this; also, she had told him that she expected to be ransomed. He reflected that he might, or might not accept this ransom money for her. If he chose to, he could go to Santa Fe, and perhaps win a fortune gambling, and surely he would not give her up to any one until he was tired of her. These were the plans that had kept his brain busy and on fire during the entire night, and now he reflected that he had been completely foiled, and that the young lady was not so anxious to be released from the Indian as he supposed she would be. Aside from his determination to get Pearl into his power, he wanted Eagle Eye's splendid horse, an animal that he could sell for at least one thousand dollars at Santa Fe, and this money would have been sufficient to bear his and her expenses wherever he might choose to go. Well, he was foiled, and that was all, only the fearful temper that had been aroused in him in consequence. This was all that was left to tell of the once seemingly practical plot that had filled his mind, and he slowly walked to his hut, where his woman, his slave, had his breakfast already prepared. As he entered the hut he commenced cursing her, and as their child crawled up to him for its usual petting, he pushed it away with an oath, and when it cried, he blamed the woman, whom he slapped and kicked unmercifully. It was thus he vented his rage without fear of punishment.

Eagle Eye and Pearl rode for miles and neither had spoken or made a sign, when suddenly he drew rein and asked for the glass. His quick eye had detected objects in the distance that she had not noticed, but had been watching band after band of graceful antelope come near them, circle around, as though inspecting them to their satisfaction, then nimbly fleeing away in the dim distance.

All nature looked fresh and beautiful after the drenching rain of yesterday. Prairie dogs were standing like little stakes at the entrance of their burrows, ever uttering their protesting sharp little "yip, yip," as the riders came too near, then, when too closely approached, dart into their underground homes, their dark tipped tails jerk-

ing nervously as they disappeared. A few waxen flowers of the cactus were blooming fresh and beautiful, and prairie larks gave them, as they passed by, a few of their liquid notes, but not their entire song. While watching and enjoying all these, she had been wondering if the voice she had heard in her dream meant anything? And the words came to her often: "A great change is soon coming to you, be patient." The warning, "Be careful," had been explained that morning. That terrible white man had wished her to murder Eagle Eye, that he might take his horse and her no one knows where, and she shuddered whenever she recalled his fiendish look as they rode away. "Would he follow them?" was one of her mental questions. She had often looked back, fearing that he was indeed following them.

When Eagle Eye asked for the glass she feared that some danger was near. He looked through it intently for perhaps a minute, all the time toward the southeast, then handed it back to her and signed for her to look in that direction. She saw two mountains standing side by side, seemingly away out upon the plains, miles and miles away from any other height, and on the western side of these mountains a moving mass of something that looked much like the buffalo she had seen while traveling with the Mormons, and, too, there appeared to be objects like men on horseback near the moving black mass, but she could not quite understand the scene, and asked Eagle Eye what it meant. He gave her to understand that it was a large herd of buffalo, and Comanche Indians hunting them. He also gave her to understand that the Comanches were very cruel, and the deadly enemies of the Utahs, but that they could not possibly see them so far away, as it was only the large, black herd of buffalo that was distinguishable to the naked eye. Then he told her how very valuable her glass was to them, as it gave them the advantage over any foe who might be approaching them, as through it he could detect them long enough before they came near, to give him time to find some place of safety for her and the horse, and also an ambush for himself. Pearl wished to take a backward look through the glass. Eagle Eye turned the horse so that the view upon the morning's trail could be had for many a mile. She thought she saw two objects coming, and handed Eagle Eye the glass. He

easily distinguished two horsemen coming hurriedly toward them. She asked: "Are they Indians?" He answered that they were white men, on very fleet horses. Then she asked if one of them looked like the white man they had left standing by the Mexican hut that morning as they started away? He looked long and earnestly, and finally gave her to understand that he thought one of these men was indeed that white man. Pearl's worst fears were being realized, for he, with another man as vicious as himself, were upon their trail, to murder Eagle Eye and capture herself, also the powerful horse, Sultan. Eagle Eye had never seen her when excited before. Her Spanish was good enough to make him understand what that man was coming for, and how he had wished her to shoot him that morning, so that he could have his horse and herself. Eagle Eye had nearly turned around upon the saddle while the lovely girl hurriedly told him these horrid truths. An intelligent gleam from his dark eyes told her that he understood her perfectly. Then he looked once more through the glass, coolly handed it back to her, and started the horse off on a long, swift gallop that measured the distance hurriedly. On, on they rode. Finally a stream was reached. This Eagle Eye guided his horse up, until its banks became almost perpendicular, and farther up until they reached a rocky slope that came down to the water's side. This was very steep also, but up this the noble animal climbed, not leaving the least foot-print behind them. On, over the rocks and into a small, round dell, where they found a spring of pure, cold water, all sheltered by tall trees and walled in by high rocks—a lovely hiding place. Pearl was trembling with apprehension and excitement when Eagle Eye lifted her from the horse. He soon made everything comfortable for her, and this time he lariated his horse, that he could not possibly be seen any distance away. The grass was abundant in this place. He then climbed a pile of rocks and found a position from which he could have a perfect view of the trail for miles either way, with the glass to assist his vision. It was now nearly noon, and he proceeded to kindle a fire and prepare their dinner. The smoke from their fire could not be detected, as it was hidden by the foliage of the large spruce tree under which the fire was kindled. After dinner he looked at his rifle and his two navy revolvers,

for he wished to be sure of his firearms in case of an encounter. Pearl watched his every movement, and wondered if there was any absolute danger of a hand to hand conflict, as now they were so snugly hidden away from the trail. She hoped not, yet she was glad Eagle Eye would be prepared, for to fall into the hands of these two white ruffians would be perfectly terrible to her. She reasoned that the man with the white man she had talked with, was perhaps as villainous as he appeared to be. After Eagle Eye was sure of his firearms and had buckled his belt around him, on which were his revolvers and knife, he again climbed up the rocks, looked awhile through the glass, and motioned for her to come to him.

She climbed a short distance, then he took her hand and assisted her to his side, gave her the glass and pointed to where they had first taken the stream. Here the two ruffians were halting a moment for their horses to drink. Pearl started and turned pale, for the glass brought them so near it seemed they must see her if they would look in her direction. But no, as she looked without it they seemed far from her. Eagle Eye smiled and took the glass again. He wished to assure himself as to whether they were really tracking his horse or not. No, they were not, for they both took a drink from a flask, and then rode up out of the stream without stooping to look if other tracks were ahead of them, then hastened on. This was a relief to Eagle Eye. He told Pearl that they were safe for now at least, as they were not trying to track their horse, and that the white man had whisky. Then he communicated to her his plan, which was to remain in hiding until these men were discouraged and came back; after which, even if it was late, they would re-mount the horse and go on, as his tribe would expect him at home in three or four days, and he must not lose any time.

Eagle Eye was no coward, and under ordinary circumstances would have risked his life in fighting the two white renegades if it were necessary, but now, he reflected, if he should be killed, the beautiful white squaw's life would be much worse than death, and he would take her safely to his tribe, where they surely would not dare to come, and where his father, mother and sisters and brothers would help him guard her, as she would be to them,

as to himself, the most precious of beings, as she was the beautiful squaw that the wise medicine man had told his father about, and really "The Sacred Daughter of Manitou," that the medicine man prophesied Eagle Eye would bring to the tribe, and that she would be the only squaw that he could ever love, and that she would be a spirit of light also. After she was brought to the tribe no other tribe could ever overpower them. Eagle Eye thought of all this, and had felt sure when he first saw her standing upon the height near the Mormon camp, with the long braids of golden hair glittering in the morning sunlight and falling far below her waist, that she was truly this sacred squaw, and now he was more certain of it than ever, since she had told him of the white man's perfidy. Pearl stepped down from the rocks, feeling safe while Eagle Eye was on guard. She noticed the dainty ferns and lovely flowers that beautified this tiny dell; a few wild roses were left. These she gathered, and in inhaling their fragrance was carried back in thought to her old childhood home, where the summer flowers were blooming now, flowers that she had planted, and cared for; then the question arose: "Has Frank received my letters? If I could only know!" Then she thought of the contrast between her former and her present life, and wondered what the words of her dream meant. "A great change is coming to you soon, be patient;" how these words came to her and why should they make such an impression upon her mind? She was thus lost in thought when Eagle Eye aroused her from her reverie and again motioned her to come to him; when she had reached his side, he pointed toward the Southeast, as now the herd of buffalo and the Indian hunters were nearer, also the two renegades were bearing recklessly down toward them. They had given up their chase after Eagle Eye and Pearl, as they felt that in some mysterious manner they had lost all traces of them, and now that the buffalo were near, they evidently thought they would have a crack at them before they returned home.

Pearl looked through the glass with bated breath, as the question arose in her mind, "will those men ride recklessly on to their certain death?" for it would be nothing else if they rode near those Comanche hunters. Then Eagle Eye said: "Comanche like fast horses," — and those two half-drunken renegades were riding fleet horses.

Pearl wondered where they had procured them, for she had never seen an animal more fleet than a donkey near the adobe huts, while she was there, aside from Sultan and when they left even the donkeys were out of sight.

A few words here will explain and answer Pearl's mental question in regard to the fleet horses:

Eagle Eye and Pearl had been started upon their journey but a few hours that morning when a friend (?) of the white man came to his hut with two very fine horses he had stolen three days before from a train of Santa Fe traders who had camped near Bents Fort, and now we must give a name to these white renegades:

The one at the hut was known among his acquaintances as, "Texas Jim," and Texas Jim, called the new comer, "Bill." So, as soon as Texas Jim had made his woman prepare breakfast for Bill, and he was eating it, Jim sat opposite Bill and told him of the handsome white girl that a Ute brave had captured and was taking to his tribe, and of the expensive diamond that she wore in her ring—of the evidence that she had plenty of money, and asked Bill if he thought they could overtake them with his new horses? Adding, "you know that a little money would give us a start again, Bill." "My horses can overhaul them in a few hours; if not, we can find them in camp tonight in the Park, so let's go, Jim," responded Bill. It did not require much time to saddle their horses, load their revolvers and be off upon Eagle Eye's trail. A large flask of whisky that Bill had brought strengthened them wonderfully in their bravery, but bleared their vision and deadened their keener perceptions until too late for them to know where and when they had lost the tracks of Eagle Eye's powerful horse and now, reckless of consequences, they were bearing down upon this large herd of buffalo with their horses that were both hungry and tired, and too, it was evident that they had not noticed the Indians that were near the herd. The glass was passed back and forth in silence often between Pearl and Eagle Eye, finally an excited exclamation from him made her eager to take the glass again. As he uttered the exclamation, he handed it to her, she looked through it and cried:

"Oh! Oh!" and with blanched cheeks handed it again to him. The scene that had caused Eagle Eye's exclamation was the Indians that had secreted themselves from view behind the herd and had rushed out, surrounding Bill

and Jim, then commenced firing at them as they circled around them. Eagle Eye saw one of the men fall and Pearl saw the other one when he was shot from his horse. That caused the "oh! oh!" from her lips.

The horses were unharmed and caught by the Comanches; this encounter caused the herd of buffalo to swerve toward the east, and during the short time that had been required for the Indians to settle these white renegades forever, the herd had moved quite a distance away and again the Comanches were after it. In a short time they were a goodly distance away to the eastward. This was a great relief to Eagle Eye and Pearl, for now there seemed to be no danger in moving upon their journey again, but before they started, Eagle Eye took the glass and scanned the whole country; to do this satisfactorily he went away from their secure retreat. This reconnoisance assured him of their safety in proceeding again, and after a hasty meal, (for it was now growing late afternoon) he saddled his horse and led him down the rocky-way from their hiding place, Pearl walking until they were well out from among the rocks, where Eagle Eye lifted her upon the horse, then mounted himself and again they were traveling swiftly southward. The evening shadows fell long and dark upon the course they were going and still they traveled in the same easy long gallop that took them over the ground so swiftly. The moon grown beyond its first quarter, rode bright and cold in the sky, as soon as the sun was down and stars twinkled in the vast blue arch above them, yet they rode on, with no sign of halting. After traveling until the moon had dropped from view, they came to what appeared to Pearl to be a deep, dark ravine. Here she heard the dash of rushing water, as though of a mountain torrent, flowing very near. Eagle Eye halted here a moment, then took a westward course and traveled slowly a mile or more, when they came to an open park, where they dismounted. An overhanging rock was near by, which afforded a shelter for Pearl during the night. No fire was kindled; Sultan was turned loose to take care of himself. It was late before Pearl could sleep. The strangely exciting incidents of the day arose most vividly to her mind; then too she saw that Eagle Eye moved restlessly about, evidently on guard, and a feeling as of danger near haunted her for hours. She commenced repeating her evening prayer, but did not finish this before a feeling of intense thanksgiving arose in

her soul, because the white renegades had not been successful and could never molest her again.

She was safe with Eagle Eye, but with them? Oh! horrors! She would not finish the thought, but recommenced her prayer. When through it seemed that her spirit mother came near with the peaceful, restful sensation; her presence ever imparted to her, and with a sweet hope that she would sometime see home, her lover, and dear Aunt Milley she fell asleep. The morning sun gilded the western mountain points (these heights that stood as a rugged wall around the western side of this beautiful park that she found herself in, as she awoke, and the grand scenery that surrounded her held her in astonishment and admiration for some moments, for she had never witnessed any view so sublimely beautiful. During these moments she was forgetful of her captivity, but soon she noticed there was no fire kindled and that Eagle Eye and Sultan were missing.

She wondered at first, but in looking farther up the park, she saw them coming and Eagle Eye carrying some object upon the horse; this proved to be a beautiful fawn. He threw it upon the ground and said: "How! How!" to Pearl, then kindled the fire, dressed a portion of the fawn and roasted it for their breakfast; this was delicious and she enjoyed it, for she was indeed very hungry. After breakfast, Eagle Eye seemed to be in no hurry to start and Pearl in walking a short distance from their camp, found a number of ripe red raspberries that were very delicious. These she gathered in her silver drinking cup and brought to Eagle Eye, while he was cooking a portion of the venison to take upon their journey and offered a portion of them to him; he smiled and ate them. Any offering from her hand, was to him a gift from the Great Spirit.

After the venison was prepared, they again mounted, and were off upon their western journey. Pearl noticed as they rode along that upon every side of the park was different scenery, no two sides alike. One side had grand red rocks that contrasted beautifully and richly with the spruce trees, growing among them. On another side were rocks nearly white and still another, where the rocks were gray, and she thought if it were possible for her to remain a week in this singularly beautiful park, she could sketch the finest and most imposing scenery, to work up into elegant oil paintings at her leisure, for she would never forget

their tinting and pencil sketches would ever remind her of their rare coloring; this would be fixed in her memory forever.

Their trail ran by the side of the stream that had its course from the west to east through the whole length of this park. Pearl was often startled by bands of deer rushing away from or past them and often springing from some depression in the park near by, where they had been lying down enjoying their fancied security. "A veritable paradise for a hunter," thought Pearl and how Frank would enjoy this.

They were soon over the more level and easily traveled portion of the park, and arose slowly from one undulation to another higher, until the mountains were fairly reached. It was now nearly noon, but they rode on until they reached a little bowl-like dell upon the side of the mountain. Here was a spring and here they halted for dinner and while Eagle Eye was preparing it she took a walk to the rim of this bowl-like dell and from this a retrospective view over the distance they had come during the forenoon, and in this view was a scene of such magnificence that it quite overwhelmed her with admiration and delight, for she had not in her grandest imaginative flights ever thought of such grandeur, such imposing grandeur as this that greeted her view and murmured aloud, "O, if Frank could only enjoy this scene with me!" Tears filled her beautiful eyes, as she thought how small the pleasure is in viewing beauties without the one who loves us and the one we love, enjoying the same.

Frank was ever in her heart, her own true lover, her ever true companion, her very own, and she felt that life without the inspiration of his love, would be absolutely unbearable.

Eagle Eye called her to dinner, a dinner never to be forgotten by Pearl. He had found near by a lot of mountain raspberries and at intervals between attending to his cake and roasting venison, had gathered a tin-cup full of them. She was delighted to have fruit with her dinner and with a little sugar they were perfectly delicious; her expressed thanks and true appreciation of her dinner, delighted him, as he felt that he could never do too much to please this beautiful being whom he worshipped, this "Sacred Daughter of Manitou," that he was sure would sometime be his wife, sometime, when she had learned to love him

and become accustomed to the ways of his tribe. Eagle Eye knew that the trail to the summit of the range was steep and rough from this dell, so placed Pearl upon the saddle, and led Sultan up the rocky way. The altitude affected the horse's breathing and although powerful and swift as he usually was, up here he trembled and seemed to be losing all of his grand strength and power. Pearl feared that he was sick and wished to dismount and walk to save him, but Eagle Eye assured her the horse would soon regain his strength after they reached the summit and commenced descending the mountain. They rested often, as up they climbed, until the clouds were below them and in taking a backward view, she saw the plains spread out like a vast ocean, reaching out toward the east, until lost in the dim horizon. At length the heavy climb was ended and Sultan with distended nostrils, panting and trembling, stood resting upon the mountain summit. Pearl felt that soon a mountain range would make a wider separation between her and her loved ones, than had ever existed before and here with the clouds beneath her and point after point of rugged mountains beneath her view, like billow beyond billow of the grand old ocean, storm tossed and high stilled at their highest and locked in endless rest, a strange sensation of awe took possession of her soul, and a feeling that she indeed were in a new world, overpowered her. They rested until Sultan quit trembling and could breathe more naturally, then Eagle Eye mounted and they descended the western slope without fatigue to the horse or inconvenience to themselves. In many places he resumed his usual gait as the western side of the mountain pass had many level places and was easily traveled. The sun was sinking beyond the distant Sierras, when they reached the western egress of this pass. Here they dismounted and halted for the night. A cold crystal stream rippled near; all were tired and glad to rest and here was a beautiful spot to rest in. Eagle Eye seemed glad that he and his white captive were beyond the reach of the Plain's Indians and near his own home. He kindled the fire and after their supper was over, cut spruce boughs and built a room for Pearl to rest in during the night. She had noticed the beauty of the sun-tipped range to the west and across the range to the north of the park that they would enter on the following day, also the bare sand hills perhaps a mile

away, that arose in billowy loneliness with no shrub or tree to beautify them.

On the following morning they started early, as Eagle Eye wished to reach the range of mountains walling the valley on the west, before nightfall; their course was south west, they rode until noon, then halted upon the western bank of a river that runs from the North, toward the south, through the valley they were crossing diagonally. From this river Eagle Eye caught a number of fine trout and broiled them for their dinner. Pearl had noticed among the foot-hills during their morning's ride, a herd of sheep. Of course this indicated a close proximity to some kind of civilization, but she reasoned that at best these sheep belonged to semi-civilized Mexicans, like those they had been sheltered with three nights ago and in all probability if there were any white people mixed up with them, they were more debased than the Mexicans themselves, hence did not care to come in contact with them. One experience was quite sufficient for her. She shuddered as she thought of the renegades that had followed them and of their horrid, but speedy death. After dinner they mounted Sultan and hastened onward, Eagle Eye evidently very anxious to reach the mountain-pass before nightfall. Clouds were gathering threateningly and a thunder-storm seemed imminent, the sun was nearing the western mountain tops, and yet they had not reached the entrance to the pass. Eagle Eye urged his faithful horse and he, too, seemed eager to go as far and fast as possible in that direction, for well the intelligent creature knew they were on their homeward route; horses as well as men love home. Onward they swiftly sped, the entrance to the pass was gained and the clouds more threatening than ever, seemed ready to burst into a very deluge; a climb or two and they would be in a high valley among the mountain. Darkness was falling, but on they rode. Crash followed crash of deafening thunder. A flash of vivid lightning disclosed to Eagle Eye the place he was urging his horse to reach; another flash and Sultan was reined in close to the entrance of a large cave in the mountain side. Eagle Eye's cry of triumph as he reached this quite astonished Pearl, but as he hurriedly lifted her from the horse, she readily understood. He hurried her into the cavern, then took the saddle, robes and provision sack beneath this friendly shelter. In the hurry he had stood his rifle up by the side of a tall spruce tree,

only a few feet distant from the entrance of the cave. Another blinding flash of lightning and deafening roar of thunder and the rain came splashing down in great drops. Eagle Eye led his horse across a small stream that flowed near the entrance of the cavern to where he knew there was plenty of grass, turned him loose and hastened back toward the cave. A flash of lightning showed him his rifle beneath the spruce tree. This he wished to take in with him. Pearl saw him pass the entrance to the cave when the whole mountain was lighted up with blinding lightning, and the terrific crash of thunder that followed caused her to scream with fear.

She truly thought the mountains were torn asunder, above and around her. Momentarily she expected that Eagle Eye would come into the cave and wished that he would, for the storm was so fearfully terrible she trembled at the idea of being left alone. She had ever gloried in a thunder storm, while at home, but then she had never witnessed anything so terrific as this. The rain was descending in torrents, and she wondered why Eagle Eye did not come, but finally supposed he knew of some other cave near by in which he had taken shelter. The storm continued in unabated fury until late in the night. Pearl could not sleep, while the lightning and thunder were so terrifying. In the latter part of the night, she arranged the robes and tried to sleep. Toward morning she slept and dreamed of home, of Aunt Milley and her lover, but just before she woke, had the strangest dream of all. This dream was of Eagle Eye, who came to her and said in good English: "I will always be your protector and guide, trust in me." She awoke and was musing over this last vivid dream and wondering where Eagle Eye had passed the terrible night, then listened to hear if he was cutting sticks to kindle the fire, but could hear nothing more than the rush and gurgle of the mountain streamlet near by. She arose, and went to the mouth of the cave and saw Sultan across the stream, who saw her and softly neighed his good morning to this mistress, whom he truly loved. She picked her way from rock to rock, across the stream and caressed the noble creature, patting his broad beautiful head and stroking his arching glossy neck, all the time talking softly to him and asked how he had endured the terrible storm. She felt that Sultan understood her and this was a comfort in her captivity, as she could talk English to him. Finally she

listened and wondered where Eagle Eye had gone this morning, as she had understood he wished to reach his tribe before nightfall of that day and the sun was now quite high and reflected that they almost always started earlier than this. She gave Sultan a parting caress, when to her horror she saw Eagle Eye lying dead at the foot of the tall spruce tree, dead, with his hand grasping the barrel of his rifle. He had been struck by the lightning that had ploughed a deep furrow down the spruce tree just as he had reached for his gun, to take into the cave with him, the lightning that had lighted up the entire mountains and was followed by the dreadful crash and roar that had so frightened Pearl. Eagle Eye, the brave true Eagle Eye, was dead! and Pearl left alone. Her heart was torn with grief, for he had been to her a faithful protector, although her captor. She kneeled by the side of the prostrate brave and wept as she had never wept before in all her young life; truly now, she was helpless and alone, far in among the wild western mountains, with no one to care for her, or to guide her out of them. This was not all, for she valued him as a true and honorable friend and it seemed most dreadful to have him killed now when he had been so glad to be near home and kindred again and all his tribe preparing to welcome him. The evening of that day he had hoped to take her to his tribe, his home. All care to suppress her tears was now gone and she abandoned herself to this great grief. Long she wept over her protector's untimely fate and over her lonely, unprotected helpless condition. "What can I do?" she murmured, "I cannot leave his body here alone, nor can I go from here until some one comes to bury him. I dare not go back in the valley and try to find the Mexicans who must be living there, somewhere, for fear white villains may be living with them, and then these half civilized Mexicans are so dirty and vicious looking themselves, that I dread to come in contact with them." A while she thought and talked to herself, finally concluded and murmured. "If no one comes here this day, I will surely to-morrow morning mount Sultan and trust him to find Eagle Eye's tribe; yes, I will go and tell them what has become of their brave and let them know where to find his lifeless remains." This conclusion reached and courage came to her young heart. First, the body must be protected from wild animals, during her absence. Sadly and reverently she spread one of

the buffalo robes over the body, and commenced gathering rocks and piling about it. This was rough work for her tender white hands. She felt they would soon wear to the bone unless protected, and searched her pockets through for a pair of gloves, which at length she found and drew upon her now sore and torn hands, then continued this labor of gratitude and friendship and did not rest until the wall around the dead body was two feet high and all the rock near by that she could move had been used in its building. With Eagle Eye's small axe, she cut spruce boughs and piled above him; this was the best that she could do for her dead. By this time her arms were lame and her hands blistered. She must have some one, or something to talk to in this her great sorrow, so after her work was completed, she went again to Sultan and told him of his master's death and how she had done all she possibly could do to protect his body, while they went to his tribe and she tearfully charged the horse to take her straight to the tribe on the morrow and not lose her any deeper in the rugged old mountains. Long and sorrowfully she talked to Sultan, then a feeling of faintness that alarmed her, took posession of her; she trembled in every limb and thought some illness had seized her, and wondered what would become of her if taken ill there alone, with no one to care for her; she slowly walked back toward the cave to lie down and rest. With tear-filled eyes, she glanced toward the green mound of boughs that now hid Eagle Eye's form from her view, went into the cave and threw herself down upon the buffalo robe, closed her eyes and thought how clean and white her own little bed at home was and how sweetly she could rest if she were there. This faintness seemed strange to her and if she could only have a cup of Aunt Milley's fragrant tea, she thought this faintness would leave her. Then followed the thought that she had not eaten a mouthful of food since yesterday dinner and wondered if there was anything cooked in the provision sack. Perhaps there was nothing cooked, and if not, she had no matches to start a fire with; thus she thought, and felt too tired and weak to ascertain whether there was any cooked food or not; finally the thought of starvation staring her in the face, aside from her other troubles aroused her to open the provision sack and at once settle that starvation question.

She found a cake and two broiled trout, left from yester-

day's dinner, some roasted venison and flour enough to make two cakes, such as Eagle Eye baked, salt, sugar and a spoonful of tea. She ate one trout and half the cake and thought to save the rest for breakfast, that she might have strength sufficient to take the proposed journey to Eagle Eye's tribe. After eating the trout and the piece of cake, the faintness left her, but she was tired and needed rest. Her head was aching, too. She fell asleep, and did not awake until after the sun had disappeared beyond the mountains, then arose and as she arose, all the terror and grief of the morning again swept over her soul. She thought of the coming darkness and of the wild animals that might be attracted there, and she alone, her protector cold in death. A chill of fear crept through her veins, as she thought of wild animals tearing the boughs away and perhaps mangling and devouring his lifeless form.

She looked about for his revolvers and found them; these she knew were both loaded and was glad that Tom Kimball had taught her how to use them.

With everything made ready for the night, she took some salt to Sultan. She was sure he wanted salt, and had often thought of asking Eagle Eye for a handful to give him, but feared it was scarce and did not. Now she thought that Sultan was her only living friend, who knew of her trouble, anxiety and loneliness and as such was entitled to the best treatment she could give him, feeling sure that he would enjoy the taste of salt more than he would either the cake or sugar, he should have it. She took it to him, and thought he tried to tell her that he truly enjoyed it. This all was a sort of comfort to her in her otherwise utter loneliness. She caressed him, and again told him of their lonely and sorrowful condition. She talked to him of Black Prince, Frank's Black Prince, that looked so much like himself, of how her heart ached because she could not see Frank and have him again tell her that he loved her. She told him of the journey they must take on the morrow—that they must travel very early, and he must take her safely to Eagle Eye's tribe. Many moments she stood by him, leaning her sweet pale cheek against his noble head. He seemed to sympathize with her and she dreaded to leave him, but the night shadows were falling around them, and the moon shining above the eastern heights. Slowly she returned to the cavern and for many moments stood in deep contemplation, look-

ing down upon the boughs that covered the still form of him who had only one short day ago been her captor and careful protector.

Yes, more than that, he had shown himself her true lover and, although she knew that she could never love any one but Frank and could never have returned this love, yet truly he was her honorable lover, for love, true love, ever seeks the greatest good for the object of its regard and Eagle Eye proved himself unselfish in his great love for her. A sigh escaped her grieved lips as she murmured: "Perhaps this is all for the best," and her thoughts returned to the words she had heard in the dream. "A great change is coming to you soon, be patient." Yes, this was a great change; and of her dream that morning, of Eagle Eye coming to her and speaking to her, saying, in good English: "I will always be your protector and guide, trust in me." She knelt near his lifeless form, and this time she talked as though he could hear her: "Yes, Eagle Eye, my noble brave, I can trust in you and you will guide Sultan to take me to your tribe. She arose and went into the cavern, went to her sleeping place, unbound her hair, her head was aching, then wrapped her cloak around her, for the evening was cool. Here she thought to sit and guard her dead. She reached out and found that the revolvers were near and then watched the moonlight glimmering upon the objects outside the cave. In the cave all was dark, yet she felt that Eagle Eye's spirit was near, and that her guardian mother was not far away; so, in a measure, she was comforted and did not feel as though she was entirely alone.

The glimmer of the moonlight faded away and she knew that only the silent stars were watching over the little mountain dell and over the green mound just outside the cavern door. A dreamy sensation crept over her and she concluded to lie down for awhile and rest. Her mass of golden hair was only loosely coiled around her aching head. This she had not braided as she usually did, on retiring, for the night. She devoutly repeated her evening prayer and other prayers, now new to her, embracing a long petition to the All Father for guidance upon the morrow's journey through the mountains wild to Eagle Eye's tribe, and that kind angels would prevent the wild animals from disturbing the boughs above his remains

that night and all the time until the braves of his tribe could come and take proper care of him. She had, oh! so, much to pray for this evening and it was a great comfort to her to pray and feel that her heavenly Father heard her prayers.

CHAPTER IX.

Slumber was kindly sealing her lovely eyes, when a noise aroused her. She was startled and on the alert in a moment. A sound as of voices and of cutting, or pounding, reached her. What could this mean? She arose, wrapped her cloak around her and stepped out to listen. The noise was of human voices and the cutting, or pounding was made near the eastern entrance of the dell. She felt that she must learn who these people were. After waiting until she was more calm, she stealthily walked in the direction of the noise, keeping well in the shadows of the mountains and soon saw a camp-fire blazing brightly not far away and forms around it. Some were picketing their animals out upon the grass, beyond the stream, others were pitching tents. She felt certain that these people were not Indians, but they might possibly be a band of Mexican bandits. A few steps, and she gained a point still nearer them, quite hidden from their view by the mountain's dark shadows. Here she stood and watched them. A colored cook was busily engaged in preparing supper. Several men were talking. These she felt sure were Mexicans. Some were working to fix their camp for the night. A mule that was across the stream brayed; another answered it, that still stood unpacked in the firelight. A girl came out from one of the tents, stood a moment by the fire and again returned to it. This gave Pearl hope, as the girl did not appear to be a captive. Finally a figure that by his black robe appeared to be a priest, came near the fire and the girl brought him a camp-stool to sit upon. Surely, thought Pearl, that priest is not a Mexican, but a white man and bandits do not take girls and priests with them. With these thoughts, new hope and courage arose in her heart to go to this priest and ask his assistance and protection. A few steps brought her into the light of the camp fire. At first she was not noticed, all were so busily engaged. The priest had turned to give the girl some directions. This girl saw Pearl and when she did see her a look of wonder filled her eyes, as she crossed herself and murmured: "La Madre-de Dios." The priest then turned to see what had so

astonished the Indian girl and saw Pearl, who was looking toward him, her face very pale and her eyes shining like stars, while her wealth of golden hair had fallen like a billowy mantel about her form. He seemed to be more overcome with astonishment than the girl had been, who stood gazing at her with an awe-struck expression, quite embarrassing to Pearl. Finally he murmured a prayer, crossed himself, kissed a small crucifix, and with this in his trembling hand, came near her, saying: "Evangeline, my own sainted sister, why comest thou here to me?"

Pearl felt truly embarrassed, but it was a great relief to know that the priest spoke English. He, with the crucifix still in his extended hand, seemed awaiting her response. By this time swarthy faces and wonder-wide eyes were all around them. Then summoning all her courage, Pearl replied: "Good father, I am not sainted, but a poor girl, who is left alone here in these mountains and have come to you for protection and assistance." Her voice trembled before she was half through with the sentence. The priest murmured. "It is Evangeline's voice." Then he took her hand in his, saying. "You are the exact image of my dead sister Evangeline and truly I thought you her sainted spirit, that had come to either chide, or guide me, for I often see her in my dreams; you are most welcome, my dear child, sit down for you are very pale and must have seen great trouble for one so young." Tears were stealing into her eyes and it was difficult for her to frame a reply; he noticed her embarrassment and tears and asked: "What is your name, my daughter, and who are your parents?" "I never knew my parents, she replied, I was picked up by Captain John Barton, upon the wide ocean, eighteen years ago; he and his wife raised me and I have borne their name; my name is Pearl Barton." He seemed lost for a while in profound thought, then replied. "I am sure that you are my sister Evangeline's daughter, as the time you give corresponds with the time that she was lost at sea." "Eighteen years ago last April, Pearl replied." "Yes, then it must be that you are my niece, Evangeline Kossuth. My sister's husband was Ferdinand Kossuth, a cousin or relative of that old noble Hungarian, Louis Kossuth. He, also, is dead, killed in battling for his country's rights and honor. Have you any locket or trinket that was found upon you when the Captain picked you up, that I may be certain?"

"Yes, I have a locket, but thus far no one has been able to open it." The colored cook had by this time prepared supper for the priest, which was taken into his tent by the Indian girl, who had arranged the table for two. Pearl sat down with him to a supper that she considered fit for a king. After grace, he poured a glass of wine and handed it to her, saying, "drink, my child, and let us see if it is possible for the roses to come into your white cheeks." She sipped the wine. This warmed and strengthened her. Then he helped her to a bountiful supply of delicious food, and to a fragrant cup of tea, such tea as Aunt Milley made, that she had wished for that dreary afternoon, while her head was aching and she alone in the cave. The wine, the food and the tea, all combined to send the rich red blood to her hitherto pallid cheeks. "There," said he, "now we have the roses and you look like Evangeline's very self. Yet, you surely are her daughter and after tea we will look at the locket, if you have it with you." "I have it here," replied Pearl. They were a long time at the tea table talking and eating, Pearl explaining how she came to be here in the mountains alone; what she had passed through and of the journey she intended to take on the morrow. The priest's eyes were moist with unshed tears as he responded: "Aye, aye, my child, you have the noble courage in your veins that few girls possess. My own true Evangeline; my own brave Evangeline. What you have endured would break down an ordinary girl, or drive her insane. None but a true heroine could endure calmly to be captured as you were. It shows the stuff you are composed of. The Kossuths, as well as the Emersons, are brave; and you are truly one of them. Now we will look at the locket."

While she was unclasping it, he continued:

"You were most fortunate in falling into the hands of the son of the Peace Chief of the Utah tribe, as the old chief is a benevolent, humane, man, and his two sons are like him. Did you say that the dead brave called you the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou?'" "Yes," responded Pearl, as she handed him the locket and chain; when he exclaimed joyfully: "The very one that I gave to my idolized sister; and it was made by my own directions. No one has opened it, you say?" "No one has been able to open it thus far," she replied. He then moved the diamond setting a very little ways, then turned the locket

over and moved the ruby in the opposite direction, when the locket, to Pearl's surprise, flew open and disclosed two miniatures, one of a man clothed in military attire, with medals and stars denoting a high position in the army or government to which he belonged; and the other of a woman the very image of herself. These were miniatures of her parents, and at last she knew "who and what she really was." These great questions were answered. The priest stooped and kissed her forehead, saying: "Indeed you are my own Evangeline, and I am your uncle; but you will call me father, or Father Francis; as this is the name that I am known by." It was now nearly midnight, and Father Francis asked: "Is there anything in the cave that you wished to bring down to this camp before you sleep to-night?" "Yes," responded Pearl. He went with her, taking matches and a candle. When they reached the cave he lighted the candle and looked around, seeing the revolvers lying near the buffalo robe.

The tears filled his kind blue eyes, as he looked at his lovely niece, and said: "And so you were going to defend the remains of your captor, if need be?" "Yes, father, but I prayed that the animals might be kept away." She took her bonnet and satchel; all else belonged to Eagle Eye. As they came out of the cave they stood a few moments by the side of the little mound of boughs that told where Eagle Eye's body was lying and he looked at the deep furrow ploughed down the spruce tree by the lightning, then turning to Pearl said: "You did all this to protect and hide his remains?"

"Yes, father," responded Pearl. "He was very kind to me, and I shall always class him among my true friends." "Yes, yes," Father Francis replied, "and now my Evangeline, we must return to our camp and try to sleep, as we will be obliged to be up early to-morrow morning." They retraced their steps, and soon after returning to the camp, retired for the night. Pearl's bed was made for her in the tent where the Indian girl slept. Her thoughts would not permit her to fall asleep very soon; the present rest, happiness and comfort contrasted too strongly with her morning's grief and day's loneliness and desolation, and to her it seemed so wonderful she was half inclined to believe it only a dream, a happy, happy dream. Indeed, the great change had come to her

that had been prophesied by the voice in her dream, while in the Mexican hut. She thought it had come to her while kneeling by the side of Eagle Eye's lifeless form, but his death was only a commencement of this great change; and if that was the commencement, what would be the termination. These were her thoughts and questionings before she fell asleep.

Morning dawned clear and beautiful. She was awakened early by the noisy camp about her, and when about to step from the tent her eyes were greeted by a sight that she could not forget. The sunlight was gilding the top of the range that walled the little dell in upon the west, and adown this dell six Utah braves were riding, all coming toward the camp. All of them were dressed in the most gorgeous gala attire. The horses were the finest and decked with the plumage of the eagle, each Indian having some kind of a head-dress made of feathers sitting gaily upon his glossy hair. The finest, happiest spirits seemed to pervade this little band of braves. She noticed that one of them, one that resembled Eagle Eye, was leading a perfectly white pony, and that the pony's bridle was ornamented with what appeared to be silver bangles. Some kind of a white robe was upon the saddle of this white pony. They halted a moment and looked at Sultan when they reached him, then rode up to the camp and dismounted, greeted the Mexican muleteers in a friendly manner, also Father Francis, whom they seemed to revere.

Pearl re-entered the tent at their approach, leaving only sufficient space open at the tent door to view the entire scene, without being seen herself. Her heart told her that this was an escort sent out by Eagle Eye's tribe to accompany him and herself on the remainder of their journey. A trembling and faintness overcame her, as she thought of the terrible ordeal she would soon be obliged to pass through, and could not help dreading it.

Breakfast was prepared for Father Francis first, and taken into his tent. The Indian girl came and invited Pearl to breakfast. She went quietly from one tent to the other.

The braves had dismounted, turned their horses loose and were seated upon the ground with the Mexicans at their morning meal.

Father Francis greeted Pearl kindly, and again

poured her a glass of wine and insisted upon her drinking it, for he had noticed that her face was very pale; and while they were sipping their coffee he remarked: "I was sure the braves would come early this morning, and that was one reason why I wished to be up by times, my Evangeline; and now we will be obliged to break the sad news to these young braves very carefully, for their hearts are full of joyousness and anticipation of great happiness. They have not asked any questions in regard to their brave, or concerning you. They have seen his horse, and doubtless expect to soon see him. Hear them laugh! No tribe of Indians, unless, perhaps, the Navajoes, ever laugh as the Indians of the Utah tribe laugh; and no tribe can mourn their dead more profoundly than they do."

Pearl's cheeks had turned deathly pale again. Father Francis looked at her and, shaking his head, said:

"How white you are, Evangeline! I should have been more thoughtful, and not mentioned this subject, as it must be anything but pleasant to you, and you will pardon me for my unintentional carelessness. Pardon me, my Evengeline; and as you have scarcely more than sipped your coffee, take another glass of wine, and do finish your breakfast. I will be excused, as perhaps I may be needed outside."

This he said as he arose from the table, and left Pearl to finish her breakfast alone. When he went from his tent he found the whole camp astir. The Indians were asking many questions that the Mexicans could not possibly answer, as not one of them had seen Eagle Eye, or knew of his death; but all knew of the beautiful, golden haired maiden who had appeared so suddenly by their camp fire the night before. So suddenly had she come that many of the Mexicans thought she had either dropped down from the star-lit skies, or had come up out of the earth. No one had seen where she had come from. The braves looked solemn, and Eagle Eye's brother murmured "The Sacred Daughter of Manitou." Father Francis heard this as he approached them, and in the kindest manner told them of Eagle Eye's death by a stroke of lightning. The brother, as well as all the braves, looked both horrified and sad, the brother murmuring his opinion that the Great Spirit had sent the fire from the clouds to call Eagle Eye to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Father Francis, with the braves and a few unemployed Mexicans, went solemnly toward the little mound of spruce boughs that covered the remains of Eagle Eye. Here they paused while Father Francis told them how the golden-haired maiden had, with her tender white hands, piled the rocks around the dead brave and cut the boughs with the small ax and heaped them above him, and how her white hands were all blistered and torn in performing this labor of friendship. He also told them that if he had not come to the dell that night that she would have taken Eagle Eye's horse this morning and started to find their tribe.

All this impressed the braves deeply. Then they all examined the deep furrow that had been ploughed down the spruce tree. Not many words were spoken, for all knew that the Great Spirit had taken their favorite brave from earth and away from His golden-haired daughter, and that their duty was to take the body home to his father. They all knew of the great feast being prepared by him for his son and the golden-haired white squaw; and how now, all their rejoicings would be turned to bitter wailings and lamentations.

They did not uncover their dead, but went quietly to work forming a light bier, by which the remains could be safely carried upon the back of his faithful horse. This was soon completed, and Sultan brought to the mouth of the cave. A buffalo robe was spread upon his back and the light bier sat upon this, where it was securely strapped and roped, so there could be no possible danger of its becoming disarranged; then a layer of spruce boughs that were heaped above the body were spread upon the bier. The brother spread a huge buffalo robe over these. All was now ready for the body. Solemnly they removed the few boughs that remained, after these the robe. The removing of this disclosed their dead brave to their view. There he lay with his rifle firmly locked in the grasp of his hand. This must be removed; and when they unclasped the stiffened fingers all saw how cruelly his hand had been burned by the lightning. Carefully and tenderly they raised his body and placed it upon the bier, after which they spread a buffalo robe over it and placed the remainder of the boughs above this. These were bound on securely. Eagle Eye's revolvers and other effects were distributed among the

braves. After all this labor was completed Eagle Eye's brother asked Father Francis if he could see the golden-haired "Daughter of Manitou?" The braves caught their horses and waited near the cave until Father Francis could bring her to them, for greatly they wished to see this mysterious being.

He went to the tent and told Pearl of the brother's request, and added:

"My dear child, you must go with your hair unbound. They consider you the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou,' and it is as well they should always consider you this sacred being, whom some medicine man of their tribe has described to them."

She arose and took from her satchel her sketch book and cut the leaf out that had the sketch of Eagle Eye and his horse upon it; also two other leaves. Then she unbound her hair. Father Francis noticed how pale she was while doing all this, and wondered if she would be overcome by the ordeal she was about to pass through. While she was getting ready Father Francis called to Nola (the Indian girl) to bring a large black silk shawl that was in the other tent. This she did, and this she placed over Pearl's head, arranging its folds about her form to entirely cover the golden hair, and to nearly cover her face. They then started to go to the braves, both walking slowly. The braves saw them coming, and a feeling of awe was expressed in each swarthy face. Father Francis led Pearl to the mouth of the dark cavern, and then removed the shawl. The braves stared at her in dumb wonder, and admiration, mingled with profound adoration and awe. No words were spoken for some moments. Finally Father Francis said:

"Braves, you see the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou,' and now look at these white hands, blistered and torn: these hands that were not made to labor."

Pearl was very pale and her eyes shone like stars, caused by the nervous tension she was passing through. She saw the green mound upon the back of Sultan, and knew too well what was hidden from view beneath it. She felt that she must pet Sultan, and bid him good by before the braves started away with him, for he looked sad and dejected standing there with the body of his dead master upon his back, and she felt that he longed to hear her voice.

Eagle Eye's brother asked Frather Francis if he and his braves could shake hands with the "Daughter of Manitou?" He replied that they could. The brother came first, took both of her hands and looked at them, and still holding them, then reverently kissed the torn and blistered places upon them, and still holding them, knelt at her feet. What he uttered she did not understand, but his voice sounded broken and sorrowful. She saw tears upon her hands, tears from the eyes of a Ute brave! Each brave went through the same ceremony. Tears were coursing down Father Francis' cheek during this strange and impressive scene. After this Pearl advanced to Eagle Eye's brother and handed him the sketch of Sultan and his master, the sketch that she had made of them which Eagle Eye had wished his father to have. Pearl requested Father Francis to tell him that it was made for Eagle Eye's father, and she wished him to keep it always in remembrance of his dead son and of herself. The brave bowed his head, but seemed to be waiting for something more. After seeming to have settled in his own mind what was best to do, he looked at Father Francis and asked: "Can I have a lock of her golden hair?" Father Francis asked Pearl. She answered that he could, and told the father where he could find her scissors, and with them to bring a blue ribbon, that he would also find in her satchel. While the father was gone for these Pearl walked to Sultan's head, caressed and petted him, called him by his name, assuring him of her grief in parting with him, and with tear filled eyes bade him be careful and take his dead master home safely. For her good by she pressed a kiss upon his broad forehead, saying: "Good by forever." The beautiful animal evidently loved her attention. She saw Father Francis approaching, and went to him. The braves had watched her closely while she bade Sultan good by, and considered it some sacred ceremony, hence ever after this held the horse as too sacred for other mortals to ride. Father Francis and Pearl retired into the cave out of sight of the Indians, and she directed him where to cut out a tress of her hair. She took the hair and partly braided it, then tied it with the blue ribbon. This she took out and presented to Eagle Eye's brother. He took it and held it a moment, then returned it to her; speaking to Father Francis and

giving him to understand that he wished Pearl to place the hair in with the picture with her own hands. This she did. He again kissed her hand, murmured something; then spoke to one of his companions, who brought the beautiful white pony to him. He handed the bridle to Father Francis, assuring him that the pony belonged to the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou"—that Eagle Eye's father had sent it for her to ride upon to their tribe, and she must accept it as a present from his father. This she could not refuse to do, and through Father Francis she expressed her most heartfelt thanks, which she hoped he would take to his father, the great Peace Chief——— of the Ute tribe. Now they were all ready to go, and with sad faces the solemn procession moved slowly out of the dell. Father Francis and Pearl watched them until they were entirely out of sight, when she mounted her little white pony, and with Father Francis by her side, rode down to their camp.

The sun had nearly reached the zenith when they returned and they went directly to Father Francis' tent, where Nola was spreading the table for their dinner. Father Francis called to one of the men to take care of the pony. This man he called "Black Wolf." He was the brother of Nola, the Indian girl.

CHAPTER X.

Father Francis and Pearl were tired. Nola brought them water from the cool stream in which to lave their tear-stained cheeks and cool their heated brows; after which they felt more refreshed. Both had passed through an ordeal that would bring to the bravest heart weariness and pain, and they were thankful it was through with so satisfactorily. Father Francis insisted upon her taking a glass of wine before their repast, and took one himself. Then they sat a long time at their dinner, enjoying a quiet and quieting conversation as much as they enjoyed their delicious meal. After this was over Father Francis said:

"Now, my Evangeline, you must rest during this afternoon, and recruit your strength. Rest care free, my dear child, and know that you have a protector in your mother's brother, who can and will untangle all these troubles that have worried you so long, and will go with you back to your childhood's home. Think of this, and rest. I want to see if it is possible to bring the roses permanently back to your pallid cheeks. Wine will do it temporarily, but we want the health, and to see them tinted with the wine of youth, born of health, hope and happiness."

He stooped and pressed a kiss upon her broad white brow, led her to the door of the tent, then again bade her to rest care free, adding, "we start early in the morning." And Pearl did rest upon the soft wool mattress, rested as she had not rested since she slept upon her sweet, white bed at home, before the dark clouds of apprehension commenced to lower around her young life.

Now the darkness was leaving. All the forebodings of coming ill were vanishing from her mind, and a feeling of security filled her soul.

On the following morning the early stir in camp awoke her. Breakfast over and packs arranged upon the mules for their trip, Black Wolf brought Pearl's beautiful little white pony for her to ride, and before the morning's sun had more than gilded the mountain points

with its light they were moving westward out of the dell.

They rode along over the same trail that the Ute braves had borne their dead companion the day before—their companion that was once Pearl's captor, and whose spirit, perhaps, was near her now. This she thought as they rode along their trail. Just before they left the dell they diverged from the Indian trail and went nearer a southwest direction, and she noticed that the route they were traveling appeared to be unfrequented and very dim, yet the muleteers had no trouble in keeping it.

Father Francis was ever near Pearl. She noticed that the Mexicans who were his serving men seemed to regard her as a supernatural being. She spoke to him about this, and he answered:

"Yes, and it is better so. Have as little to say to them as possible, my Evangeline."

It was a difficult, steep route that they traveled that day. Their noon-day meal was served upon the crest of a mountain where melted snow was used for water to prepare their food. After dinner there was but a little more climbing to be done, and the route, though rough, was all down grade, and often lay along the margin of a dashing mountain torrent. The dash and roar was at times almost deafening. At sunset, when they camped, they pitched their tents by the side of this stream, that had broadened out into a peaceful river. One of the Mexicans caught a number of large, beautiful trout from this, and before the mules were all unpacked Black Wolf brought to their camp a deer. Their supper this evening was unusually appetizing, for in addition to the venison and trout were mountain raspberries, delicious and ripe. No wine was required to sharpen their appetites this evening, as their long, tiresome ride in the bracing mountain air was sufficient.

Pearl slept sweetly that night. No care or trouble overshadowed her young spirit, and she awoke early, to prepare for their onward march.

Only one more day of journeying and then they could rest, so Father Francis had told her yesterday. She had traveled so constantly of late that a perfect rest from it would seem heavenly, Pearl thought as she arose that morning.

Their breakfast was soon prepared and disposed of, and they were again upon their journey. This day they

traveled due southwest through a portion of the mountains that seemed perfectly wild. Only the dim trail they were following showed that others had been there before them. The game was both tame and abundant. Elk, deer and grouse were started up very frequently; and the mountain sides, which were not abrupt, were covered with grass and mountain raspberries. There was a variety of berries here that Pearl had not seen before. These grew upon a small shrub-like bush, were dark purple in color and very sweet, yet not nearly so delicious as were the red raspberries. The train moved along upon the western side of the river until after noon, then it turned westward through a broad, undulating valley or park toward a range of mountains whose summits seemed towering high up into the arching sky. A climb to the summit of a rolling foothill and then to a raise beyond this, brought them to a wide plateau, where they camped by the side of a beautiful lake. Pearl was somewhat disappointed in not seeing any habitation near, and began to think that they would rest in camp from their journey. Father Francis, after giving directions to his men, came to her and said: "Well, my Evangeline, we are through traveling now for awhile." He noticed the questioning in her lovely eyes, and said: "We camp over night, to be sure, here. But to-morrow you shall be installed mistress of my summer mansion, and then we will rest for fully two months, and perhaps the one you so dearly love can be induced to visit us here."

A rose tint tinged her lovely face, and a sweet smile lighted up her features. This caused her to look perfectly lovely to Father Francis.

"That's right, my precious girl, be hopeful and happy. Many events occur that we never have dreamed of, and many will occur that we think of, and pray for. Just think, only a few days ago and you were weeping by the side of your dead Indian captor, and felt yourself the most lonely and desolate girl on earth. Now look at the contrast, my dear. And you did not dream that your sainted mother's brother would so soon be your protector."

Pearl's eyes filled with tears. They were tears of thankfulness. Her sweet red lips trembled, but she did not try to speak. Father Francis turned to give some directions to Nola, then took Pearl by the hand and went into the tent to await supper and rest the while. After

they had made themselves comfortable and were resting. Father Francis turned to her, and said:

"My dear Evangeline, you expected to see a house for us to rest in from our travels; but there is a finer place for us than many a mansion could afford. Yet to-night I will not attempt to explain, as secrets ought not be spoken with only tent walls between us and listening ears, yet those who may, or may not, listen, may not understand the English language. We can never know how much these Mexicans do understand—they are a race of people I can never fully trust. But rest assured, my dear child, that we will soon be very comfortable and entirely safe."

"I am certain, dear father, that no discomfort or harm will come to me if you can prevent it," she responded; "and I trust in your plans, whatever they may be, without asking for an explanation."

By this time Nola came into the tent to arrange the table. When supper was disposed of Pearl, being very tired with her day's ride, bade Father Francis good night and retired to her tent. She wondered what he referred to as a secret, but would not permit herself to feel too curious about it now, as she felt certain that everything would be explained to her in time. Sweetly she slept that night; but the early stir in camp aroused her before the day was fairly dawning. An early breakfast for the Mexican muleteers was being prepared by Tony, the colored cook. Pearl arose and looked out. Nola explained to her that the Mexicans must start early, and that there was no need of her getting up until she chose to this morning. Pearl did not care to sleep, and while enjoying the morning's rest, listened to the Mexicans' preparations for their departure. Soon she heard Father Francis talking to them. He was paying them, and charging them to return with the mules in two months from that day, which they promised to do. After their early breakfast Father Francis gave them his blessing, and with profuse adieus they started upon their homeward journey. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern heights, and the breeze of early morning blew cool upon Pearl as she again looked out the door of her tent. She had heard Father Francis give directions to Black Wolf to raise the boat and have it drying. He had re-entered his tent after giving these directions to the Indian and a few words to Tony. Curious

osity prevented her from remaining longer quiet, and she concluded to enjoy the beauties and breeze of the early morning. Wrapped in her cloak she stepped out of her tent and down to near the water's edge. She noticed in passing that all the packs were heaped near Father Francis' tent and a tarpaulin spread over them. Only the colored cook was in sight, and he busy preparing the breakfast for the few who were left. A short distance from their quiet camp her little white pony was grazing. She raised her pretty head and softly neighed when Pearl came in sight. This creature, too, had learned to love her attentions, and she was indeed very fond of it in return. A large gray horse was feeding near the pony, and these were all the animals in view; all that were left of the many that had made their camp noisy with their tramp and braying only a few short minutes before. In turning to look westward she saw that they were camped near what appeared to be the foot of one of the high snow-capped peaks they had been approaching yesterday. Its snow-crowned crest gleamed brightly in the morning sunlight, and yet the rising sun had not shown himself above the eastern mountains. While in turning to take in the view around the lake, she noticed that a huge perpendicular wall of rock rose on its western side, and above the wall the mountain towered high and grand. She walked toward the wall and saw a moving object near the edge of the lake, not far from the wall. This at first startled her, and prevented her from going farther in that direction. She paused a moment and watched the moving form, then concluded it must be Black Wolf dragging some object up out of the water, and this explained that which she had heard that morning, as this object proved to be a boat.

She looked beyond Black Wolf and saw what appeared to be a dark cavern opening into the perpendicular wall of rock. The lake had looked cold and deep until now; the rising sun lighted the crest of each tiny wavelet, causing the water to look like a lake of shimmering gold. This was most beautiful to Pearl. After enjoying this sight until after the sun was above the eastern range of heights, and flooding the whole valley with his golden beams, she went out to caress the pony who had neighed twice already to attract her attention. The dear little creature evinced her pleasure as

Pearl approached her. She, too, had evidently known the caresses of some white woman before coming into Pearl's possession. This she felt certain of, as well as Sultan had been captured from the whites by the Utah braves. Dear, faithful Sultan was still their captive, so thought Pearl while talking to and caressing "Lady Blanche," as she called this lovely pony, who never tired of her presence. Father Francis called to her cheerily, and asked if she were not out early. She went to him and told him of the beauties she had witnessed in watching the early sun light upon the Alps-like heights and upon the rippling lake. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes beaming. Father Francis cared more for this than for all the scenery, and kindly responded:

"So you think this valley and lake and the mountains perfectly beautiful and grand, my Evangeline?"

"Indeed I do, dear father," she replied.

"And I think the roses in your cheeks and the joyful light in your dear eyes far beyond all these, for this tells of your returning strength and hope, my child, and I am glad you are feeling so well."

Nola carried the breakfast into the tent while they were chatting, and now came out and announced that it was ready.

Pearl was quite ready for her breakfast. Her little exercise and the morning breeze acted as a tonic and appetizer. While partaking of their breakfast Father Francis informed her that after one trip had been taken to their summer home she and Nola could go.

"How are we going, dear father, upon the horses?" asked Pearl.

He smiled and shook his head, saying: "No; the balance of our journey will be only a short trip by water, my Evangeline."

She looked her astonishment, but did not speak.

"Now I can tell you my secret, but could not last night. The muleteers think we will camp right here until they return in September for us. And it is best they should think so. I have my colored cook, Tony; and the two Indians come with me every summer. I can trust these; but as I have already told you, I cannot trust the Mexicans."

She looked inquiringly at him, but did not speak. After a moment he continued:

"The place that we have for our summer home is in a lovely gem-like dell just beyond the wall of perpendicular rock to the west."

"And do we climb over that wall?" Pearl asked, smiling.

"No, my child; we go by water; and as we are through our breakfast, come with me for I can better show you than explain."

They went to where she had seen Black Wolf dragging the boat from the water, and found it lying upside down upon the shore, the oars farther up upon the bank. Father Francis examined the boat for a moment and remarked:

"It is still safe and sound," then turning to her said: "Evangeline, this boat has been sunk to the bottom of this lake ten months ago. Black Wolf sinks it before we leave here each autumn." Then he proceeded by asking: "Do you see the cavernous opening in that wall of rock?"

Pearl answered that it had attracted her attention that morning, as she supposed it to be an entrance to a cave. He smiled and answered:

"That, Evangeline, is the grand gateway to our summer home."

"It is?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Yes; and now Black Wolf is coming to row the boat nearer our camp, as this boat is the carriage that will take us through the gateway to our mountain dell and its grottoes."

Black Wolf turned the boat over and pushed it into the water, then rowed it to within a few yards of where the tents were standing. Tony, the cook, was ready with some of the packs. These were loaded into the boat, then Tony, with Black Wolf, rowed toward the cavern. Pearl watched them until they were quite out of sight, then turning to Father Francis, asked:

"How far do they go in the cavern?"

"Not far. Nola will have everything ready, that you and she may go next time, then you will see for yourself."

"Do you go, too, Father Francis?" she asked.

"No, no, my child. I will not be with you until afternoon, for I must superintend this moving, although Tony and Black Wolf are very trustworthy. You and Nola will be entirely safe there, and can make yourselves comfortable. Both of you will have plenty of work to keep

you busy, so you cannot grow lonely, for there will be much arranging to be done in our summer home before we will feel settled. But 'many hands make light work,' and every one of us will help to-morrow."

Pearl did not have long to wait before she saw Tony and Black Wolf emerging from the cavern and rowing toward them. A number of the packs were loaded into the boat, but room was left for herself and Nola. Black Wolf rowed them alone this time, and as the way began to darken, asked Nola to light the candle.

This candle, though but a tiny spark in the cavernous darkness, enabled Pearl to see the large stalactites that hung from the high arched roof above them, and also that there were many turnings in the course before she noticed the glimmer of daylight upon the other side. Soon they were out from under the mountain, and rowing up the stream toward a cascade that fell many feet down from a ledge high up upon the mountain side. Down it roared and dashed into the stream below. She noticed carelessly the beautiful scenes around her as she was looking for some habitation, to which she thought they were going. Thus far everything appeared wild, and not as though a home was near. Black Wolf rowed their little boat up to the shore, sprang out and tied it fast to a spruce tree, then commenced unloading. Nola gave Pearl to understand that they were at the terminus of their trip. To say that she was astonished would hardly express her feelings; but she did not speak. Nola turned toward a high, rocky ledge and motioned Pearl to follow. Only a few steps and they reached a mass of wild clematis vines growing near the rocky ledge. Nola stepped back of this mass of vines, Pearl following closely. An opening was just beyond these which they entered and Pearl found herself in a spacious, lofty room. She had never seen any room half so grand in its marble whiteness. She looked up to the high overarching roof from which large stalactites, white and beautiful, were suspended. A few of the original stalagmites were left upon the now polished floor, but these were cut down to an uniform height. This she noticed. After gazing in amazement at these formations for some minutes she turned and saw the reflection of herself in a fine mirror that had been masoned into the rocky wall, and that seemed a portion of it.

Nola had been busy somewhere (Pearl did not know where). She brought a broom and swept all around the stalagmites, dusted the polished floor, then went away and returned with a frame which she placed upon the cut down stalagmites. This was for a bed or couch, as upon this she spread soft wool mattresses that had been brought in the packs that morning. A divan or two were manufactured in the same manner. Nola spread soft, rich rugs here and there upon the floor; so the room was richly furnished. This was romance for Pearl. Her life of late had been composed of changes—a great series of changes so unexpected and strange that they seemed little less marvelous than the fairy tales she had loved in her childhood to hear and read. Yes, this was like a fairy tale and she living right in the midst of it herself! She helped Nola with the arrangement of this room—rested upon one of the divans for a few minutes—then followed Nola and found her busily engaged in arranging a couch and rugs in another room similar to the first in size and beauty. It also had a mirror in the wall. New wonders surprised Pearl that day as she took a peep into other rooms of the Grottoes.

Black Wolf seemed busy all forenoon in making trips with his boat to and from the tents outside the dell.

Now it was noon. The time had been pleasantly employed and no moment for loneliness. Black wolf came and brought with him dinner for the girls that Tony had prepared and sent them. This the two girls greatly enjoyed in their beautiful home. Both were hungry—and happy in the work they had been performing.

The moving and arranging went on until mid-afternoon, when Black Wolf came with the last load, and brought both Father Francis and Tony. Then he left the boat tied to a tree near the entrance of the Grottoes. Pearl had been too busily engaged thus far to notice anyone's absence.

When Father Francis came she was delighted to see him, as now she could fully explain her delight to him, and ask many questions of him that she would never think of asking Nola. As he came he cheerily called her, and asked her how she liked their summer home. She hurried to him and replied:

"Everything is mysteriously grand and splendid, and I have been wondering if you were not a modern Aladdin?"

I am both delighted and surprised, and have been all day, and if just a few more of my loved ones were here would never care to leave this lovely place," she said with a heightened color and a brilliant sparkle in her matchless blue eyes. There was a slight tremble in her voice when she said "my loved ones."

"Then you think that you can be happy here for awhile, my Evangeline?"

"I know that I can, dear father," she replied.

"Well, then, as we can afford to leave the balance of the work to Tony, Black Wolf and Nola, we will pay a little attention to the beauties of nature outside of our Grottoes."

Pearl had barely noticed that morning the strange and lovely surroundings, but now, as the afternoon shadows lay cool across the dell, all things seemed changed, greatly changed. Here they were positively at the foot of an Alps-like height that stood a giant king at the northern extremity of this singular dell. Upon its brow gleamed whitely in the sunlight the eternal snows that crowned it. All around this dell arose immense and massive mountains—mountains that formed an impassable wall encircling and securely guarding this beautiful place—with no possible ingress or egress except through the cavernous passage beneath them, that Black Wolf had so often paddled his boat through that day. The monotonous roar of the cascade grew louder as they advanced toward it. This attracted to itself their attention, as its thunderous roar had now become deafening, and the down-pouring volume of water was grand beyond description. A broad gleam of sunlight glanced athwart the lower mountains and lit up a magnificent bow arching above the lower portion of the cascade. This, to Pearl, was the most gorgeous display she had ever witnessed, and she stood mute with admiration and wonder. Father Francis enjoyed the study of her sweet young face. Its expression was truly his sister Evangeline. He enjoyed it more than he could any scene however grand, and his heart gave a great throb of thankfulness as he thought of how he had found her, his sister's daughter, in the mountains alone, homeless and unprotected; reflecting it was the merest chance that he had found her. A day later and he would never have seen her. Then he wondered if there was any such thing as chance. Truly this, if

chance, was indeed Providential. And in musing he thought that the Utah braves were perhaps more correct in considering her the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou," than in him considering her simply in the light of a dear relative for, from her being rescued a wee waif upon the boundless ocean until now, it seemed to him that she must have been under the special guardianship of Infinite Power. Then he thought that henceforth her happiness should be his constant care. Not only care, but pleasure; for this was indeed his only sister's child; his Evangeline, and dearer to his heart than all else the wide world might hold.

Pearl stood fascinated until the sun sank behind the mountain and the bow faded from sight, then she turned, with a little sigh, saying:

"So we can have this beautiful sight every day, dear father?"

"Yes, every day that the sun shines, my Evangeline," he replied; "but you have not seen a half of the beauties of this dell yet."

"This is enough for one day, Father Francis," she replied. "I wonder what my dreams will be to-night?"

"I hope they will be happy ones, my child," he responded.

As they walked leisurely homeward Pearl asked about the horses and tents.

"They will remain near the lake while we stay here," Father Francis answered; "and whenever you wish to visit 'Lady Blanche' you can do so. Black Wolf will attend to them twice every day."

When they reached the Grottoes they found a table in the front room spread ready for their tea. Father Francis then said:

"Evangeline, this is to be your room, and our evening meals will be served in here."

"That suits me, dear father, in fact every arrangement suits me and pleases me," responded Pearl.

"And according to my promise yesterday, my Evangeline, I install you mistress of our summer home."

She bowed, and smilingly replied: "I am proud of being mistress of this beautiful place."

Nola came in with the tea, and in sweet converse they enjoyed their evening meal, sitting at the table

until Nola brought in candles and cleared the dishes away.

As the evening advanced they talked of Frank and his probable movements. Father Francis asked how many days it had been since she was stolen from the Mormon camp. She told him, and he sat calculating for some moments, when he remarked:

"Frank has not any more than received the tidings of your capture, even if your Mormon friends wrote to him immediately, and cannot possibly cross the ocean and plains in less than five or six weeks' time. But we will not worry about this now, as there will be plenty of time for me to study out a plan whereby he can know of our whereabouts."

"Do you indeed think that you can get word to him, Father Francis," she asked.

Yes, my Evangeline, I hope to do so; but you must not worry about it,' he responded, then added: "Nola will occupy one of these large divans for the night, as she will be company for you.

"Yes," responded Pearl, "I really like the girl, she is so faithful and true."

"Yes, she is faithful and true. She and her brother, Black Wolf, are grateful to me, and are as true as steel. I rescued them from a band of Mexican banditti when they were small children. They had stolen them to sell as peons to the wealthy Mexicans. I took them and have educated them, and have had them taught how to do many useful things. They feel that they really belong to me, and truly they do, for I do care for them. Tony, too, is bound to me through gratitude, for during the Mexican war he was left in camp to die, as he was very sick, and the officers he had been cooking for were killed, or the most of them were. I found him apparently dying, took him to my home and cured him. It took a long time to have him upon his feet again, but he is all right now, and attached to me, and will be for life. I always pay my help, and do not believe in slavery. They are free to go if they wish to, but Tony does not care to leave me."

Pearl's eyes shone with unshed tears, as she responded:

"You have done, and have been able to do many deeds of kindness during your life, dear father."

"Yes," he responded, "a priest has much to do to alleviate suffering humanity. I was educated for a physician, and the knowledge I gained through this education enables me to do a great deal of good as a physician for the physical as well as the spiritual ailments of men."

"I would like to know if my mother belonged to the Catholic church," asked Pearl.

"No," responded Father Francis, "and I was not raised in that church. We were strict adherents to the Church of England, that is the Emersons, the family to which your mother and I belong. We are members of this aristocratic English family. There were but three of us; your mother, our eldest brother, Harry, and myself. I came to America and wandered off to Mexico, where I saw that a Roman Catholic priest could go unarmed where other men would not try to go, and also saw that a priest was revered next to the Deity, so I became one. But, my Evangeline, we are talking too late; so good night, and happy dreams."

She returned the good night, and was soon asleep in her comfortable bed.

On the following morning Father Francis conducted Pearl through a number of rooms that were among the finest belonging to the Grottoes (the name that he had given the place), showed her the rooms that were used for their housekeeping during their stay. Some were used as store rooms, and filled with many articles they did not need to use. He then explained to her in regard to the light and ventilation of each room they occupied. Then he took her to the bath room. A spring of hot water bubbled up at the farthest extremity of this room. The warm water flowed the entire length of it. Here the air was very warm and humid. For bathing purposes there had been a large tub built of rock. Every arrangement was for comfort and convenience. She asked:

"Did you fix all this, Father Francis?"

"No, no, my Evangeline; this was all done before I knew of this place, long before I came into possession of it," he responded.

After looking the Grottoes through and noticing the two doors or entrances to them so entirely and beautifully hidden by the wild clematis vines and shrubbery, they walked out into the dell, lighted now by the mid-

forenoon sun. The scenery appeared so different in this light, and not at all as it did when the evening shadows were there. And yet it could be nothing but grand and beautiful. The Alps-like height that stood guard upon the north, and rose many thousand feet above them, with its eternal snows now beneath the undimmed sun blazed with almost dazzling brilliancy. The lower part of the mountains were clad in dark evergreens, reaching down until they touched the perpendicular precipices that stood as immediate walls around the dell.

Pearl turned and looked at every side, then asked: "Is there truly no possible way to get out of here except through the cave-like entrance we came?"

"No, my Evangeline, thus far no one has scaled these walls, although you can see several gorges where they run down to the dell. These, too, are deep and filled with snow, and look as though they might be climbed. Yet notice; in every instance a wall of rock, high and perpendicular, rises above these gorges, one might with much fatigue, climb up the gorges, but could never go beyond them, for these walls are impassable. They seem to say: 'Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther.' And it is better so, as we know we never can be molested here in our stronghold."

They looked and strolled awhile longer, when Pearl concluded to take sketches of the finest scenery, although her sketch book was small. She thought that she could take two sheets of it for the towering Alps and the cascade below it. In this manner she could sketch much of the grandeur, and finally work it into a painting whenever the opportunity offered. So a portion of every day was favorably employed in this (to her) congenial work. As they returned to the Grottoes Father Francis remembered that he had many very interesting books for her, if she was likely to become lonesome. She replied:

"I, for one, would never think of being lonely here, although I love much to read interesting works, but we will save them for a rainy day; or if you are too busy to converse with me I will look at them; and if Frank were here—" she paused and blushed.

"Yes, my Evangeline, trust me to bring him here," responded Father Francis.

"I do trust you, dear father, for somehow I feel

that you possess more power than ordinary mortals do," she responded.

"There is nothing mysterious or supernatural. In knowledge there is power," he answered.

The days at the Grottoes were happy ones for everyone there. Father Francis and Pearl rested or engaged in pleasurable employment. Black Wolf supplied the establishment with game, fish and berries. This was all a delight to him. And Tony, the colored cook, was never so happy as when he was cooking some splendid dish for his friend, Father Francis, and the golden-haired "Vangeline," as he had learned to call her in his own mind, for he had never spoken many words to her since she came to them. Nola was happy in performing her duties and in her fine needle work; also in watching Pearl's sketches grow into perfect pencilings of the scenery near them. They had remained probably three weeks in their mountain home, when Father Francis entrusted two letters to Black Wolf, one of these to a Mexican, who had married in the Utah tribe. This one he wrote in Spanish, instructing him what to do in case a man by the name of Frank Raymond should come to the tribe in search of a young woman by the name of Pearl Barton. Father Francis was sure Frank Raymond would come to the tribe to find his betrothed, and took this method of letting him know where to find her. The other letter was addressed to Frank Raymond himself, with necessary instructions and directions. Father Francis did not tell Pearl of this, as he was planning a pleasant surprise for her in the near future.

The Utah tribe, or a portion of it, had their summer home just north of a range of mountains that walled the valley (in which the tents were pitched) on the north. Black Wolf rode to the foot of this range, picketed his horse, and walked over the high mountains, delivered the letters without any one of the tribe knowing where he had come from, then returned across the mountains, killed a deer and took it home with him.

CHAPTER XI.

Frank Raymond received Pearl's letter of May 28, (the one that she wrote and mailed to him the afternoon before starting upon her western journey with Elder Kimball and his family) in due season. He had been thinking of her, and wondering why a letter from his betrothed did not accompany the ones that he had received from his father. He also received in the same mail a letter from his mother and one from his cousin, Kate Harrington. Both of these bore the date of May 29. He read Pearl's letter first—read it through twice before opening his mother's letter. He was not only hurt, but wonderfully surprised at this proposed journey for his affianced, but her truthful and earnest letter definitely explained the affair to Frank. He could see that she had been unduly persuaded, and in a manner, pushed into taking it. He re-read the precious missive, and kissed it before returning it to its envelope, then opened his mother's letter. All that she wrote in regard to Pearl was: "My dear son, your affianced is ambitious to become a noted artist, and has gone with the Kimball family to Salt Lake City, to sketch mountain scenery for the Mormons. They started this morning. Your father and I, seeing how anxious she was to go, fitted her out for the journey as we thought you would like her to be equipped." He read a few more words and groaned; then tore his Cousin Kate's letter open and read: "Pearl Barton was gone with the Kimball family to Salt Lake City. Her ambition to become an artist of renown seems to overbalance every other consideration; so she has gone to make pictures for the Mormons; but we are sure she will be well cared for, both upon the trip and after she reaches the home of the 'Latter Day Saints,' for Tom Kimball is much smitten with her beauty already, and he is truly very fine looking and quite intelligent." This was as far as he read his cousin's letter, for he threw it from him as he would have thrown a viper; then again took Pearl's letter from the envelope and again read and kissed it, murmuring to himself: "Did I leave

my dove among the kites? And the dear girl has written me two letters before this one? These I have not received; and this one she mailed herself? She has not received but one letter from me? And I have written her four—yes, Kate does handle all the mail at my father's home. Sam, who takes it to the post office, is truly honest—and—yes, there had been a systematic interception going on. My letters have not reached Pearl, and only one letter before this one, written by her, has reached me. This one she mailed herself. If she had trusted it to Kate's tender mercies I would never have seen it. So it is you, Kate Harrington, who are at the bottom of all this mischief. You (and must I say it), my lady mother; is it possible that my mother would stoop to assist in this business?"

By the time that the entire truth had fairly dawned upon Frank's understanding, a deadly palor overspread his fine face. The veins upon his broad, white forehead seemed distended to almost bursting. His fine, thin nostrils were dilated and his magnificent dark eyes were full of grief and wrath. He walked the floor a moment, then came to the table and bowed his fine head upon his hands, and for a time was lost in thought, and as some thoughts passed through his mind he shivered as though in an ague chill. Then he arose and paced back and forth from one side of the room to the other, and finally broke forth into speech:

"Yes, my beloved mother has ever quietly thwarted any little extravagant desire of mine, especially if she did not see fit to approve of it. This I know, and yet I have ever loved her and honored her above all other women. Until this hour I would have staked my life upon her honor; and now—! I know that father is honorable, and yet he has been managed into taking a hand in this stratagem to get my darling far away from me; and his sore conscience has been salved by buying Pearl those expensive presents and giving her also that purse of money. Perhaps that is the case with mother, too, as Pearl writes that she bought her an elegant traveling dress and cloak. (Pearl had plenty of dresses.) Well, my lady mother ought to know that if her son chooses one lady for a wife that he is not to be managed into marrying another girl just to please her. And that is just what she is quietly trying to do. Mother managed me

out of purchasing a yacht and other (to me) very desirable articles. But when it comes to choosing a wife she will find that I am not quite so easily managed. Yes, dear mother, your son will have his heart's idol or never marry any one, and this you will be aware of before a great while. Of course I am tied here for a time; but I will draw this business to a focus as soon as possible, then go to Salt Lake City, marry Pearl and bring her home before they can know that I am out of England."

He had talked and walked and planned until his face began to assume its usual color, and this plan of going to Salt Lake City just suited his present mood. They at home had been playing what (doubtless) they considered fine strategy, and he would simply outwit them. In a month or six weeks longer he could leave the business that now held him in London.

That night he wrote a long, affectionate and loving letter to Pearl, and addressed it as she had instructed him to do, in care of Elder Kimball. Then he wondered if this letter would be intercepted, too? (And it would have been, had Pearl reached Salt Lake City.) Then he wrote a hurried letter to his mother, and in it that: "He hoped his darling would have a safe trip across the plains, and an opportunity of sketching some of the grandest scenery to be found in the Rocky Mountains." This, and nothing more, about Pearl. Then a little, hurried note to Cousin Kate, principally an excuse for not writing a longer letter, and not one word about Pearl to her. But there was a bitter little smile upon his face as he folded it to place in an envelope, and as he did this, said:

"Oh, Coz Kate, you have overstepped the bounds; but we will have this out some other time. And did you think to make me jealous of Tom Kimball and my darling? Ah, you prepare your wedge to separate me from my heart's best love rather early. Do you think it possible to make me jealous of Pearl? You had as well try to make me jealous of an angel."

He would not permit his mother or Kate to know how he felt about Pearl's going to Utah, for well he knew that neither of them were worthy of his confidence. Pearl's letter to him, that she mailed at St. Joseph, Missouri, reached him. In this she wrote him of one that she had sent him from St. Louis. This he never received. So he knew, or thought he knew, that the

Kimball's were in this scheme of intercepting their letters. This made but little difference to him now, as he would genteely outwit them all, for he knew that his darling was true and loved him.

Time wore on, not slowly for Frank, as he was very busy, and had drawn the London business to a point where he could leave it for a time, at least. One day more in London, only one day, and he would be ready to sail for the United States. He prepared to go immediately on to Salt Lake City without informing his parents. He reasoned that if they had descended from their high estate of honor and fair dealing, to practicing stratagem upon him in this, that was nearer and dearer to him than life itself; he was their son and could do the same, or —no, it was not dishonorable to marry his betrothed, but he would outwit them all. Frank Raymond utterly despised any underhanded dealing, and some genteel strategic movements seemed to him little less than the grossest villainy. In this instance he and Pearl had been deeply wronged, and he humiliated in ascertaining that his own mother had practiced this deceit. Those were his thoughts as he sat down to his desk to write a letter to his father. He wished to write so that the folks at home would think he was still in England, while he would be in the United States. He wrote this letter and sealed it for the mail, when his mail was brought to his room. A few home papers and a letter bearing the post mark of Ft. Kearney, and this in a strange handwriting. His heart gave a terrible throb, as the thought arose in his mind that Pearl might be sick or dead, as from this point he was to have received a letter from her. He dreaded to open the missive, and would not until he could do so calmly. Then he walked to the open window and looked out for a moment, came to his desk, slowly cut the envelope and read:

"At the Eastern Entrance of the Mountain Pass,
July 8, 1855.

"Mr. Frank Raymond:

"Dear Sir—I have sad news to write you, and feel sure that you cannot receive it any too soon.

"This morning, while I was up the canon to find plenty of grass for our stock, while we camp here, a band of young braves of the Ute tribe (so our old

mountaineer, Watkins, thinks) came and stamped our best horses, twenty in number. I was riding Salem (the horse your father gave my father as a token of early friendship) or he would have been stamped with the others. When I returned to camp, about 11 o'clock, I was informed of the great loss of our best horses.

"My first question was: 'Where is Miss Pearl?' I had seen her in the early morning going to a height near by to finish a sketch she began the evening before. No one had seen her since the morning. I hurried to the top of the hill and called her name a number of times, but received no answer. Then I commenced looking for tracks, and found a few fresh ones, made by her small boot, going down the hill farthest from the camp, and to where it looked as though she had stepped out upon a rock; and right below this rock I saw fresh hoof prints. I saw where they came up, and I followed them down the hill and away to the southward. They looked deep, as though a heavy weight was upon the horse; and it must have been a powerful animal, for he measured the distance with very long leaps or bounds. So I am certain that Miss Pearl Barton is in the hands of the Indians.

"If we had our fleet horses the young men of my train and myself would go in pursuit; but we have only Salem that can begin to travel as fast as the Indian's horse, that is taking our dear young friend, your betrothed, rapidly southward. I start in ten minutes' time on Salem to overtake a mule train going east that our train passed two days ago, and will entrust this to the master of that train, to be mailed the first opportunity. My father is writing to your father, that he, too, may know of this terrible affair.

"God grant that you receive this soon. Watkins, our old guide and mountaineer, says that the Ute tribe is more merciful to their white captives than any other tribe; so we hope that you can find and ransom Miss Barton unharmed. Truly your friend,

"TOM KIMBALL,

"Address:

"Salt Lake City, Utah."

After reading the above Frank sat as one stunned, looking more like a statue than a man. His eyes were wide open and almost expressionless. He did not move for some moments. Finally he re-read the letter and

seemed to be determining if it in reality contained the truth. His face was very pale, in fact he will not be whiter when he is dead. At length he determined that Tom Kimball had written truthfully, and that this letter was not of a piece with the other deceptions; and when he felt certain that his beloved Pearl was indeed a captive among the western Indians, a captive, and perhaps murdered before this letter had been mailed—as these thoughts burned through his brain like lightning—it was pitiful to watch him, his eyes ablaze with indignation and a terrible agony of grief, the veins upon his forehead standing out like cords and his face pale and stony. Finally these feelings found partial vent in words, and this was well for him. He crushed the letter in his tightly clenched hand, and raising it above his head, exclaimed:

"Pearl, my darling Pearl, a captive in the hands of the merciless Indians! Surely I left my sweet, white dove among the hawks! Father, mother, what have you done? And you, Kate Harrington, have sealed your doom! And so father gave Salem to Elder Kimball for old friendship, sake! The plot thickens. A five hundred dollar horse for friendship sake! But I am glad Tom had him to ride to overtake that train, as, if two days later, I would not have received this letter—these tidings of Pearl's captivity; and if I ever see her again there is no time to lose. O, God! Is there any justice or mercy in this hateful world? The sweetest of all women a captive among the savages! A martyr to my mother's and Cousin Kate's perfidious scheming, to their genteel strategy."

Now he walked like one frenzied for a moment, then again looked at the letter and slowly read:

"Watkins, our guide and mountaineer, says that the Ute tribe is more merciful to their white captives than any other tribe."

"Thank God for this and O! Heavenly Father, make them kind to my precious one; make them merciful to my pure, white dove, and keep her safe from all harm until I can find and rescue her. My darling! My darling! Ah! No wonder that you had dark forebodings of coming ill! No wonder! No wonder! Had I been near, they never could have sent you away to this horrid fate. Father must know before this of her captivity. Poor old father; this will hurt him, for I know his good, kind

heart too well to believe that he has been satisfied in regard to the journey from the first; and now this dreadful turn that affairs have taken. Oh! I wonder how mother feels now. I imagine Kate is triumphant."

It was late, and he had not thought of supper; but a servant came to his door with a tea tray spread with a dainty lunch and sat this upon the table near him. When he saw the food it seemed to him that he could never eat again until after he had found Pearl and rescued her—never eat or sleep until his darling was again safe in his arms. Yet his better judgment told him that he must do all in his power to preserve his health and strength to do the work needed to be done, and travel the many miles that lay between him and his loved one. He sat down to the table and found that he could not swallow a mouthful of solid food, he was so filled with grief, indignation and apprehension. Yet he could, and did, drink the tea and wine. His throat was parched and these gave him temporary strength. He walked and planned and talked to himself until nearly mid-night; then threw himself across his bed to rest, not believing that he could sleep, but before morning he did fall asleep, and in this slight doze dreamed of Pearl.

He saw her standing near him, saw her sweet face pale and tears in her lovely blue eyes, her wealth of golden hair falling in rippling, billowy splendor around her dainty form, and her left hand raised that he might see how loosely their engagement ring encircled the emaciated finger he had placed it upon, and where it fitted so snugly only a few short months ago. Then he dreamed of seeing her sitting alone away among the wild, rugged mountains, reaching both arms far out toward him for assistance. This dream awoke him, and as he arose he exclaimed:

"My darling is yet alive, thank God!" and with these words the tears began to flow, tears that cooled his burning brain, and rendered him more fit to commence the untried task that lay before him.

"Yes, my darling is still alive, and I will find her."

These words gave him strength and courage to live and to work—strength, courage and hope—all combined to perform the labor of love that naught but death could prevent him from performing. Only one day longer was he detained in London, and on the following morning he

was aboard a fast sailing packet ship for the United States—off for the land that held his captive darling. There were no storms or adverse winds to hinder on that voyage, and he reached Boston Harbor in due time, then took the train for his home station. He reached this as Sam came in for the mail. Frank saw Sam, and going near him, asked:

"Did you come with the rig?"

Sam's dark face turned gray, he was so surprised to see Frank and hear his voice, as he was not expecting him; and, too, he was astonished to see Frank looking so pale and thin, hence it was quite a time before he could call his bewildered senses sufficiently to answer him.

"Yes, Mr. Frank, I'se cum with de duble rig dis ebenin."

"Well, I am glad you did. How are the folks at home?" asked Frank.

"O, all right's fur's I know," responded Sam. "But yo' is sick, Mr. Frank, suah yo'se so pale."

"No, I am not sick. Here, load in this trunk and these valises, and let us be off; or have you something to take up from here to the house?" Frank asked.

It was nearly dark when they reached their stables, Frank remaining in the conveyance until they reached them and then went from them to the kitchen door, where Aunt Hannah met him. She, too, was astonished at Frank's unexpected presence and pale face, and as soon as she could speak, exclaimed:

"Foh de Lawd's sake, Mr. Frank, yo' am sick, shuah, yo' am mi'ty pale an' pore."

"No, Aunt Hannah, I am not sick; so don't take on so, for I have something to tell you," said Frank.

"Well, bress de Lawd, I'se glad yo' is home agin, honey, I is, shuah; an' what yo' guyin to tell yo' ole Ant Hanner, chile? An' I'se suffin' to tell yo, ef I haven't dun los' it," said Aunt Hannah, as she thought of the scorched letter, and went into the pantry to take it from its hiding place. While she was in there Sam came through with the mail. Frank told him to not let his father know that he had arrived. Aunt Hannah came out with the letter in her hand, saying:

"Dere's sumfin' for yo', I 'spec, Mr. Frank."

He took, and opened it. This was the letter that

Pearl had written to him asking his opinion in regard to her going to Salt Lake City; and in this he could detect that she hoped he would disapprove of the trip. After reading it through he returned it to the scorched envelope and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat. There was a strange light in his fine dark eyes as he looked at Aunt Hannah, and asked:

"Where did you find this letter?"

She told him, and she also told him what she heard Miss Kate say, that attracted her attention, "letters are sometimes lost at sea," and in hearing these words from her she, out of curiosity, rushed to the stove and rescued this one letter, but the one below it was burned. Then he asked Aunt Hannah if anyone had told her that Pearl Barton had been stolen by the Indians. Aunt Hannah caught her breath, and for a moment could not speak, then exclaimed:

"Foah de Lawd's sake; no! Am she? Am dat bres-
sed, golden-hair'd, lubly Pearl stole? Am she, shuah?"

"Yes," responded Frank, "she was stolen by the Indians; and no one to rescue her."

Aunt Hannah continued: "O, my Lawd! I tol' her so. Ole Ant Hanner know'd it. An' didn't I se plead wif dat sweet chile not to go wif dem crazy Mormons? Yais I did. An' O, now; she am 'mong dem Injuns? O! Foah de lub ob de bressed Lawd, can't yo' fine her; can yo' eber fine dat darlin'?"

By this time the poor old colored woman threw her apron over her head, sank to the floor, and rocking herself back and forth, sobbing as though her honest, loving heart would break; sobbed and moaned as though no hope was left. Frank sank to the chair nearest him and wept as he had never wept in his life. The old, black woman's sympathy overcame him. Also he felt that he was weak, and in a miserable condition to do all that he wished to do. Finally Aunt Hannah quit her sobbing and moaning; she thought of Frank's terribly pale face and arose. Although very sad, she set to work preparing something appetizing for Frank's supper. She felt that he had not eaten anything for a long time, and that he would starve unless someone would take care of him. She asked him no more questions, but soon had the table spread with articles of diet she thought would tempt his appetite, then approach-

ed him, placed her hand kindly upon his shoulder, and said:

"Come, honey, yo'r ole Ant Hanner's fix yo' somefin' foah to eat. Hayh, take dis home-made wine fus," and she poured him a glass full of her richest, most strengthening wine.

He dried his eyes and gladly drank it, but said:
"O, Aunt Hannah, I cannot eat."

"Yais, yo' mus' eat, honey. Doan yo' kno' dat yo' won' lib to fine dat sweet chile if yo' doan pick up some strength?"

He knew that Aunt Hannah was right in this, as she was in so many things. She handed him another glass of wine, and coaxed him to take a seat at her well-filled table, a table that had some home dainties he could never find away from home, and that few cooks aside from Aunt Hannah knew how to prepare. She coaxed and managed him into partaking of the nourishing and much needed food, and she had the satisfaction of seeing the natural color come to his face again. This was the first full meal of victuals he had eaten since he learned of Pearl's captivity. And it is very doubtful if anyone aside from Aunt Hannah could have coaxed him into eating this. But during his boyhood days she would lure him into eating a full meal when his head was so full of plans for hunting and fishing that he would otherwise have forgotten to eat. And it was well that she was so determined and thoughtful this evening; for Frank had an ordeal to pass through that doubtless would have thrown him into a downright siege of illness had she not. After the supper Sam came in, and Aunt Hannah tried to keep Frank in the kitchen as long as she could, asking questions and telling him many items of interest. Among these was that Aunt Milley Barton had come home; that her father had died; and that she was dreadfully worried because Pearl was gone away across the western plains.

Then Frank charged Aunt Hannah and Sam to not say one word to anyone, so that Aunt Milley could possibly hear of Pearl's being stolen by the Indians; and that Aunt Hannah should go to-morrow and tell her that Frank had gone to bring Pearl home. This was all arranged, after which he went to the door of his parents' sitting room; but no farther at first. As he stood

there he saw his father fold the letter he had just read, the one that Frank had written immediately before starting homeward; and he heard his father's deep drawn, heavy sigh as he returned this letter to the envelope, and his barely audible: "My poor, dear boy!" His mother appeared worried; but Kate sat unmoved. Finally his father looked toward the door and saw him standing there. His father gave a start, and turned very pale. His mother looked up and saw him, but did not move. An expression of terror pervaded her countenance—an expression one might have if a ghost had appeared. Kate looked up and saw him, looked puzzled for a moment, then arose with a smile, and with outstretched arms, went toward him to greet him as of old. Frank's voice now deep with emotion, arose to its most commanding key, as he exclaimed: "Kate Harrington, do not dare to touch me! I have nothing in common with a villainous woman like yourself. Your intrigues and contemptible stratagems are all unmasked to me, and I hold proof positive sufficient to throw you into the state's prison." Then he went a few steps nearer, and imitating her own voice, said: "Letters are sometimes lost at sea."

He said no more, but these words were sufficient.

Kate Harrington did not faint, but her face grew deathly white as she raised her fair, jeweled hands up to hide it from her cousin's view, and sank into the nearest chair, without uttering one word. Neither of the parents had spoken or moved, nor taken their eyes from his pale, indignant face.

He then looked at his mother, and asked: "What has my lady mother to say to her son this evening?" "And has my father no greeting for me?" "This all seems strangely unnomelike. Perhaps I, like my betrothed, have no welcome here."

At this, from him, his father half arose from his chair, sank back again, and broke into the most bitter groaning and sobbing, entirely broken down with this great trouble. The news of Pearl's captivity had hurt him terribly; this, with his ever accusing conscience, had so distressed his soul that life seemed a burden too hateful to endure, and now, to see his only son, his heart's idol and pride, a mere wreck of his former cheerful, hopeful self, was more than he could bear. After some

moments Colonel Raymond looked up, and in a trembling voice, said:

"Frank, my precious son; I would give all I possess if by doing so I could bring Pearl safely back to you. Do not look at me as you do, my boy. It will kill me Frank; indeed it will kill me."

Frank's heart softened toward his father. He went to the humbled, heart-broken old man, and throwing his arms around him, they both sobbed and mourned together. Mrs. Raymond could not move nor speak. It seemed to her that she must die, and that under the existing circumstances, death would be a sweet relief; for the rebuke that Frank had given to his Cousin Kate, would apply to herself, in this distressingly hateful and sorrowful business. She wondered if her darling son would ever love her again; or even speak to her? If not, how could she blame him? Her conscience now condemned her more severely than any judge or jury could have done, for it had been her planning from the first that had brought these terrible results that had smitten her son and made him the haggard man who then stood like an accusing angel before her. Yes, it was her planning to foil him in his heart's best love that had brought all this misery and grief. Not only misery and grief, but this terrible humiliation to them all. Here was her true and honorable husband quite prostrate with this trouble; Frank smitten near unto death; the poor, defenseless, lovely Pearl, in the hands of the savages, and perhaps murdered, or worse than murdered; and her niece, Kate, humiliated as she had never been in all her young life before. This, her conscience now awakened to its depth, held up to accuse her as she sat cold, rigid and motionless as a stone statue; more like a statue than a living woman.

After a time Frank arose; and his father, with tears still raining down his cheeks, said:

"My darling Frank, tell me that you forgive me; forgive, O! forgive your old father."

"I do forgive you, my father," replied Frank, in a tender voice.

Then he turned to where Kate was still sitting, her head bowed and her beautiful white hands still covering her pale, guilt-stricken face; and with the most withering look of contempt upon his face, that sounded in his

voice as he spoke; he pointed to her, his eyes blazing with the emotions in his soul:

"There," he said, "that one is the favorite here. Had it not been for her and her inhuman machinations, I would have found my darling here on my return, safe and happy. But as it is, the one that I love is a captive among the western Indians, subject to privation and horrors, while Kate enjoys the hospitality of my father's home, and shelter of his roof."

Then he commenced pacing the carpet in long, measured strides. His mother had not spoken to him, and he said nothing more to her. A protracted silence ensued, and no one moved except Frank, as he walked back and forth through the sitting room like one distracted.

Mrs. Raymond, with all her pride now humbled with her severe self-condemnation, could not endure the strain a moment longer, and arose to go to her son, to ascertain if there was a spark of love left in his heart for her. This she felt that she must know, or die. Her voice sounded unusually distinct, as she exclaimed:

"Frank!"

"He turned toward her; their eyes met; his father looked up. Mrs. Raymond took one step toward her son; paused, and steadied herself by placing a hand upon the center table. She was fainting. Both Frank and his father saw this, and sprang simultaneously to save her from falling. Frank laid her upon a soft near by, and while his father chafed her hands, Frank hurried to the kitchen to call Aunt Hannah, as no one about the house would know better what to do in this emergency than this faithful old colored woman. As Frank turned to leave the sitting room he noticed that Kate had disappeared. She had left as soon as she saw that all eyes were attracted toward her aunt.

Aunt Hannah's opinion was that Mrs. Raymond should be taken immediately to her bed-room.

Frank carried his fainting mother up the stairs and laid her tenderly upon the bed in her own beautiful room. He wondered if she would ever open her eyes again, as she appeared so perfectly lifeless. He stooped and kissed her high, white forehead reverently, as though she were indeed dead; then left her to the care of Aunt Hannah and her maid, and returned to his father in the sitting room below. Aunt Hannah and the maid were a long

time bathing, and in every known way trying to resuscitate the fainting woman; and when at last she heaved a faint sigh, the first sign of returning consciousness, Aunt Hannah was delighted beyond measure, her kind brown eyes brightened as she ejaculated:

"Bress de good Lawd, de life am lef' an' she will lib. I'se feared she was daid, shuah."

When Mrs. Raymond opened her eyes and could speak, she asked to see Frank. Aunt Hannah went immediately to call him and his father. They went up to Mrs. Raymond's room together. Frank approached the bed and kissed the dear, pale face lying upon the pillow, and kindly asked:

"Do you feel better, mother?"

"Yes, I can speak, but am very weak; yet I must speak to you, my son. Will you forgive your mother for helping to make you so miserable? I thought that I was doing for the best; but now see that it was all miserably wrong."

This was said in a weak, faltering voice.

"Yes, dear mother, I forgive you. And as I go early to-morrow morning on my search for Pearl, I had as well bid you good by to-night. You are very weak, and pale, dear mother, but will soon be well again, I trust; and perhaps I had better leave you."

"No, Frank, stay awhile with me. Do you leave in the morning?" she asked.

"Yes, mother."

"God grant that you find the dear girl, my son, and find her alive and well," she responded.

"God grant it," Frank fervently replied, "for if I do not find her—if I cannot find my darling—do not ever expect to see your son again, as I could not endure the sight of this place—this home—if she is not to be found."

Tears shone in his mother's eyes, but she did not reply. His father commenced sobbing and moaning again. Frank was silent a few moments, then almost cheerfully exclaimed:

"But my precious Pearl is alive, and I will find her. I must find her, and I will find her."

Colonel Raymond looked up as Frank spoke, and took courage. Frank's words were the only ones he had heard that sounded as though there was any hopes

of rescuing Pearl, and if Frank said that he "would find her," this alone was enough for him to cling to, and cling to hopefully.

"Yes, you must find her, Frank, and bring her home to us, that we can show her how deeply we regret sending her away from us. You must take plenty of gold to ransom her, plenty, Frank; and whatever you need to help you, let me know, my darling boy; let your old father do all he can to help you; for his old life will be worth nothing if the darling girl cannot be found, and he cannot have his precious son with him."

Here the old colonel's voice trembled and the ready tears flowed again.

"I need not tell you that I will do all in my power to find my idolized Pearl."

His mother sobbingly interposed:

"And do take care of yourself—your health and strength—so that you will have the power to proceed with this great undertaking. You look sick now, and I fear for your health, my dear son."

Frank responded: "I will have more heart to work now that I know I have my parents' sympathy and prayers."

"You have both, and will have whatever else you need. Remember that we stand ready to furnish all the means that you may want, and every other assistance. Call on those western forts for military assistance. Have the best guides and interpreters you can find; and pay them well. O! If I was a few years younger, I would go with you myself," exclaimed Colonel Raymond. His face brightened while he talked.

"And do not neglect writing to us," interposed his mother.

Their conversation lasted until nearly mid-night, all feeling strengthened and more hopeful than they had since hearing of Pearl's capture. Frank kissed his mother. She drew his head down beside her face upon the pillow, and she kissed him as she had not done since he was a babe. Frank bade his father good night, and retired to his own room, where he was soon resting and sleeping sweetly.

In his dreams he saw Pearl. She looked toward him with the most beautiful light of love in her deep blue eyes, and was reaching her hand that he might see her

finger was not so emaciated as it had been, and that the ring fit more snugly. The diamond blazed brilliantly as he looked at it. He did not wake until Sam came to call him to his early breakfast. Aunt Hannah had prepared everything with a view to please Frank, and met him in the breakfast room with a glass of her best wine, saying:

"Take dis, honey, 'twill gib yo' appetite foah yo' breakfas;" and she poured a glass for the colonel, too, as she considered the wine of her own making better than any that the old colonel had in his cellar, although he had the finest.

Sam had the rig ready in time. He was deeply interested in Frank's proposed trip, and had said before breakfast:

"Mammy, I wish I cud go wif Mr. Frank myself;" and the reply had been: "But yo' can't go, Sam; caus we'll need yo' right heah, an' dey is plenty of sojers out west. Me an' yo' am needed heah, right heah, Sam, mostly. Den, Law sakes, yo' poh ole pappy don los' yeahs ago, Sam, wayh out west or souf. No, no, soney, yo' can't neber go out der. No, yo'll do betah heah, chile. What cud de ole cunel do wifout yo' an Mr. Frank gon', dat's the quesson?"

The breakfast table looked lonely, as neither Mrs. Raymond nor Kate were at the table—only the father and son. Kate had been called by her maid, but declined, saying that she preferred to breakfast later.

When the colonel and Frank were through they went to the library. Here the colonel unlocked his desk and handed Frank a belt well filled with gold coin. This he buckled around his waist; and then his father handed him a large purse of gold, saying:

"Call on me, my son, from any point, if you need more, for you must have all you need for this journey, and the ransom for our Pearl."

Frank's eyes filled with tears, for well he knew his father's kind and generous heart, and replied:

"I need not thank you, father, for I know you are anxious to do everything you possibly can to repair the great wrong that has been done."

The father and son embraced, and as their voices trembled there were few words spoken, and Frank was away to catch the early train for the west, before the

sun flooded with its morning beams beautiful Raymond Park. Colonel Raymond watched with tear-filled eyes his son's swift disappearance from sight, for Sam drove away rapidly, as Frank feared he might not be on time for the train, and there were no moments to lose.

When they were out of sight the colonel paced up and down upon the walk in front of the mansion, his countenance more cheerful than it had been of late, for his heart was now buoyed with hope and a knowledge that he had done all in his power to assist; and that Frank would leave nothing undone to rescue the dear, wronged, banished child. Pearl was now very dear to the old man's heart, he had adopted her and her cause; and the tears arose to his eyes as he thought of the tremulous rosebud mouth he had kissed goodbye that morning that (as he called it) "she was shuffled off to go with the Kimballs," and as he brushed the tears away, murmured: "Yes, Frank will bring her home to us, and we will be happy yet."

When Kate Harrington reached her room she threw herself upon her bed. It would be difficult to describe her emotions, or the terrible humiliation caused by the knowledge that her cousin, by some means, was sure of all she had done to oust Pearl Barton, for the sake of some day winning him to become her husband. Shame and humiliation such as her proud soul had never before dreamed of, overwhelmed her. She acknowledged to herself that the one ambition of her life had been to become Frank Raymond's wife and, too, he was the only man she had ever seen whom she could love, or even thought she could love. But the bitter, stinging words from her cousin this evening had killed this love. Then, too, she knew that she had done wrong. This all combined to raise a barrier between them that henceforth would be unsurmountable. She was sufficiently vindictive to wish that Frank could never find Pearl, or even know of her fate; also wished that the Indians would kill her, or keep her always with them as their slave, and many other vehement and inhumane wishes, as she arose and paced her room with pale face and glowing eyes—eyes to which no tear of grief or remorse would come. She made a strangely interesting picture as she paced, and thought, and talked. Her raven black hair, luxuriant, long and glossy, fell over her white robed figure in fine

disheveled negligence. It was not many hours before she determined what to do. She would go to her home in Boston and enjoy every extravagance that her parents could afford. Of course she knew that her parents would be deeply disappointed when she returned and not betrothed to Frank, and no possibility of ever becoming his wife, but she would not remain another day beneath her aunt's roof; no, not another day.

It was nearly morning before she slept. She did not care for breakfast. At 9 o'clock her maid brought her tea and toast, then afterwards both were busy packing her trunks and preparing to take the afternoon train for Boston. By noon they had everything ready and Kate dressed for the trip. When she descended to the sitting room, where she found her aunt looking very pale and unusually sad, she went to her with her usual greeting. He aunt noticed her traveling costume, and asked: "Do you return home to-day, Kate?" "Yes, dear aunt. I received a letter from mother yesterday, and perhaps it would be better for me to go," responded Kate. Mrs. Raymond answered: "Yes, perhaps; and give my love to your father and mother." Their adieus were spoken kindly and apparently as unconcernedly as though they were to be parted for only a day's time.

The Raymond mansion was as quiet and lonely as though there had been a funeral from its doors. All that greatly interested the colonel or Mrs. Raymond was when the mail came in, and then they hoped to receive letters from Frank.

Aunt Hannah rode over to see Mrs. Barton the day that Frank started west, and gladdened her heart by telling her that: "Mr. Frank don' gon' fur to bring Miss Pearl home." She never hinted a word about her captivity. Mrs. Barton had received one letter from Pearl, and this one was mailed from St. Joseph, Mo. She had received only one letter from her husband. So she was living in loneliness and apprehension. Of course she retained Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, but was lonely without Pearl's companionship. This constant worry was undermining her health.

CHAPTER XII.

Frank Raymond's trip to St. Joseph, Mo., was of little importance, only as it had lessened the distance between himself and the object of his love.

In fitting up for his journey across the plains Frank found it an entirely untried experience, and one more difficult than he at first supposed it would be. Two days in and around the stock yards had been already taken up, and yet he had not selected his teams, nor could he from the horses already on the market. He came the third day, hoping new horses had been brought in for sale. A man who had noticed how particular Frank seemed to be, ventured up to him, saying: "How de do, stranger." Frank returned the greeting, then the man continued:

"I carkelate you want suthin purty good in the line of horse-flesh—suthin that'll get over the plains in a hurry—and not get winded, or wusted, nuther."

"That is just what I do want, my friend," responded Frank; "and can you tell me where I may find such stock? If you do know where, please let me know, for I am in a hurry to be off."

"You don't need but two horses, do ye? Two horses an' six mules, six nimble, young, tough mules, is what ye want, I carkelate."

"Well, perhaps I do," responded Frank; "but then I am not acquainted with mules."

"I am," responded the man; "an' I've crosst them plains four times now, an' know that mules is the best team to take on that trip; an' I know jist whar you kin git the dandiest ones that wus ever raised in Missouri."

"If so, please tell me where," responded Frank.

"Yes, an' I'll go with you, if you want me to."

"I do want you to go, and select the mules for me." responded Frank.

They went away from the city to a stock farm and found both mules and horses requisite for the journey. Frank selected his horses, both beautiful Kentucky hunters, and the man, Dick Kennedy, chose the mules from

a large herd and, too, before they returned to the city, Frank had engaged him to drive one of his teams and pilot him across the plains. The wagons, two in number, the tent and all things needful for the trip, were soon purchased, and through Dick's advice, another driver was hired; also a cook that he was acquainted with. It seemed to Frank that everything moved along smoothly after employing Dick, for Frank was a stranger in a strange land, and in undertaking the business of outfitting for a trip across the plains he was attempting that which he knew nothing whatever about. Now they were soon ready and across the river, where Frank felt that he had indeed embarked upon his journey. He mailed a letter to his parents at St. Joseph after everything was ready, telling them of his success thus far, and with Spencer Williams for his cook, not only cook but hunter, and also a fairly intelligent companion, John Bronson as driver for the light wagon, and Dick Kennedy for the four-mule team and general guide, Frank was well provided for, and glad that he was fairly started upon his trip. They soon reached the "wild western prairies," and were surely traveling the same route taken by the Mormon train with which Pearl had traveled in the early summer time. Frank often rode one of the horses, and when antelope came near Spencer often mounted the other one, and they together would bring to their small train the choicest portions of their meat, as it was no trouble for them to bring down two or three in sight of the wagon. Jack rabbits were plenty also, and often when they traveled near a tree-bordered stream they saw bands of fleet, red deer hastening out of sight. The antelope were more tame and curious every day. One band or more ventured near the wagons, so near that they were in range of rifle shot. Frank's health and hope gradually returned as the distance decreased between him and his loved one, and yet, when alone with his thoughts, he longed for wings to fly to her, or some instantaneous mode of traveling, so that he could release her from her terrible captivity, and once more hold her closely to his heart, his very own. The journey seemed distressingly long to him, although they were traveling very fast. He had been able to send two letters to his parents since he left St. Joseph. These he sent by trains that were going eastward; and these to his parents

were the dearest missives they ever received, as they were ever anxious to hear from him, and know how he was progressing.

In the evening, after passing Ft. Kearney, Dick said: "Mr. Raymond, I see ye like huntin'." "Yes," responded Frank. "Wal," continued Dick, "I calkelate that ye'll hev sum big game soon, fur buffalo'll soon be in sight." "That so?" interrogated Frank. "Yes," continued Dick, "and the hump of a three-year-old buffalo is jist the richest and juiciest beef enybody ever put in ther mouth." "Then we will have some of it, won't we, Spencer ?" responded Frank, addressing Spencer, his cook. "That we will," responded Spencer, who was busily engaged in preparing their supper. Here the other teamster, John Bronson, came up from the river, leading his team. He had never crossed the plains, or attempted it, before, but was a faithful teamster, as well as a good, honest fellow in every respect, and was now greatly delighted to learn that they would soon see buffalo and taste the meat. Dick Kennedy (his friend) had often told him of the wonders of the plains. He thought that a large herd of buffalo would be to him the grandest sight of all. A few buffalo were actually seen the next day toward evening, but they were in the distance and it was not considered advisable to go out after them, but wait until a herd should come very near. Frank looked at these few through his field glass, and passed it to John and Spencer, that they might see how they looked: Dick called, and said:

"Them's buffaler, I'm 'most sure. I mean them black spots way yonder," and he indicated the direction they were in by pointing his whip toward them.

"Yes, they are buffalo, I can see them distinctly through my glass; but we will not go out for them, as they are too far away," responded Frank.

They camped that evening by the side of the Platte river and saw (as they often did) that others had camped there before them. Frank walked to the apex of a little knoll near the camp and took another look around with his glass to see if other buffalo were in sight, as at his feet lay a large buffalo skull. He had noticed it at first, but not particularly. Now he stooped down and took it up, as he thought there was penciling upon the broad, smooth surface. Yes, someone had written it all over with lead pencil. First he read the date, then:

"Dear Frank—How I wish you were traveling this journey with me, or more truly, I wish that I had never undertaken it at all; and that I was at home now with dear Aunt Milley, and yourself over to spend the evening with us, as you used to do a year ago. I would love to sit upon the old porch this evening and inhale the fragrance of the multifloras, now in bloom, at its side. But this tablet cannot contain all of my wishes so, as you are beyond the ocean, and I am upon the ocean-like plains, I will only write that I am lovingly your

"PEARL."

Frank could have kissed this ghastly tablet for containing these words written by his darling's hand, his own Pearl he was certain, as no other Pearl had an Aunt Milley, and no other Pearl had a Frank across the ocean; so it was his own Pearl who had written this. He gladly reflected that every day's travel drew him nearer to his true-hearted betrothed; to the one idol of his heart. This writing gave him new hope that he would surely find and ransom her. When he went back to camp Spencer asked him if he had been studying phrenology. "Why?" asked Frank. "O, I saw you examining that buffalo skull quite attentively, and did not know but you were," responded Spencer jokingly.

The men all noticed that Frank looked more happy than they had ever seen him since their acquaintance with him.

"No," responded Frank; "it was something more interesting than phrenology that caused me to hold that skull so long. And now, my men, as neither of you know what I am taking this journey for, I will tell you after supper is over."

Spencer had caught a fine catfish, and was baking it for supper. This was soon cooked and the supper served. The things were quickly cleared away, for Spencer was anxious for the promised confidence. The three men by this time had learned to like Frank, and would do anything in their power to help or serve him. He, in turn, had the utmost confidence in their courage and integrity, and did not hesitate to tell them of his trouble, and the purpose of this journey, and while they sat near their small camp fire that evening he told them of Pearl, of her journey across the plains, of her being taken captive by the Indians, of his determination to rescue her;

and of his great impatience to find her. He wound up by turning to Spencer, and saying:

"It was a dear little note penciled by her for me that I found upon the skull this evening, and much more interesting to me than all of the sciences put together."

When he was through explaining the object of his journey the men's eyes were glistening with unshed tears. Spencer was the first one to speak, and said:

"If I can do anything to help you when you find the Indians who have captured the lady, let me know, for I am more than anxious to help you in this."

"Thank you," responded Frank, "I feel sure of this."

Then Dick and John expressed their willingness to assist him if necessary.

"Thank you, my friends. I was sure of this, or I could not have told you what I have this evening. I have thought that perhaps you wondered at me wishing to push ahead so rapidly on Sundays, as well as every other day."

"Yes, we did wonder why; especially while we were on the prairies, where game is so abundant, and you such a good shot. But we will not wonder again, now that we know," replied Spencer.

They parted with kindly wishes for the night. The three men took turns in watching the camp and their teams, as they were picketed out upon the grass that grew upon the Platte bottom lands. This grazing, with the three feeds of grain each day kept them in fine condition for traveling. Thus far they had not seen an Indian, and of course felt quite secure. Spencer's dog, a fine Scotch shepherd, was the only dog they had brought with them. He was considered indispensable, as he would surely give warning if danger was near. This evening he seemed to be quite uneasy; so much so that the men thought it advisable to be on the look out, and considered it best to bring the mules and horses up near the wagons. They had been eating for several hours, and were not hungry. When they were brought nearer the dog seemed better satisfied. A few howls from a number of coyotes across the river was all the noise near, and this they heard nearly every night. This did not alarm them; but Pilot, the dog, began again to be full of apprehension, so Spencer, with rifle in hand, sat down in the shadow of one of the wagons, then went

to the tent for his belt and revolvers, choosing the fore part of the night for his watch. He had remarked to Frank before he retired for the night that it might be well for him to have his firearms in readiness, as Pilot acted strangely.

"I have them always ready," responded Frank; "but if you wish, I will keep guard with you, as I cannot possibly sleep before midnight."

"Then come," responded Spencer, "if you cannot sleep, for I like company; and then, we may have some shooting to do. Whatever it is that annoys Pilot is up the river."

Frank and Spencer sat in the shadow of one of the wagons. The moon, not very old, shed a subdued light over the surrounding scene, barely lighting up the wavelets of the river. They chatted in a subdued voice, and Pilot for awhile seemed satisfied. After sitting there for probably an hour the dog, that was lying near by them, raised his head and gave a deep growl. Spencer whispered: "Be quiet." One of the horses looked up the river and snorted. The two men who had retired to rest were not sleeping. Dick Kennedy was certain there was something more serious on the breeze than the coyotes howling, so he, with John Bronson, were ready, and looking up the river, too. Finally two dark objects appeared—animals they appeared to be—as they were close down to the earth. At first Dick thought they were large black wolves; but Spencer considered their movements too awkward for wolves, and watched them closely. At times they remained perfectly quiet, not making the least motion for moments. Dick said to John: "Them's Injuns sure's gun's a sneakin' up to steal our horses. I'll bet Spencer is a watchin' of 'em." "Think so," asked John. "Yes," said Dick. "Now look at 'em, a crawlin' like snakes." "I see," said John. Finally these objects became bolder and arose higher from the earth, looking much like two black bear coming toward the camp. Frank and Spencer had watched their every motion from their point of lookout, as had Dick and John from the tent. The objects had approached a few steps looking like bear, and this was too much for the ones who were watching. Spencer and Dick fired simultaneously, but both fired or aimed at the same object and it did not move again, while the other one arose to its feet and ran like a man toward the steep

bank of the river from which they had crawled; but before he reached a hiding place Frank shot, and although it was night, his aim was good, for the object fell, but evidently was not dead. Spencer hurriedly re-loaded his rifle; so did Dick, and Frank was soon ready; when a deafening yell broke out and a number of dark forms rushed up from the steep bank and were hurriedly bearing down upon the camp. Each man took aim and brought a form down to the earth. Then followed a number of shots from the dark ones. One mule and one of the horses were hit. Frank and his men continued firing at them with their revolvers. It was evident that the Indians had not calculated upon the revolvers, for now they hurriedly retreated, taking their dead and wounded with them.

Everything was quiet for awhile. The men re-loaded their rifles, Pilot still looking toward where the Indians had disappeared, growling. Farther up the river the men could discern dark objects coming out of it and slowly moving toward the opposite rolling lands lying toward the north. This was evidently a band of poor Indians who, on seeing Frank's small train, presumed they could overpower it, and at least take the mules and horses. All of these men so unused to an excitement of this kind, did not feel like sleeping during the entire night, and as Dick expressed himself:

"Ye don't know how many of 'em is camped over thar'."

They did not wish to run any risks of being surprised by trying to sleep, and glad were they when morning dawned and the sun arose without any more of the enemy putting in an appearance.

The wounds of the animals were not very serious, as they were merely flesh wounds. Frank and his party had felt secure before this with only one man at a time on guard, but now they thought it best to be more watchful, and in talking the matter over while at breakfast they determined to have two men on guard in the fore part of the night and two in the after part, so two could sleep during the day alternating while the other two drove the teams, thus keeping themselves fresh for night duty. After breakfast all went to where the Indians had crawled up from the river upon the bank. They saw dark blood stains upon the ground in many

places, but did not care to investigate farther. Spencer walked to the knoll to read the penciled note upon the buffalo skull that Pearl, in her loneliness and love, had written to Frank. Spencer looked thoughtful as he returned to the camp, came near Frank and said:

"I feel sure you will find the young lady."

On the following evening they camped with a returning train, where four men were on guard during the night. Here, feeling secure, they slept soundly until morning. They told the men of this train their last night's trouble, and on this night, too, the large train had been threatened also by Indians skulking around their camp. Dick's remarks were:

"I carkelate them Injuns er pore, an' need horses, an' more'n likely they belong to the same tribe; the uns et troubled you'ns, en them et tried to cum et over we'ns; an' I hope we're rid of 'em now."

As they sat around the camp fire one of the men belonging to the eastern bound train seemed to know much about the habits and dispositions of the different tribes of Indians, and related some horrible tales of torture that white captives had been obliged to endure.

"Which tribe do you consider the most inhuman?" asked Frank, for his heart was on the rack while the man had been talking.

"Wal, I am sure et the Sioux tribe is just about the meanest. That thar tribe is north of here; an' it ar' the devil's own. An' the Comanches, an' Apaches es just as bad, an' them is south of here; an' hit's hard choosin' atween these tribes fur downrite meanness an' cruelty. Aither one needs wipin' off'n the face of the earth, I calkelate," he responded.

"Do you know much about the Utah or Ute tribe, and how their captives were treated?" asked Frank.

"Yes, considerable, an' calkelate them's 'bout the whitest Injuns goin', unlest 'tis the Navajoes. But the Ute tribe hev tuck good keer uv white men, as they've found 'most starved; an' both uv them tribes hev sum nat'r'al feelin's," the man replied.

"Do the Utahs speak or understand the Spanish language?" asked Frank.

"Yes," responded the man; "they talk some Mexican, but that's Spanish badly mixed, I low."

Frank asked no more questions, but built up new

and strengthened old hopes of his darling's safety by hearing from this rough old mountaineer that the Utahs were merciful.

Spencer then questioned:

"Do you know of any one being captured lately by Indians?"

"Wal, yes, I do know uv one being taken; a mighty lovly gurl wus taken, I calkelate by a Ute brave. This happened when I was goin' out with Elder Kimball's train to Salt Lake City, in early summer time. She wuz hansum es a picter, long, golden hair, blue eyes an' a mouth like er rose bud. She wuz an' artis, too; an' you oughter hear her voice when she sung with ther Mormons in the evenin', hit war like a burd's voice; so clar an' sweet."

Frank pulled his hat down over his eyes. Spencer went on questioning:

"Did anyone go in pursuit?"

"No," continued the mountaineer; "fur them braves druv every blessed fine horse away; stampeded 'em. You see every swift horse wuz taken, 'cept one Tom Kimball wuz on (he's the elder's son) an' had ben up huntin' grass fur the stock, while the braves hed been up to ther devilment in camp, scarin' uv the wimmin folks an' jerkin' uv the dogs up an' a carryin' 'em by their tails, an' a doin' uv anythin' to 'tract atenshun in camp while a part uv 'em stampeded ther horses, ther fine ones, I mean. But Salem wuz their fines' horse of the hul lot, an' this un Tom wuz ridin', an' he didn't git back to camp till two hours after them Injuns had cum an' gone. O! But Tom can't never git over that girl bein' stole; fur he jist wurshiped the grown' she trod on, Tom did. I low he'd a gone alone after her, only the Injuns had the start of 'em three hours at least, an' he jist measured the length uv the Injun's horse's boun's, an' found he leap'd like a panther; then he put Salem out to try 'em, an' frum the measurin' et, the Injun's horse could out-travel Salem, hit mus' hav' bin a powerful horse that brave hed' en no mistake."

"So the young lady has not been rescued yet?" asked Spencer.

"Not's I know uv, 'nless hur frens east hev foun' her; fur Tom tuck letters right away to hev sent to 'em—tuck 'em to a fast mule train traveling east.

She is outer the Injuns' hands by this time, fur no sweeter gurl ever lived; an' Elder Kimball is a sendin' uv her trunk by this train back to 'er fre'ns east, so's she kin hev it when she gits hum."

A voice from one of the wagons called: "Watkins." The man who had been talking replied: "Yes, I'm comin." So Frank knew it must be the same Watkins that Tom Kimball had mentioned in his letter as the old plainsman and mountaineer. Frank and Spencer went together to one of their wagons, where Spencer said:

"Mr. Raymond, take heart, for I feel sure you will find the young lady safe and well."

"I do, too," responded Frank. "If I did not hope this I could not exist, or if I did, would soon become insane. As it is, my impatience to reach the tribe almost overmasters me. But we must sleep to-night; yet I will write a letter first to send by this train to my parents. One feels quite safe when surrounded by white people; and when we meet upon the plains we meet as old-time friends, there is such a mutual pleasure in meeting each other here so far from home, something like meeting a vessel while on a voyage across the ocean. "Yes," responded Spencer; and now "good night," Frank responded, and then entered his wagon to write a brief letter to his parents.

On the following morning the trains were astir early, both pulling out at the same time. Kind wishes for a safe trip were spoken by both parties as they separated that morning, the one east and the other west bound, neither knowing the fate that awaited them. Truly it required heroic hearts to brave the possible dangers that were imminent upon the dreary plains at that time. Before noon of that day they saw a number of buffalo, but these were scattered and a distance away. After dinner they were seen in greater numbers, grazing, in almost any direction they chose to look. Mid-afternoon they saw a large herd of them going down toward the river ahead of them. Spencer was walking when this herd came in sight, and Frank viewing them through the glass, when Spencer came up and asked: "Mr. Raymond, shall we have one of them?" Frank responded: "Yes; stop the teams and saddle the horses, John, while Spencer and I get our firearms ready for the big game." They killed two young, fat buffalo, and the wagons were

up to them before Spencer had selected from each animal the choicest portions; the hump, the liver, the tongue, and lastly, the finest cuts of loin and round steak. After this was done they traveled perhaps two miles farther, where they found a good camping place by the side of the river, and no place near that could favor an ambush. Here they felt secure. Frank scanned the plains both far and near to ascertain if any Indians were in view, but saw none. No disturbance occurred during that night, but at daylight Spencer saw a number coming toward their camp, and aroused the sleeping men, who were soon dressed, buckled on their belts containing their revolvers, and were out with their rifles, ready for any emergency. The horses and mules were quickly tied to the wagons. Dick and John fed them their oats. Nothing was left lying around loose, but everything fixed as snugly as possible. Whatever the Indians' intentions were in paying this early visit to their train no one but themselves knew. They appeared friendly, and begged for food, matches and tobacco. A few matches, some bread and meat left over from yesterday's cooking, was given them, but no tobacco, as only Dick Kennedy and John Bronson used tobacco, and they feared their supply would not last until they could have the opportunity of buying more. Two of the Indians were mounted upon thin, miserable looking little ponies; the others, six in number, were on foot. After they had obtained the food and matches they went around the camp and looked long and longingly at the horses, but finally rode away, crossing the river near by and going in a northwesterly direction. Spencer prepared breakfast, and while Frank and his men were eating, four more Indians rode up, all coming from the direction that the first ones came from. They also begged for food. After the food was given them they rode around the camp, seemingly inspecting everything in sight. Long they looked at the horses, and talked about them, too. This was becoming disagreeable to Frank and his party, so they hurriedly loaded their tent, bedding and cooking utensils into the wagon and started upon their journey. After they pulled out into the road they saw other Indians coming from the direction the others came, and they noticed that the last ones who had visited their camp went in the direction that the first ones had gone. Those that were coming

came in squads by threes, fours, and sometimes in sixes and sevens, and twos might be seen walking or riding alone. Yet it seemed that the plains toward the southeast were alive with Indians, squaws, pappooses, poor ponies with packs and poles and drags of one kind or another, all on the move. But Frank and his party were soon too far west to be intercepted by them, as their line of march was toward the northwest. After traveling some distance upon a high rolling swell, Frank called a halt and he, with the men, looked through the glass at the moving Indians.

Frank noticed that a number had collected around the remains of the buffalo they had killed the day before. They seemed to be appropriating all that was left of these. They viewed them awhile and then resumed their journey. Before they started, Dick remarked:

"I'm calkerlatin' that them's sum hul tribe movin, to ther summer huntin' groun', an' we'd best put as much mud 'tween them an' us es we kin in the comin' twenty-four hours."

"All right," responded Frank. "Now we will see what kind of mules we have. I already know that the horses can travel faster without hurting them."

"So kin the mules," responded Dick.

The road was smooth and they pushed ahead until noon, when they pulled in to the river side, halted and picketed the animals out upon the grass. Spencer baked bread and cooked enough food to last them until the next day for supper, as they concluded to travel awhile by moonlight and camp without any fire at night. They filled a barrel and keg with water, then laid in a supply of fuel sufficient to kindle the fire in the morning to boil their coffee. They intended to camp upon some high place near the road, and not near the river as usual, as immigrants usually do, where the Indians would reasonably expect to find them, should they follow to steal their horses, and Dick was quite sure they would do this. The afternoon was beautiful. Frank kept a good lookout in every direction as the day was drawing to a close, but there were no Indians to be seen. At 9 o'clock they halted on a long stretch of high land, from whence a view of the plains could be had for miles around. The moon was nearly obscured by gathering clouds. This suited Frank's small party, as their camp

could not be discerned any great distance away. They did not pitch their tent, for two men were to be on guard, and they kindled no tell-tale camp fire until early dawn on the following morning, when Spencer wished to prepare breakfast, and the only thing he needed the fire for was to boil coffee and broil the buffalo steaks. These were soon prepared, and their little train moving westward very early.

It was well they had taken this precaution, for as soon as daylight came Frank turned his glass towards the river to the northwest of them, and there saw at least fifty mounted Indians, who had doubtless hoped to surprise them in camp somewhere by the side of the Platte. Frank could scarcely discern them without the aid of the glass, and felt sure if they could see his little party, would not feel like riding toward it. He had the satisfaction of watching them go toward the northwest where, among the rolling lands, and perhaps by the side of some stream, their tribe was camping for the summer, to hunt and to make raids upon the few travelers whom they could easily overcome. On the following night Frank's party camped with a small train going eastward. This train had not been troubled with Indians—thus far had seen none. Frank and his party warned them to be on their guard against the tribe now evidently camping on the north side of the Platte in some hidden spot. They also told them of the precautions they had been taking to prevent a surprise from them, feeling that their strength could amount to nothing against numbers, but that their strength must rest in precaution and strategy. The eastern bound train concluded to adopt the same method in order to get through safely. In the morning they parted, with adieus and kindly wishes. Frank's teams were doing real well and the men were hopeful, so they repeated their mode of procedure, and avoid all contact with the Indians. As they camped for noon that day it was in the orchard-like place that Pearl had so much admired. They rested here fully two hours, as the grass was fine for the animals, and no signs of Indians in sight. During the afternoon of that day the clouds arose and disclosed the western horizon where to their delight they saw the Rocky Mountains. Dick had noticed them first, and pointed them out to Spencer, who was riding with him, saying:

"Them's the old Rockies at last," then halting the team, called back to Frank and John, saying: "Them's the Rockies, I calkelate." "Yes," responded Frank, as he took his glass to Dick and Spencer to view them through. He and John had already seen them through it, and satisfied themselves that they were indeed the mountains they saw, and not clouds or mirage. Dick and Spencer looked at them awhile and handed the glass back to Frank, expressing their pleasure in at least seeing them, and Frank responded:

"It is like getting the first sight of land after a long voyage at sea; and I hope to find the object of my search somewhere among these heights, so I am doubly glad that we are so near them, and that thus far we have had nothing very serious happen to us."

Dick responded: "Yes, an' I'm glad, tu, an' I'm shore we'll get there, all right."

The teams moved on and camped far from the river side. The following day they crossed the Platte and traveled directly toward a portion of the rocky range that seemed to be the nearest to them. They crossed the river at the Mormon's crossing, and were traveling the same route that they had taken when Pearl was with them in the early summer time, and finally camped upon the same ground they had camped upon when the Ute braves came and stampeded their fine horses, also captured Pearl; and here, too, they found a camp of Mormons who were upon an eastern trip for supplies, and to bring other dear ones to the home of the "Latter Day Saints," the Great Salt Lake City. Two men of this train had been in Elder Kimball's train, and by the camp fire that night indicated where the ground had been cleared for their dance, and rehearsed the account of Pearl's capture by a Ute brave. Then he pointed out the height from which she had been taken, and wound up by saying:

"O! She was the finest young lady that I ever seen, and if them Injuns hadn't taken our best horses, us young men would have went with Tom Kimball to get her, and if Tom Kimball could have been sure he wouldn't have a whole band to fight, he would have tuck Salem and rode night and day until he'd have found her, and of shot the Injun and brought the beautiful young lady back, for Tom just worshiped her, and Tom

won't never get over it, neither. He is as old as his father now, it seems; and if prayers would help anyone, the hul Mormon church has offered up enough prayers for her release from captivity to lift her up bodily and set her down in their midst. Tom and the elder never forget to mention her in their prayers, never."

Spencer asked which side of the height the young lady was on when she was captured.

"On the other side from here," he replied. "She had went to sketch the highest point among the mountains that you see fur so long a time comin' this way, so Tom said."

"And which way did the Indian's horse tracks take from here?" asked Spencer.

"Southward," replied the young Mormon.

"And which way did the Indians drive the horses?" continued Spencer.

"Southeast," responded the young man; "and they was mighty hard for Injuns to drive; they wanted to come back so bad after they had stamped them."

There were no more questions asked. Soon all retired for the night except the guards, and they took a turn or two about the camp and came back to the camp fire to warm, for the night was chilly.

Frank wrote a lengthy letter to his parents before he slept that night, telling them of camping where the Mormons had camped when Pearl was captured. He also told them of the story that had been rehearsed by their camp fire that evening, and that in the morning he would climb the height from which she had been captured. He wrote of the grand old mountains; and wrote as cheerfully as possible of his hopes of finding her somewhere among them; and it mattered not where, so she was still alive and unharmed. He did not write them in regard to their skirmish with the Indians, or of anything disagreeable thus far, but wrote them of the dear little note that Pearl had written in her loneliness and homesickness while upon her dreary trip that he had found pencilled upon a buffalo skull.

In early morning the camp was astir. Frank entrusted his letters to them to mail. The goodbyes were spoken and the eastern bound train started out early, leaving Frank and his party quite alone. Spencer prepared a fine breakfast and they enjoyed it, feeling them-

selves safe here from the intrusion of Indians, and at liberty to rest for a time at least. After breakfast Frank walked to the height near by from which Pearl had been captured, took his glass and scanned the country far and near. All that he could see in motion was the eastern bound train and a few bands of antelope some miles distant; after which he looked about to find the spot where Pearl had chosen to sketch, and determined upon it by finding by the side of a rock a small eraser. This he took, pressed it to his lips and stowed it away in his pocket book. This, or anything that told of her was precious to him. Then he went down the side of the height that he supposed she had gone down. Her tracks were not there now. Many rains had obliterated them. So he went to the foot of the eminence and looked long to the southward, where he supposed his loved one waited and wished for him to come and rescue her. Finally he returned to their camp and found his men all there, awaiting his return. To these he looked for both assistance and advice. He assured them that he wished to have everything ready to start to search for his betrothed early on the following morning, and asked Dick's advice in regard to fitting out for the trip.

"Wal," said Dick, "ye can't easily go with the wagons eny furder; do ye want to pack a mule or two? An' who of usuns will ye want'er hev ter go with ye, Mr. Raymond?"

"I think you and Spencer had better draw sticks to ascertain which one shall go with me, for only one can go, as it would not do to leave one alone here to care for the mules and keep the Indians from stealing them. I will take the horses, as the horses can carry several pounds besides their riders, I think."

Then Spencer and Dick laughingly drew sticks to see which one should accompany Frank on his southward journey. Spencer drew the longest three times in succession; so in this manner the question was settled as to who should be Frank's traveling companion. Dick looked just the least bit disappointed, but Spencer was satisfied, and so was John Bronson, for he dreaded to stay in camp unless Dick remained with him.

"Wal, now," said Dick, "you'll need a dog tent, in case of rain. This kin be made out'er our small wagon cover. We kin pack everything into the big wagon when

yer saddles er out. Then yer'll want a roll of blankets fur each one. This makes ye all right from cold or rain. Then each one uv ye kin take sum provisions. Uv course ye can shoot yer meat, yet ye'll need sum bacon an' salt an' flour an' sugar, but Spencer'll know what to take in that line." All hands set to work and the outfit was considered complete before nightfall.

Frank wrote a letter to his parents to leave with Dick, to send east by the next train, and wrote what he wished the men to do in case he did not return in three weeks' time, and that was for Dick and John to join in with some Mormon train and go east or west as best suited them. Each one should consider the team that he had been driving his own; and if Spencer left him at the fort nearest the Ute tribe he should return to Dick and John and accompany them also. The horse that Spencer rode should be his own property after they had waited three weeks for his return, for if he did not return within that space of time they might consider him destroyed by accident or killed by the Indians, and that he would never return. Frank read this aloud to the men before handing it to Dick. He noticed that they looked sad, and added cheerfully: "But I hope to return with my lady love and a military escort before the three weeks are up." Frank gave his father's address to Dick, that he might inform him by letter, if neither Spencer or himself returned. He paid Dick and John for their services thus far. This done he felt that he had made every necessary arrangement. Spencer served an excellent supper that everyone of the party enjoyed. Mountain air is a great appetizer, and they had this in its purity.

After supper Spencer baked bread and cooked other articles of food to take upon their journey. Dick insisted upon their taking oats for the horses, saying: "They can't cum down to jest grass all to onct, but must hev sum grain to taper off with."

Early the following morning Frank and Spencer started upon their southward trip. There were not many words exchanged between the men during that forenoon. Frank was busy thinking of the probability of finding Pearl, and Spencer lost in admiration of the scenery, as their route skirted along the foot of the mountains; and, too, he noticed bands of antelope; and once

in a while grouse flew up and away as they rode hurriedly by. At noon they halted for their noontide meal, near the spring where Eagle Eye and Pearl had taken their rest and lunch during the first day of her captivity. Here they remained awhile to permit their horses to rest and feed. That afternoon they rode until nearly night, when they halted by the side of the same stream that Eagle Eye and Pearl had camped near on their first night out. Here they found the little brush room that Eagle Eye had piled up to make her comfortable for the night and shelter her from the northern breeze, so they knew that someone had camped there before themselves. Frank loved to think that Pearl had been there and thinking of him, as he felt sure she did, wherever she might be; wishing and praying for him to come and rescue her, which wish he was now eagerly trying to fulfill.

The following night they reached Eagle Eye's second camping place; found where he had his campfire and saw egg shells near, so they knew some one had camped there only a short time before. It was after sunset when they halted here for the night. In the morning they were up early, in order to travel in the cool of the forenoon, as the day previous had been uncomfortably warm, during the middle of the day especially, so they had concluded to travel early and late, but rest during the hot noon-tide. While Spencer was preparing their breakfast Frank, in looking around, found the grass beneath the projecting rock that had served as bedroom for Pearl. He noticed the brush that had been set up as a screen, and in examining more closely, found the slip of paper she had written her little note upon; telling the direction they had been traveling, and that she was well treated by her captor, this with her name; and this was enough to cause Frank's heart to bound with thankfulness, hope and joy. He took it to Spencer, whom he felt sure was in sympathy with him, and read it to him. Both rejoiced over the tidings the brief note contained, as through this they were re-assured, and could go joyfully and cheerfully on; feeling more certain of their final success than ever before. Frank reverently kissed the slip of paper and placed it in an envelope to wear near his heart saying: "This is my talisman, and I will surely find my betrothed if I wear it." Spencer nodded, but did not speak, yet a suspicious moisture glistened in his

kind blue eyes. Their breakfast was over and they upon their journey while yet the morning air was cool and bracing. They did not cross the large river where Eagle Eye had crossed it with Pearl, nor did they see the place where she had been left by the bluff alone for so many hours, and where, to her young heart, the great truth had come that she had been sent away with the Mormon train to forever separate her from her lover, her promised husband. No, they rode on until they reached the highlands to the south. It was later than they had intended to travel before they reached water and grass for their horses, yet the morning and scenery had both been lovely, and they had gloried in their ride. Now they halted by the side of a cold spring of water and enjoyed their noontide lunch and rest, while their horses cropped the grass that grew luxuriantly in the little meadow watered by the spring. Frank looked around, but found no little note or sign that Pearl had been there. They rested here two hours or more, then pushed on, and camped that night by the side of a creek that had here and there, sometimes one alone, and oftener two or three, pillar-like rocks with broad cap-rocks crowning them. These singular formations greatly interested Frank and Spencer. There was grass in great abundance by this stream, and bands of antelope could be seen in almost every direction. Frank shot one while Spencer prepared supper. Many bands of antelope had circled around them during their day's ride, but nothing could tempt Frank to halt until it was necessary, and now, after the entire day's temptation to these men, who were true hunters, these antelope coming near them after they had halted for the night was more than an ordinary satisfaction, as without any hindrance they could procure all the meat they might require for a number of days, if they chose to take it with them. After supper, while Spencer was selecting the choicest portions of the antelope Frank had brought to the camp, and while the clouds were yet lighted with the last rays of the sinking sun, Frank took his glass and viewed a mountain that stood towering high above all lesser mountains near. This point stood west of their camp and seemingly independent of the main mountain range. He considered this the finest of any point that he had seen thus far, and handed the glass to Spencer that he, too, might

enjoy the scene. Frank felt that Pearl had seen and admired this, unless her mind had been filled with apprehension and dread on account of her hateful captivity. Spencer remarked, as he handed the glass back to Frank: "That is a kingly height, sure; and his crown is glittering with snow the whole year around, I suppose." "I suppose so," returned Frank. They pitched their dog tent, spread their blankets down, and with their horses near, felt that they were secure for the night, as there had been no signs of Indians that day, and had not been since they started. Pilot would give warning in time if danger were near, so they slept well all night, and early in the morning were again upon their way. There was an indistinct trail leading westward that they noticed after they had traveled a mile or more in a southern direction. This they thought advisable to take, as they wished to draw in nearer to the foot of the mountains than their present southern course would take them. This trail led them to a small tree-bordered stream that flowed westward a short distance, then lost itself in a roaring mountain torrent. The trail grew more distinct when they reached the small stream. This they followed, and as they were passing noticed the high rocks rising perpendicularly out of the earth to more than a hundred feet in height. Some of these were red, others pink, and some were nearly white. These seemed to stand as a portion of a wall around what appeared to them to be a space filled with huge, rough statuary. But they had no time to pause and investigate, so followed the trail, which led across the mountain torrent. Both noticed how grandly the snow upon the mountain point gleamed in the morning sunlight, and that their course seemed to run near the foot of the height they had so much admired the evening before. There were few words exchanged between these two travelers, as their rapid pace prevented conversation. Either of these men were sufficiently self-controled to enjoy the scenery without making comments, and did enjoy it while they hastened onward. This was a grand contrast to the wearying monotony of the plains. After crossing the stream they swept southward, down a lovely, broad valley, the mountains upon the west and the undulating foot hills upon the eastern side. At noon they halted by the side of the stream, where grass was plenty, rested an hour or two.

then again pushed ahead. They had been riding perhaps an hour when Frank saw objects upon the hillside that appeared to be sheep. He paused and looked at them through his glass, then handed it to Spencer. After he looked through it a moment he returned it, saying: "I guess Mexicans are not far away." Frank smiled and nodded his head. Again they hastened onward, for now he felt certain he would learn something more about Pearl.

Before they had traveled two miles further they saw the Mexican's adobe huts, and only a little later on they dismounted at the door of the hut that had sheltered Pearl and Eagle Eye. The woman came to the door, and Frank questioned her in regard to Pearl, describing her. The woman seemed delighted to give him every possible information. Frank spoke Spanish fluently, and the woman considered him a Castillian. She informed him that the beautiful lady had remained over night in her house, and that in the morning before starting away had given her and her children much money. She also told him that the Ute brave who had brought this beautiful lady worshipped her and considered her the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou;" that a very wise medicine man had prophesied would be brought to their tribe by Eagle Eye, and this he prophesied long ago, when Eagle Eye was a wee papoose; and that when this beautiful white squaw had been brought to their tribe no other tribe could ever overpower them, as this Daughter of Manitou was a spirit of light, and would bring great good with her to their tribe, and that after this beautiful being had learned to like his tribe and love him, Eagle Eye would marry her, as she was the only squaw that Eagle Eye could ever love, and that they would be married by a priest, as she was the Daughter of Manitou. All this Eagle Eye had told to the Mexican woman, and she in turn faithfully rehearsed it to Frank. Pearl had heard Eagle Eye telling the woman about her, but did not fully understand the entire conversation, so paid little heed to it. Frank was now more than ever sure that he would find his affianced both alive and unharmed, as she would be considered by the tribe sacred, and would guard her with their lives. He turned to Spencer and explained the conversation he had with the Mexican woman. A Mexican man came up, and Frank enquired

of him the route he must take to reach the Utah tribe. He kindly explained; and even took a stick and mapped out upon the ground the direction he should take, telling him of the streams he must cross before he turned westward, of a park he would pass through, of the high mountain range he must cross, and of a military post he would find in the valley beyond.

All this pleased Frank. He was most thankful that he could learn the right direction from this man, and after handing him a handful of coin, and as much to the Mexican woman, he and Spencer mounted their horses and were soon across the river. This was wide and deep, its course being eastward. Frank related all that had been told him in regard to the course they were to travel, and both rejoiced in their good fortune, as now they could travel without any hesitation or doubt to worry them. Frank's face fairly beamed while they hastened along. As the sun sank from sight they reached a stream where grass was plenty. They would not risk going farther that evening, for camping places did not seem to occur very frequently since they had crossed the deep river. Spencer had plenty of time to catch a few trout for their supper. Both of these men were in fine spirits this evening. The moon was past its full and shone during the latter part of the night; so they breakfasted very early, and were well upon their way before the sun arose. Through the glass they noticed a few Indians far to the eastward, but were soon out of sight of them. These Indians had evidently not noticed them. At noon they camped by the side of a large spring of ice-cold water, and here was feed for their horses. Frank swept the scene around with his glass but saw no living thing except a few antelope, and these were in the distance. After a long noontide rest they resumed their journey, and late in the afternoon reached a stream that ran eastward, and out of a pass that led into the park the Mexican had told Frank of. This stream they were to follow up through the pass into the park upon its north side. Here they were obliged to walk their horses for perhaps a mile before entering the park. This they had no more than entered before a band of black-tailed deer (a variety they had never seen before) bounded past them, and when a short distance from them, turned to have a final look before flying to the lower hills,

where they could be hidden from view. This was a great temptation to the two hunters, as here was game they had read of, but had never chased. They exchanged a few remarks in regard to them and traveled swiftly on; westward now, as this was to be their course during that day, and until they were across the range of mountains that walled this park in on the west. On, on they rode; until the sun was actually sinking beyond the mountains.

They selected a favorable spot for camping near good grass, then dismounted and picketed their horses. They had no more than did this when another band of deer came bounding by close to them, stopping only a short distance away, then turned to look at them. This was too much for Spencer. So he grasped his rifle and shot the smallest of them. The others, now fully alarmed, were out of sight in a moment. Other bands of deer were seen in the distance. Frank remarked: "This is the country for a hunter." "Yes," responded Spencer, who was busily engaged in selecting the finest portions of the venison for their use; and as he arose and looked around on every side, he finished the sentence by saying: "And a fine place for an artist, too. See the sunlight lingering upon those red points to the northeast; don't the dark evergreens contrast finely with them? That picture alone would gladden an artist's soul; and in every direction you can see something unusually grand and beautiful; and a hunter could kill more game than he would know what to do with."

There were no signs of Indians near, and the men felt secure with only Pilot to guard. Spencer always arose early; and upon the following morning was up by day-dawn. This day they must cross the mountains, an untried trip for the travelers. They were moving on their journey before the sun had gilded with its rising beams the highest mountain peaks. They had but a short distance to travel upon level or slightly undulating ground, and were soon climbing one height after another of rolling foothills; and on, up the rugged mountain's side. They could not travel out of a walk, and toward noon were glad to dismount and lead their panting horses. Slowly they climbed until the summit of the range was reached; and here they halted to rest, as there was plenty of grass and a large spring of water near by, surrounded by marsh

sustained by its abundant flow. Afternoon, in descending the mountain upon the western slope, they traveled quite rapidly, and reached the western outlet of the pass just as the sun sank from sight behind the western Sierras. Here they halted for the night. Both men and horses were tired; here they found where Eagle Eye had fixed a brush sleeping place for Pearl; and in his heart Frank thanked the Ute brave for his kindness to her. He looked to see if there was any small note left to tell him of her, but found none. Yet in its stead he found a few of her golden hairs upon the brush, left as she entered or emerged from the sleeping place. These he tenderly untangled and wound around his finger, then unwound them again and showed them to Spencer. These he placed with the note that he called his amulet or talisman: "This," he said, "will strengthen the power of the charm, so that I will surely find her."

As they were preparing their camp for the night two Mexican hunters came and brought a large mountain sheep they had killed among the mountains that ran across from east to west at the north of the park, on whose eastern side they were now climbing. These Mexicans were very proud of their game, and well they might be, for it was a huge animal. Its head and horns were immense. Frank enquired of them about the military post in the valley, and they told him that it would require a whole day's travel to reach it from this pass. The Mexicans rested for awhile and then trudged on, dividing as well as they could the weight of the sheep between them.

At supper that evening Frank talked more than usual, and planned as he talked. He was now near where he could obtain military assistance. This he proposed to do to escort him to the Ute tribe; and if necessary, have their help in rescuing Pearl. This he confided to Spencer, and added:

"I have no moral right to lead you into danger. You have friends and dear ones who will expect you home within a few weeks' time, and I think it advisable that you start back to our camp to-morrow morning, while I go on alone to the post. I am aware of your willingness to help me in this, and thank you for it; but there is no need of anyone helping me aside from Uncle Sam; and he will be obliged to not only take care of

me, but assist me. So you cannot feel worried about me in the least, and I know that Dick and John will be delighted to see you back again. The horse that you have been riding I wish you to consider your own if I do not make my appearance in camp within sixteen days from now, as that will be plenty of time for me to ransom my affianced, take her to the post and there be married, and with a military escort reach our camp. This is what I intend to do."

Spencer replied: "If you do not need me any longer, I know it would be well for me to go immediately back to our camp, for I am sure the boys are lonely even now. But, Mr. Raymond, I think you had better set the time to twenty, instead of sixteen, days; for I know there are provisions enough to last us in camp that length of time, and until we all re-cross the plains; so there is no need of limiting yourself to sixteen days."

"Very well," responded Frank, "let it be twenty days." And thus the matter was settled.

On the following morning Spencer was up early and had their breakfast prepared before sunrise. After it was disposed of they divided the articles, Spencer taking the dog-tent and other things that would be necessary for him on his trip back to their camp, and which would be only a burden to Frank. After everything was satisfactorily arranged Frank paid Spencer for his services thus far; then with kindly adieus and earnest wishes for each other's safety and success, both mounted their horses and separated, Spencer to go over the route they had already traveled and Frank to go wherever his destiny might lead him; both wondering if they would ever meet again.

CHAPTER XIII.

Frank felt lonely, and yet his courage and hope did not desert him. He had been successful in his search thus far, and he trusted that his good fortune would not fail him now, when he was within at least an hundred miles of the tribe that held his darling. He pressed his hand to his heart and smiled as he thought of the amulet, and wondered if Spencer considered him superstitious and weak. He did not reach the military post until nightfall; when he made his wishes known to the commander. There was no hesitancy in granting them. Both himself and his horse were kindly cared for, and on the following morning an escort of six soldiers, with Lieutenant Thornton and an interpreter, started with Frank toward the Utah tribe. They passed the cavern where Pearl had witnessed the terrible storm, and they saw the little wall of stones she had built around her dead. Here the little cavalcade dismounted to rest and lunch. Frank, as well as two or three of the soldiers, were attracted to the cave. They noticed the deep furrow that the lightning had plowed down the spruce tree, and wondered who had laid up the little wall of rocks. Frank went into the cavern and in looking about, to his surprise, saw a small piece of blue ribbon. This he took and slipped into the envelope that contained his amulet. He felt that Pearl had been in this cave, and looked about to see if any little note was left that might possibly tell him more of her. The ribbon was all, the tiny bit of ribbon that to him was most precious, for it told him that she had been there, and if there, she had thought of him.

As they were leaving the little glen and began to climb the rougher heights Frank noticed that there were two trails. He was thankful that their guide and interpreter knew well which one to take, for he was impatient of the least delay. This was a rough trail to travel, and the panting horses needed to rest often. They reached the summit before sunset, and the cavalcade rode down the mountain upon the western slope some distance before

they found a desirable place to camp for the night. The guide informed them that they could camp here, and reach the Ute village about noon on the following day. Here they dismounted by the side of a noisy stream and made themselves comfortable for the night. The lieutenant and his small command were happy around the campfire, telling tales and singing songs until late. Frank thought it impossible for him to sleep—he was so impatient to reach the village, where he fondly hoped to find Pearl. Before morning he did sleep long enough to dream of her. He saw her near him, smiling, but with a shade of anxiety upon her brow. She turned and pointed toward the southwest. After pointing in that direction for a few moments, she looked toward him and vanished. This dream awoke him and he could not rest, so arose and was ready for their early breakfast, and mounted, ready to start, before any other man was in his saddle. On they rode down the rough mountain pass, and at noon saw the lodges of the Ute Indians. There were many lodges. Frank longed to get one glimpse of Pearl near some of them, but he saw no women except squaws. They, with their half naked children, seemed to constitute the principal inhabitants of the village, as no men were in sight. The cavalcade rode up in front of the lodge where the interpreter told them they would find the Peace Chief——. Here they dismounted while the interpreter went into the lodge and brought the chief out. He greeted the soldiers kindly (as he seemed to know them well), then he reached his hand to Frank, saying something that was interpreted as a welcome to Frank, and to make his wishes known, Frank began by asking if there was a young white woman in their village? His heart sank when the interpreter told him that the Peace Chief said: "No, there is no white squaw here." Frank told the interpreter to describe Pearl. When he did this an indescribable expression overspread the old Peace Chief's face. He went into his lodge and brought out a roll of paper. Frank drew near him and anxiously watched to see this unrolled. This was the sketch taken by Pearl of Eagle Eye and his horse, and tied with a blue ribbon; a half braided tress of her hair that she had given with the sketch to Eagle Eye's brother, to give to his father. Frank wished to take this in his own hand. The Peace Chief told the interpreter it was

too sacred for anyone but himself to hold, as the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou" had sent it to him by his son. Frank was sick to see his darling's hair in the hands of an Indian, and himself not permitted to touch it. The palor that overspread his face alarmed the lieutenant, who stepped to his side to cheer him if possible, by a few words of encouragement. Then followed the story of the chief's brave son being struck by lightning, of this bright being building a wall of rocks around his dead body, near the mouth of the cave, then of her cutting with her own white hands spruce boughs to cover him with, so that the animals would not touch him until she could ride to the tribe and tell the braves where to find their dead comrade. The chief brought out some of these boughs. These, too, were considered sacred. The Peace Chief told about this "Sacred Daughter of Manitou" caressing and talking to his dead son's black horse, and kissing it upon its forehead, and how this horse had been killed to go with his son to the happy hunting ground, to be his horse forever; as this was too sacred for any other brave to ride. Frank told the interpreter to ask what had become of the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou," for he began to fear that she, too, had been killed to accompany the brave, and had been considered too sacred to live. His heart sank within him, for this thought overpowered him. The lieutenant stood near with encouraging words, but Frank could not stand, only as he leaned against his horse for support while the chief was talking to the interpreter. He thought that she must be dead. What had become of her if she were not? But before the interpreter could speak to Frank a Mexican man came up and asked in Spanish what the soldiers were here for? Frank heard him, and concluded to do his own talking with the man, as by this time his anxiety and impatience had become unbearable. Frank answered him in Spanish. The Mexican asked him his name, and he replied: "Frank Raymond." The Mexican asked him whom he wanted to find: Frank answered: "A white lady." "What is the lady's name?" "Pearl Barton," answered Frank, who began to delight in answering these pertinent questions, as there seemed to be something tangible in them—something to the point. This man handed him a letter directed to himself, but in an unknown hand. He tore this open and read:

"Frank Raymond—Come alone to the Lake of Spirits. There I will meet you and conduct you to Pearl Barton, who is safe in my care. The man who will hand you this letter can point out the Lake of Spirits to you, but no one will wish to accompany you, and I do not wish anyone but yourself to come. Show this letter to no one. You will find two tents pitched by the lake shore, and above each door you will see a black cross. Two horses are picketed near, a small white pony and a grey hunter. I tell you this that you may know when you find my place. I am truly your and Pearl's friend."

This was all! Frank stood speechless a moment, then turned to the lieutenant and said:

"This letter tells of my affianced, but I must go alone to find her, so there is no need of detaining you any longer."

Here he bade his escort farewell, paying each man liberally, also paid the guide and interpreter. All of them gave him their good wishes, and together rode out of the village toward the post. After they were gone he asked the Mexican if he could point out to him the Lake of Spirits that afternoon. The Mexican looked frightened, crossed himself and said: "Not to-day; but if you wish, will show you where it is to-morrow noon. Come to my lodge and stay over night with me." Frank followed him, and was treated with all due respect. The Mexican's squaw wife prepared them a good dinner and waited upon them while they ate. Frank could not induce the Mexican to say much about the Lake of Spirits; in fact every time he mentioned it the man crossed himself. Finally Frank asked him if he had ever been there. "No, no, Senor, and I never will visit it, but will show it to you to-morrow from the mountain top," he replied.

This aroused Frank's curiosity, and he asked why he would not visit the lake. The Mexican explained to Frank (but very reluctantly) in regard to a legend concerning the lake that, when related, made the strongest brave turn pale and tremble, and that this legend was more than two generations old. Then he hurriedly related some of the most terrible points of this legend, of the hunters and braves who had dared to venture near this lake being hurled into its depths by the strength of a giant goblin that had its home at the bottom of

it, or in a cave near by; and how not one of the braves and hunters ever swam ashore or came back to their tribe again. Then he told of the strange lights and noises that had been seen and heard by some who were brave enough to look into the haunted valley and listen. Again he crossed himself and said: "No, not for any money would I ever go into that valley, although it is full of game; and I fear if you go, Senor, you will never return."

Frank re-read the singular letter, and felt that he must go, as this was the last chance to find Pearl, and life would not be worth the living unless he could find her. He felt alarmingly weak and sick. Having experienced such a terrible revulsion of feeling, truly he had been living upon the hope that he would find Pearl at the Ute camp. Then the great fear that she had been killed had for a few moments overwhelmed him, and to him the trip for to-morrow was not hope-inspiring. He began to wonder if all his hopes must die, and all the fond pictures of happiness, with Pearl as his wife, would vanish like the mirage on the desert plains. These thoughts tortured him. He arose and went to see how his horse was cared for; having become restless, uneasy and almost hopeless. The story that the Mexican had related depressed and annoyed him, and in his present frame of mind, surrounded as he was, it haunted him. Truly he was in a miserable condition to undertake the trip he proposed to take on the morrow. After supper he learned from the Mexican about the brave who had tried to bring the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou" home to his tribe, of the brave's death by lightning, of the disposal of the remains of this brave, who had been called by the Great Spirit to the happy hunting ground, and of all that had been said about the beautiful white squaw, who had kissed the brave's horse upon the forehead, thus rendering it too sacred to live, but perfectly fit to follow his master, and to carry him upon his hunts in the Land of Spirits. All this, to Frank, was deeply interesting, although very depressing. He felt himself to be surrounded with an atmosphere of superstition that he could not overcome. He tried in vain to rise above this feeling and again be hopeful, by reasoning with himself that surely he would find Pearl soon. Hope would not come at his bidding, and yet he determined to per-

severe in his search for her as long as he had the strength and means to accomplish anything in that direction. He read and re-read the anonymous letter, but everything about it seemed to him vague, uncertain, mysterious and decidedly unsatisfactory. He questioned how the strange man, who knew, or pretended to know, where Pearl was, had found her, and what right had he to call himself Pearl's and his friend, and sign no name to his communication? The whole thing might prove a fraud, and if he went as directed he might be held by some unprincipled wretch from ever finding his affianced; and perhaps some band of Mexican banditti even now held her in captivity for an enormous ransom. These thoughts and questions tortured him until late in the night, and they followed on into his dream. He dreamed of the giant goblin that haunted the Lake of Spirits, and of fighting with him, and of dark men who held Pearl captive, and would not permit him to see her. Much more he dreamed, and when he awoke in the early morning his head was aching and his heart sad. He arose and walked out of the close, hot lodge into the pure morning air, hoping to feel well and natural again. The air revived him and cooled his fevered brow, but no hope of finding Pearl came to cheer him. It seemed that all true hope of finding her had died in his heart, and nothing could revive it again. He walked down to where his horse was feeding in company with the Ute's horses. The grass was scant, and the horse neighed as he approached him. His faithful horse needed grain, and he wondered if he could procure grain in the camp. Did the savages keep grain to feed to famished horses? These questions flitted through his mind while he patted his horse's head and stroked his arching neck. The Indian villagers soon awoke. He returned to the Mexican's lodge and asked the man for grain to feed his horse. He had none. The man turned to his squaw and spoke a few words, then she started away toward a large lodge, and returned with a few ears of corn. This the Mexican gave to Frank's horse.

After breakfast Frank was anxious to start upon his journey across the mountains, anxious to be moving in some direction to find his captive Pearl. He longed for the hope that had inspired him yesterday, the sweet hope that seemed an inspiration from a Divine source.

This sweet hope had vanished, and yet he must persevere or die. The Mexican brought his horse and saddled him. Frank gave the Mexican's squaw a handful of silver, mounted his horse, and he, with the Mexican afoot and in the advance, commenced ascending the high mountain that arose on the south side of the valley, in which the Indian village was always to be found in the summer time. Slowly they climbed the steep, rugged height. Soon Frank dismounted and led his tired, panting steed. It was a most disheartening, wearysome climb, and they did not reach the summit until noon. Here they could look over the valley south. The Mexican crossed himself and murmured a prayer, then pointed out to Frank the Alps-like height that arose high and grand on the north of the dell in which Pearl, that moment, was happily sketching the scenery that so beautified their summer home. After Frank assured him that he saw the height the Mexican indicated where the Lake of Spirits was by the glimmering water that looked in the distance like a spot of light. "And that is the Lake of Spirits?" asked Frank. "Si, Senor," replied the Mexican, and again crossed himself. Frank paid him in gold for his services, and bade him goodbye; for he saw that the poor man was anxious to be gone. Frank stood upon the mountain crest many moments after the Mexican had hurriedly disappeared down the mountain side. Then he took his glass and looked toward the towering height, and at the little lake that appeared to lie at its very foot. This, the Mexican had assured him, was the "Lake of Spirits."

Through his glass he could discern the two tents and the two horses that had been mentioned in the letter, and he would go to them. Down the mountain side he and his horse picked their difficult way, Frank walking in the advance and the horse, almost fearfully, following him. This was a long, difficult, almost impassible route, but the foot of the mountain was gained at last, and Frank permitted his horse to rest and feed upon the luxuriant grass that grew on the margin of a crystal stream. Here, too, Frank rested and bathed his burning brow; rested and drank of the ice-cold water; rested, and thought of Pearl, wondering if she were near by or far away. He was faint instead of hungry. It had been impossible for him to partake of the breakfast that

morning, and it was now afternoon. He thought of Aunt Hannah and of the cup of fragrant tea she would give him for the headache if he were home, and began to fear that his strength would be entirely exhausted before he could reach the tents. He saw a few berries, gathered and ate them, drank some brandy from a small flask, then mounted his horse and guided him toward the height. The scenery was grand in every direction, but now it had no charm for him. The questions were: "Will I ever find Pearl? Will I ever hear her sweet voice and see her lovely face again?" These questions he murmured to himself as he rode over the trackless valley and rolling swells toward the lake. There seemed to be only one more swell of ground before he could reach the lake. This his faithful horse climbed, and was greeted with a neigh from the horses upon the opposite side. His horse answered, and this aroused him to see that he had a stream to cross before he could reach the tents. This stream was the outlet of the lake, and he noticed that the banks of this stream were perpendicular on both sides. He rode down to the lower land and found where the banks were not so abrupt and where he could cross over to the other side; then began the climb over the rolling ground up to the lake again. Frank reached the tents, and called, receiving no response save the echos of his own voice. He dismounted, removed his saddle and picketed his horse out near the other two horses; returned to the tent, took his saddle and blankets into one of them, where a mattress was lying upon the ground, and upon this he threw himself to rest. He had noticed that the sun was sinking beyond the Alps-like heights as he raised the last hill before reaching the lake, and he wondered how long a time it would be before Pearl's and his friend would meet him here? His head was aching terribly. He again attempted to read the strange letter, but the reading made his head feel worse, so he closed his eyes and thought of Pearl, of his parents and home, of faithful old Aunt Hannah, and wished she would bring him a cup of tea. Then again of his loved one whom he could not find, who was lost to him, perhaps forever; then of the deceptive mirage upon the treeless plains; and as he thought he murmured, Pearl, Pearl; finally dropped into a restless, feverish sleep, still moaning and murmuring incoherently.

Black Wolf came every evening to water and repicket the two horses, and as he came this evening he noticed the third horse, and knew at once the man had come whom Father Francis was expecting to see, and after attending to his horses, went to the tent in which Frank was tossing and murmuring, now in absolute delirium. Black Wolf spoke to him, but he could not arouse him. He placed his hand upon Frank's brow and found it burning hot. This alarmed Black Wolf, and he hastened to bring Father Francis. When he reached the Grottoes he was at tea with Pearl. Black Wolf told his sister, Nola, to tell Father Francis that he wished to speak with him. Nola came into the grotto and delivered Black Wolf's message to the Father. He excused himself to Pearl, saying: "Black Wolf wishes to speak to me about something," and as there was nothing unusual in this, she thought nothing of it. Black Wolf hurriedly told him of the man, and of the terrible fever and delirium. Father Francis prepared himself with necessary medicines and hastened to the boat, where Black Wolf waited in readiness to row him to where Frank lay tossing and murmuring incoherently of all the troubles that had vexed his soul of late. The Father soothed him partially by administering a sedative through inhalation, as he could not be induced to swallow anything. He saw his letter lying by the side of him, and knew it was Frank. Black Wolf carried Frank's roll of blankets, his hat and other belongings to the boat and arranged a pillow out of the blankets, then returned and assisted Father Francis to carry him and place his head tenderly upon the blanket pillow. The Father sat by and guarded the patient from all danger of struggling out of the boat, while Black Wolf, with swift, even strokes, rowed them under the mountain and up to the door of the Grottoes. Tony had a warm bath prepared for the sick man, as Father Francis had directed him to have on their return, and he came out to assist in bringing him in. They bathed and clothed him in a night robe, and placed the poor, stricken man into a luxurious bed in one of the rooms, where no sunlight could disturb him during the day. The Father treated his fever with cold compresses and during the entire night watched by his side, knowing that unless his fever could be subdued by morning there was danger of protracted brain fever. Pearl did not know

that her lover had come, nor of his dangerous condition, so slept sweetly all the night, dreaming of him and home. When the breakfast was served it was for Pearl alone. This caused her to question Nola as to why Father Francis was absent, and before Nola could reply she asked if the Father was ill?

Nola replied: "No, he is not ill, but has been watching by the bed-side of a sick man all night." Pearl asked in alarm: "Why, who is sick? Is Black Wolf or Tony sick?" "No," responded Nola; "but when I return I will tell you all that Father Francis will permit me to tell you about the man." Pearl was both worried and astonished. She knew of no man in the dell except Father Francis, Black Wolf and Tony. While she was worrying and puzzling her brain about who or what man was or could be the sick one, Father Francis entered the room, and bade her eat her breakfast with him, as Nola was coming with hot coffee for both: "But, Father, who is the sick man?" "I will tell you after you have eaten your breakfast, and quit looking so pale," replied the Father kindly. "I have left him in Tony's care until we can go to him, and Tony is a good nurse. Pearl tried to be obedient, and partake of their breakfast as usual, but curiosity and anxiety prevented.

After he had finished his breakfast and she had sipped her coffee, he took her hand in his and kindly said:

"Now, my Evangeline, I hope you will prove yourself the brave, true girl that you have been right along through the trials that you have been called upon to endure of late."

Pearl's sweet face turned pale while Father Francis was talking, wondering what terrible ordeal she might be called upon to pass through, and interrupted him by exclaiming:

"O! Tell me all right now, dear Father, all, everything, and please do not keep me in suspense, for I can endure anything better than suspense!"

"Well," said Father Francis, "your Frank is sick, and lying in the dark bedroom."

"Here in the Grottoes?" asked Pearl excitedly.

"Yes, my Evangeline; and I fear that he has brain fever," responded the father.

She stood looking at him in mute wonder, while he told her of Black Wolf's finding him in one of the tents.

last evening. "That is what he wished to speak to me about when I left the supper table last evening. We brought the dear, stricken boy home, bathed him and put him in bed in the dark bedroom, where I attended him and watched by his side all night. He does not seem quite so delirious as he was when we first found him, but the fever has not abated perceptibly, and I fear he is indeed very ill. Tony is a good nurse, but he is needed in the kitchen."

"Dear Father, may I not be permitted to take care of my darling?" asked Pearl, the tears filling her lovely blue eyes.

"Certainly. You and I, my dear Evangeline, must nurse him through, must bring him back to life and happiness; for in his mutterings I have learned that he has suffered much in trying to find his Pearl."

Tears rolled down her lovely cheeks as the Father told this. She plead again to go to her lover.

"Then dry those tears, and we will go and save his precious life if it is the will of our Infinite Father."

Father Francis arose and led the way to the dark bedroom. Softly they stepped to the bed where Frank lay rolling his head from side to side, murmuring and muttering in his fever. Pearl stooped and kissed his burning brow as she changed the cold compress, and her tears started afresh. She sank into a chair, sobbing like a child.

"This will never do, my Evangeline. You must be brave and help me," said the Father kindly; "help me to save his precious life."

She arose and bathed her eyes, then returned with an expression of firm resolve upon her white face, and whispered:

"Dear Father, I am brave now. Please tell me what to do. You must sleep while I watch by him; so give me full directions what to do, and how to take care of him, and I will do it."

"Yes, I will sleep two hours, my Evangeline. And while I sleep you will apply the cold compresses often, not permitting them to grow warm upon his head. I have sent Black Wolf for snow. In two hours' time perhaps I can get him to swallow some medicine; but thus far I have not been able to give him anything."

Pearl was left alone with her loved one, and prompt-

ly she cared for him. Faithfully she changed the compresses, often manipulating his feverish brow with her soft, cool hands every time his forehead was bare. This, with her fond kisses, helped to allay the fever to some extent. Once she heard him murmur: "Pearl, my Pearl, can I ever find you?" This was the only sentence. All other murmurings were broken sentences of the plains, the Indians, and of home. Sometimes he would call, "Father," or "Aunt Hannah." If earnest prayers for his recovery could help, then Frank surely would have been well in a moment. But who shall say that her prayers did not help to soothe his fevered brain; and who shall say that the touch of her cool hands and fond kisses upon his burning brow did not help?

When Father Francis returned at the termination of the two hours he noticed a change for the better. Although slight the change, it gave him hope. He was sure that the fever was less, and that the patient breathed more natural. They sat by his bedside and watched for returning consciousness. Finally he murmured: "A cup of tea, Aunt Hannah." Pearl arose and went to the kitchen, where Uncle Tony was preparing dinner, and asked for a cup of tea for the sick man. She had seldom visited the kitchen or culinary department of the Grottoes, and was not very well acquainted with Tony, the cook. She noticed that he was looking serious and unhappy this morning, and while waiting for the tea she asked him if he was feeling ill. "No, Miss 'Vangeline; I se not sick; but I know'd dat sick young man in dar eber since he's a little boy, shuah." "How or where did you know him?" asked Pearl. "In Mas'chusets, my ole home. O, I se shuah. I se shuah dat sick man am Frank Raymond. An' he called Ant Hanner; he did, dis bery mornin' when I se in dar, and' I se spec Ant Hanner am done qaid dis many a yeah." Pearl opened her eyes in astonishment at this communication from Tony, and asked him whom he meant by Aunt Hannah. "My ole woman, my Hanner, dat I lef long yeahs ago to cum off to de Mexican wah, to cook for de officers." "Yes, Aunt Hannah is alive and well, and is cook at the Raymond mansion, and you are Uncle Washington, are you not?" asked Pearl. "Yais, I se Uncle Washington, shuah, an' Miss 'Vangeline, dus yo' 'no Ant Hanner yo'self, an' ef yo' duz, may I ax who yo' am?" interrogated Tony. "Certainly," re-

plied Pearl. "I know Aunt Hannah, and I am Pearl Barton. Aunt Hannah is sure you are dead, Uncle Washington." "Dat so?" he asked. "De bressed Lawd be prazed; I'se alibe an' well; an' Hanner am alibe an' well, an I'se mos' awful glad dis moarnin' an' Miss 'Vangeline, yo' is de little chile dat Capt'n Barton foun bobin' long on de oshun yeahs ago, shuah?" "Yes," responded Pearl.

She took the cup of tea to the patient, but he could not swallow even a teaspoonful of it. Father Francis looked serious and said: "I fear the poor boy is destined to suffer a prolonged siege of brain fever. Surely Black Wolf will soon return with the snow." "Can we do nothing to prevent this?" asked Pearl. "We will do all in our power, my Evangeline." He then went from the room and soon returned with Black Wolf, bringing a quantity of snow. This they applied to the patient's burning head, and this cooled the fever somewhat, but it seemed impossible for his consciousness to return again. Yet he slept, or appeared to sleep. The anxious watchers by his side grew more hopeful. Tony often tiptoed into the room to ask: "Am de poh boy de leas' bit bettah? Can't I do sumfin to help him?"

Day followed day until five days had passed, and yet there was no sign of returning consciousness to give the watchers hope. Father Francis' skill as a physician was taxed to the utmost. Faithfully he worked, and as anxiously prayed, to save the dear patient's life. Pearl came in to take her place by the side of his bed at midnight that Father Francis might sleep. But this he refused to do, as he knew the crisis was imminent. He took her hand saying. "My dear Evangeline, be brave, for no mortal can tell which way it will be, either life or death, the Infinite alone knows." Pearl's lips trembled. She could not speak, yet her young heart was offering up the most earnest prayer to the Infinite to spare her lover's precious life, to spare her darling. The patient was sleeping quietly, but his pulse was growing more feeble at every heart throb. Sleeping and sinking into the sleep that knows no wakening. "This will never do," whispered Father Francis. Then he arose and applied a stimulating compress across the patient's chest and around his body. This quickened the pulse slightly. Father Francis whispered: "If he could be induced

to swallow some of the venison tea and wine perhaps we might save him; but as it is he is sinking very fast." "Let us try, dear Father," responded Pearl. "Get it ready, please, while I try and arouse him." Then she stooped down to the pale face upon the pillow, pressed her pale face against his and softly said: "Dear Frank, your Pearl is here. Dear Frank, dear Frank, do 'wake for just one moment; your own Pearl is here. Don't you know that I am Pearl? My precious Frank, open your eyes, darling." The patient moved his head, but did not open his eyes. Father Francis raised his head and Pearl gave him the venison tea and wine; gave him a large spoonful of it. "Thank God, he has swallowed it," Father Francis whispered. "We will try again, dear Father," said Pearl; and she again aroused him with endearing words and caresses. Again he swallowed a spoonful of the tea and wine. In a few moments more this was repeated, and two spoonfuls given to the almost dead patient. This so accelerated the pulse that when she again attempted to arouse him he opened his eyes and looked long at her with a light of returning consciousness in them. She again gave him the tea and wine, and when his head was laid back upon the pillow, he smiled and his pale lips murmured: "Pearl, my own Pearl." "Yes, dear Frank, I am here. Live! O! live, for your own Pearl." "There," said Father Francis, "we will permit him to rest awhile now, as his pulse is stronger. And again Frank slept for half an hour, when Pearl aroused him again. This time he looked at her, and after taking several spoonfuls of the wine and tea, asked: "Am I dreaming, or is this really Pearl?" This was spoken in a feeble voice, but not in delirium, for he was fully conscious now. "You are not dreaming, dear Frank," she softly responded, "but you must sleep again." Father Francis smiled as he and Pearl exchanged glances. Their patient would live. They both smiled, while their eyes were filled with tears of thankfulness. They knew that the loved one would recover. Father Francis retired from the sick room to the kitchen to have Tony prepare some warm, nourishing soup for the patient, and when he told Tony that Frank would live the old colored man seemed wild with delight, ejaculating again and again: "Bress de Lawd; I'se glad dis mornin'; dis day am a day ob jubilee, shuah." After giving directions to Tony, Father

Francis returned to his patient, who was quietly sleeping. Pearl's face wore an expression of hopefulness and expectation that told of her great happiness in her lover's returning consciousness and recognition of herself. Tony brought the venison broth, and again she aroused Frank to take more nourishment. This time he eagerly swallowed spoonful after spoonful of the savory liquid, she feeding him while Father Francis held his head and Tony the bowl. This time he looked long at Pearl, and then at Tony, and murmured, as his head was laid back upon the pillow: "Pearl and Uncle Washington; I wonder where I am?" He looked up at the roof of the Grottoes and saw the stalactites just visible in the feeble light of the taper that burned in the room, but soon his tired eyes closed again in sleep. Tony whispered: "Bress de Lawd, he am a gwine to lib now, shuah;" his dark eyes shining with pure delight and thankfulness. This time they permitted Frank to sleep until long after daylight, when he awoke without anyone arousing him. His first words were: "Where is Pearl?" His voice was stronger now. She kissed his forehead and replied: "My darling, I am here." A light of joy and hope beamed in his fine dark eyes as he said: "Then it is not all a dream?" "No, Frank, this is no dream, for I am truly your own Pearl, and here by your side. You will soon be well again, dear Frank." "But, Pearl, dear, where are we; and how came we here?" asked Frank. "Well, darling, it would require too many words to explain everything and, as you are very weak, I will only assure you that we are among the best of friends, and now be satisfied. She gave him more nourishment. "Be satisfied, my darling, and rest, for you are very weak." She said this and pressed warm kisses upon his high, pale forehead. He tried to reach and take her hand, but his strength had not returned, so he closed his eyes, and with a sweet, contented smile upon his pale, emaciated face, again slept. Then Father Francis insisted upon Pearl leaving the room and sleeping for a few hours at least, saying: "My dear Evangeline, Frank is not likely to wake again until evening. So sleep the while, for truly the worst is over, and there is no need of your losing all your roses in keeping awake. Tony and I will care for him now. After you have had your sleep you may come in for awhile this evening. It will not be many

days now before he will be able to take his meals with us, my Evangeline." She pressed a kiss upon Frank's cheek and went to her own room. Frank's convalescence was rapid, for hope and happiness are good physicians, and these were ever present with him now. He had found Pearl well and in good hands. After all danger of a relapse was past everything was explained to him by both Pearl and Father Francis. Then Frank in turn told them of his journeyings, and of all he had heard while in the Ute village in regard to Eagle Eye and his sacred horse, the horse having been made sacred because of a kiss upon its forehead given him by the "Sacred Daughter of Manitou." Pearl mused a moment, and smilingly remarked: "As the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou,' I must be careful whom and what I kiss," adding; "the horse was a noble creature, and is better off with Eagle Eye in the Happy Hunting Ground than he would be on earth in the hands of the best brave." Frank related to them all the Mexican had told him of the legend of the "Lake of Spirits." Father Francis smiled as he replied that he had often heard of this horrible legend, and added: "I am glad that the Utes and other tribes believe it to be true, as by this means we are never troubled with them here. We can enjoy our summer home and have all the game we need. Then, too, for other reasons, I do not want the Grottoes explored, as they might be if it was not for this tradition. And I presume there was a grain of truth in regard to hunters and braves disappearing miraculously years ago, as these very Grottoes were once inhabited by a band of merciless banditti." Both Pearl and Frank looked questioningly at the Father, but said nothing in reply; who added: "I may as well tell you now, my children, as at any other time and, too, our stay here for this time must necessarily be brief, as my Mexican muleteers will return for me in ten days from to-morrow, and we must be all ready to start a day before they come." He drew close to Frank and Pearl while he related in a subdued voice the following:

"About five years ago I was called to the bedside of a dying Mexican, and in his last confession he told me of this place, and of the Grottoes, also where I could find a sunken canoe in the lake that, when raised, would be perfectly safe for me to paddle my way through the cavernous passage beneath the mountain up the stream

to the Grottoes. Then he confessed that he was the last of a large band of banditti who had concealed their illgotten gold within one of the rooms here, and that as he was surely dying, he wanted me to take possession of this; as, in my hands, he was sure the treasure would be put to good use." I, with Black Wolf, found the lake, the sunken canoe and the Grottoes; and although Black Wolf knows nothing about the great treasure secreted here, he and Tony come with me every summer, and they sacredly keep my secret as far as the Grottoes is concerned, and enjoy with me this summer retreat. Every time I leave here I take all the gold I dare to have packed upon the mules, as the muleteers must not even guess of this. I have founded two large schools, two hospitals and have built one fine church. The schools and hospitals I have endowed with sufficient funds to keep them running one hundred years. I thought to take more gold and establish another school when I started here this summer, but have changed my mind since finding my sister Evangeline's daughter, and have determined to take the gold and the gems, or as much of them as we dare to pack away from here; keep my muleteers until they pack all of this to the coast of California, where we will embark upon some vessel bound for the United States. I think we can find one that will take us around the Horn to Boston Harbor. Then, my children, this enables me to endow you with untold wealth, and I am sure that happiness will ever be yours, for where there is true love then happiness must remain."

Frank and Pearl looked their astonishment. Finally she asked:

"Dear Father, you will always live with us, will you not?"

"Yes," said Frank, "our happiness will not be complete unless you are a member of our family when we are settled."

"Yes, my children. I would not be very happy unless I could live near my Evangeline, for she is the pride of my old heart; the only one left to me; and for years I have felt myself alone in the world, and cared only to do all the good I could to those I came in contact with, who might need my assistance, and then, these schools and hospitals that I have founded with this money are for the benefit of many whom I can never see."

"Then it is settled that you will live with us, Father Francis; and leave this out-of-the-way place and unheard-of manner of living, and help us enjoy the many comforts and luxuries this immense wealth can afford us?" responded Frank.

"Yes, yes," responded Father Francis, "I will live with you and my Evangeline while life lasts."

Pearl's eyes looked the pleasure she did not try to express in words. Father Francis continued with:

"I have much more to say to you in regard to my plans. My priestly robes are revered in Mexico and among the Mexican banditti wherever they may be. That is one reason why I have became a Roman Catholic priest, as in becoming one I could do much good to many, and I understood how very sacred a priest is in the eyes of the people; that all reverence and respect and honor is paid one who wears a priestly garb; and that a priest can go unharmed where any other mortal would stand a splendid chance of being killed. Now, when we start from here I propose that we do a little harmless masquerading. I have a right to wear the priestly garb, and am known throughout Mexico, and a portion of Old Mexico, as "Father Francis," the founder of schools, hospitals and churches; and am more than ordinarily honored and revered in consequence. This harmless masquerading that I have reference to must be done by you, Frank, and by Evangeline and Nola. You are to shave and dress as a priest, while the girls will dress as Sisters of Charity; because if you dress in this manner we can go with our train of treasure through every known or unknown danger; unless we come in contact with the Indians. We need not fear anything, as among the Mexicans of every or any class we will be perfectly safe."

Frank smilingly replied: "I am willing to masquerade as a priest if you wish me to; and think there is no danger of me behaving in an unpriestly manner, and thereby exposing the fraud; and truly, I consider it a capital idea."

"O, there's no danger of you exposing the fraud," responded Father Francis, "for I will attend to whatever duties that may occur, such as marrying or christening while we are upon our journey, and your principal duty will be to take care of the sisters."

"I surely can do that," responded Frank, smiling.

"I think that Nola and I will enjoy the masquerading; but where are we to find the dresses and bonnets? I have been dependent upon Nola for a number of articles of dress since I came here, but never dreamed it possible to obtain material to make a dress out of," responded Pearl.

"Father Francis replied: "I have the fabric, and your's and Nola's nimble fingers can fashion the apparel."

Certainly, we can make things if we have the material," responded Pearl.

"And now," continued Father Francis, "I shall need your assistance, Frank, until all of the packages are made up for packing. These packs must not weigh too heavy for their size, for we must guard against all suspicion in regard to what we are having moved. The treasure must not weigh too heavy for the sized packs we have it in; and the gems must be secreted about our persons. I will trust my Evangeline to sew them into sacks to be quilted into the linings of our apparel."

"Yes, father, you may be sure I can manage the gems."

"Then, too," continued Father Francis, "for fear of shipwreck, you and Frank must be married before we start from here." Pearl blushed and looked at Frank, and he looked enquiringly at Father Francis. "Yes," he continued, "my children, it will be better so; and yet you need not consider it more than a firmer binding of your betrothal if our ocean voyage proves prosperous. But should a shipwreck occur, and you two be cast away upon some island, the situation would be embarrassing, that is if you were not married." "You are right in this, Father Francis," responded Frank; "and thoughtful, too; for no one knows what may happen; and we can consider it as you say, only a firmer binding of our betrothal until we reach home, where we will be married, and where our marriage can be recorded, too." "Yes, and I will have your marriage recorded when we reach Santa Fe, so you will be strongly united, my children," replied Father Francis. All of the plans were made, and on the morrow they would set to work, as it would require days to fix the packs for the thirty mules to pack to the coast of California, and there would be only ten days to do this in. Surely there was no time to be lost.

Frank thought of Spencer, Dick and John, now anxiously looking for him to return to their camp, as nineteen

days had already elapsed since he and Spencer parted.

As it will not be necessary to take up much space in telling of these worthy men, I will here assure the reader that they reached Missouri in safety, and that Spencer wrote a letter to Colonel Raymond, informing him of Frank's wishes concerning his teams and horse, in case he did not return to their camp at the expiration of twenty days, and that himself, with the other two men employed by Frank, had waited twenty-five days, when an east bound Mormon train coming from Salt Lake City, camped with them and that they, for safety, joined this train and had reached home without any trouble; that they feared Frank Raymond had either met with some great obstacle in the pursuit of his captive betrothed, or had been disposed of by the Indians. When the colonel and Mrs. Raymond received this letter from Spencer they were much grieved, as they had been hoping Frank would return with Pearl across the plains in his own wagon, but now this hope could not be longer entertained. Yet they could not give up the hopes of seeing their son again. Mrs. Barton often visited Raymond Park, hoping to learn some news concerning Frank and Pearl. The weary waiting and anxiety for the Raymonds, as well as for Mrs. Barton, was indeed aging them rapidly, for combined with Mrs. Barton's worry about Pearl, she did not receive any letters from her husband, and she had received only one from him since he had left home. She rode over to see Mrs. Raymond the day that the colonel received word from Spencer, and in talking the news over they unintentionally permitted her to know that Pearl had been captured by the Indians. They had not told her this before, but in their own trouble about their son they forgot their good intentions to keep this great trouble from her. This, added to her anxiety for her husband, was terrible indeed, for if Pearl had been her own daughter, she could not have loved her more truly than she did. Who can help pitying the dear ones at home, who wait and watch for the return of their absent darlings? Watch and wait! Watch and wait! Until their existence is a most wearisome burden.

On the morning following the conversation between Father Francis, Frank and Pearl, in which the father had disclosed his plans of procedure to the young folks, and after Black Wolf had started to care for the horses,

Father Francis asked Frank and Pearl to follow him. They went through the long, devious winding passage to a grotto that was low and entirely dark, and had not been able to see their way along the passage after the second turn in it without the light of a candle. They finally entered this low, dark grotto, in which there were no stalactites and the rocky walls were dark. After reaching the farther side of this room Father Francis stooped and moved a small piece of rock aside and pressed his foot upon the stone that had lain beneath it. This was easily pressed downward by the force of one foot. Then a large stone, seemingly an uneven portion of the wall, slowly slid aside (this projected beyond the main wall) and this Father Francis fastened to its position with a heavy iron bar that lay inside of a smaller room that had been opened by the rock sliding aside, as this was indeed its door. They all entered this small room. Father Francis proceeded to light a number of candles which he placed in niches made to receive them. These illuminated this hitherto dungeon-like place; after which he uncovered a large heap of diamonds, rubies and other gems. These blazed brilliantly in the candle light. This alone, he uncovered three heaps of gold; some in nuggets, some in bars, some in dust or grains, and then a large quantity of coin of different denominations. Father Francis did not speak for a moment. Frank and Pearl were dumb with wonder and astonishment. Finally the Father said:

"My children, millions and millions of dollars worth of gold and precious stones lie here beneath our view; and we want to take all, or as much of it as we possibly can, on this next trip; since, after this, our home will be so far away it will not be easy for us to ever return; and in all probability we never will return again. I have never disturbed the gems or nuggets or bars heretofore, as there has been plenty of coin thus far for my use; but now we will take all of the coin that is left, the precious gems and perhaps some of the bars; although we must be careful to not excite the least suspicion in regard to what we are carrying. My muleteers are trustworthy when working for the church, and too superstitious to be curious; but at heart every man of them is a thief and a murderer. I know, for I have been at the death bed of too many of them not to know."

He then filled a small sack full of the diamonds and rubies and handed it to Pearl, who by this time had overcome her wonder enough to speak: "Well, dear Father, the day I first came to the Grottoes I considered you a modern Aladdin, and now I am sure of it. Is he not, Frank?" she asked, turning to him. "Truly this looks like it," responded Frank. Father Francis then handed Frank two sacks to fill with coin, and filled two for himself. This proved quite enough for their strength. Then they passed out of the room into the passage and on until they came to the door of a room that Father Francis called his laboratory. This they entered, deposited the coin and gems upon a table and returned for more gold and gems. They made three trips to and from the dark room that held the treasures. After filling their sacks upon the third trip Father Francis extinguished the candles that were in the niches and closed the door leading to the treasure room. They then went to the laboratory and remained there some time. Here in a deep chest Father Francis found the black fabric to make the dresses out of for the sisters to wear. Then he found three priestly suits. One was large enough for Frank to wear; the other two were too small. Father Francis held the largest suit up, saying: "I think this will fit you, Frank." "Yes, that will fit me," he responded, and smilingly continued: "I hope that I will not in any way disgrace this attire while wearing it." "No danger," responded Father Francis, "and now we will return to the outer world, for dinner must be ready by this time. My Evangeline, you will take the black goods, and after dinner measure yourself and Nola for your masquerade dresses, and set Nola sewing, for she is a very rapid seamstress. You, my dear, can tell her what to do, and trust her to follow your directions; as it will require much of your time between now and the time we start to get the gems all ready for transportation; but I trust you can manage that part of the treasure, as there are millions or more dollars' worth of gems, and we must take the finest of these." "Yes, father, trust me to attend to this part of the wealth. I have all of my plans made in regard to them already, and when I explain to you how I will fix them you will be satisfied that I can take care of them," responded Pearl. Father Francis continued: "I have never tried to estimate the worth of the

wealth stored in that little dungeon. I do not know how deep that pile of nuggets reaches down into the rock vault they are in, nor the depth of the pile of gold dust I uncovered this morning. I have no more than looked at these as we have this morning, and as for the bars of gold, we can hardly diminish the size of that pile this time of taking away so that one can notice it is any smaller. Then there is another deposit of pure scale gold that I did not uncover this morning. I often wonder if the outlaws who stored this here did not find where Montezuma had hidden his treasure, and transferred it to this place. It is a mystery to me where they found so much gold. But we can take only a small portion of it, and that will be more than you can ever use. The balance must remain here, perhaps forever, or until we can come for it without the least fear of danger."

After this conversation they went to Pearl's grotto, where Nola brought them the dinner. The afternoon was employed by Father Francis and Frank in sacking and arranging the gold for their packs; while Pearl cut out the black dresses for Nola to make. Both girls enjoyed the idea of masquerading as Sisters of Charity. Nola's nimble fingers were soon busy in making them. From this day until one day before Father Francis expected the muleteers to come with their pack train, they were all very busy. Only a few hours each evening Frank and Pearl enjoyed walking and viewing the beautiful scenery in this gem like mountain dell. The cascade was an everyday delight to them. Their time in the morning was employed in carrying the treasure from the dungeon to the laboratory and sacking it, then for awhile each afternoon the Father and Frank worked in arranging and weighing the packs. Thirty stout mules were to carry the treasure, and they had every pack ready two days before the muleteers were expected to arrive. The following day, in the morning, Father Francis solemnized Frank's and Pearl's marriage, with only Nola for witness. A certificate of the marriage was handed to Pearl by Father Francis, and his blessings were given to both. Nola was given to understand that this marriage was considered only as a firmer betrothal. Pearl assured her that she should attend their real wedding after they reached their home in Massachusetts, where everything would be arranged perfectly splendid, and

that she, Nola, should be dressed in silk and have the most beautiful jewelry. This pleased Nola. She loved Pearl, and longed to see her eastern home. Everything at the Grottoes were made ready during the afternoon to be taken out to the tents on the following day, and Black Wolf commenced early in the morning taking the packs to the tents out by the lake side. The moving was through with before noon of that day. They took their noonday meal in the Grottoes, and were ready for Black Wolf to row them through the cavernous outlet to the lake beyond. Frank and Pearl did not leave the dell until Black Wolf came to the Grottoes for the last load. They bade the cascade goodbye and other scenes of interest and beauty were then visited by them for the last time. Black Wolf came, and after they reached the tents he sank the boat near the entrance to the cave. Everything was then ready for the muleteers. The next thing to be done was to don their masquerade suits. Father Francis and Frank retired to their tent while the two girls entered theirs. Frank shaved his black silken beard off smoothly, then dressed himself in the priestly garb. The girls were soon dressed in their black suits and black bonnets. Pearl and Nola were dressed and out before Frank was ready to appear. Black Wolf and Tony had been informed through Nola of the intended masquerading under the church disguise. They could keep a secret well, and Father Francis felt no hesitancy in trusting them with this. He explained to them that he thought they could travel with less danger of being molested, but the secret of the treasure they were moving was known only to the three, Father Francis, Pearl and Frank.

Finally Father Francis and Frank emerged from their tent. The father introduced Frank as Father Raymond to Tony and Black Wolf, also to Pearl and Nola, and in turn he introduced Pearl as Sister Evangeline and Nola as Sister Martha, this being truly Nola's baptismal name. A twinkle of mirth beamed in Pearl's blue eyes as Frank made his beardless, sanctimonious appearance. Yet each played his or her part admirably. Uncle Tony's face broadened into a comical smile; but aside from this no one could guess his opinion of Frank's appearance. Black Wolf took their changed appearance as he did everything else—quietly and unconcernedly—and as he was arranging his hooks and lines previous to the intro-

duction, he went immediately afterward to catch trout for supper. Uncle Tony was preparing a bountiful repast, for they expected the mule train to come in sight any moment. Frank asked of the father from what direction he expected the train to come? He told them. Then Frank and Pearl went out to the horses, Pearl to pet her Lady Blanche for awhile and afterwards to look through the glass toward the point they expected the mules to appear. Frank tried his glass, but saw no moving object in that direction. He also took Pearl's glass. Then tested them to ascertain which had the finest magnifying lenses. He again turned the glass toward the point where they expected to see the train, and saw a few deer. These were the only moving objects in view; and after turning the glass toward the mountain that he had climbed over to reach the Lake of Spirits, told Pearl of all the doubts that had tortured him that day. He again looked for the train and saw it coming down the mountain side. He went to where Father Francis was sitting near his tent and told him where he had seen the train. He took the glass and looked through it a moment and remarked: "They will not reach here before dark, for it will require three hours' time for them to reach here from that point. Tony, serve our supper as soon as it is convenient for you to do so, for it will be after dark before the muleteers will be here." "Yais, sah, I'se hab it ready soon's dese trout am done," responded Tony. The members of the little camp were through their supper before they came; and when they did come the noise of the mules braying, and all the confusion attendant upon a large camp of men and animals was such a contrast to their late style of living that it seemed almost annoying. Yet these were the noises they must become accustomed to on their long march to the coast of California. Pearl and Nola listened to the greetings between the muleteers and Father Francis, and heard the father introducing Father Raymond to them and explaining that he would travel in company with their train. Then they heard the Mexicans' rehearsal of some terrible encounter with the Comanches and Apaches by an Americano train coming from the east upon the Santa Fe trail. Pearl was indeed tired with the day's work of assisting in the move from the Grottoes, and fell asleep before the men were through talking, or

even through their supper. Nola also was tired and both slept sweetly until the noise of the muleteers attending to their stock in the early morning awoke them. They arose and were ready for the early breakfast. Both smiled as they dressed themselves in their black robes, for they enjoyed the masquerading immensely.

CHAPTER XIV.

Father Francis and Frank went out to watch the men pack their mules. Pack after pack was adjusted and they could not detect a single look of inquiry or curiosity upon the swarthy faces. Father Francis heaved a sigh of relief when every mule was packed ready to go, and as he and Frank withdrew a short distance from the train the father said: "One day out and they will not think whether the packs are too heavy for their size or not. I think we will get along smoothly; but, my son, have your revolvers ready (concealed of course), for we may run afowl of a few Apaches as we go out from here. Evangeline and Nola are armed, and will use their revolvers if necessary; then I can trust Tony and Black Wolf."

The muleteers had brought a horse for Father Francis, also a pony for Nola. Uncle Tony preferred to ride a mule. Black Wolf's horse was the one that had remained there during their stay at the Grottoes. Black Wolf brought the ponies and Frank lifted the girls upon them. Soon all were mounted and the cavalcade moved forward, Black Wolf and Tony taking the lead, while Father Francis and Frank and the girls rode in the rear. The morning's sun was brightly gilding with its early beams the top of the Alps-like height that towers high above the mountain dell on the north. Frank and Pearl turned to take a farewell view of this grand height and the scenery that surrounds it—a last look at the scenery near which they had found each other after their adventurous and distressing separation. Then they spoke of the length of time it seemed since he bade her goodbye when he started away to England, and it seemed to them that they had lived years instead of months since that eventful day, and they concluded it was events instead of days that made up the length of their lives. The train moved steadily onward until noon, then halted by a broad, quiet river, and when they camped at night it was upon a plateau high upon the mountain by the side of a noisy torrent. All went well with the train, and the next night they camped early not far from the cave where Pearl had witnessed the terrific thunder storm the night

that Eagle Eye had been struck dead at the foot of the tall fir tree. Here they kindled a camp fire on the very spot they had the fire the night that Pearl first appeared to Father Francis.

Frank and Pearl walked to the cave with Father Francis and examined the deep furrow ploughed down the side of the spruce tree by the lightning stroke that had killed Eagle Eye. Frank looked at Pearl, his eyes half blinded with tears, and asked: "How did you live it through, my darling? How lonely and helpless you must have felt when you found that the brave was dead, and only the horse to speak to in your loneliness, and the remains of your captor to be cared for before you could think of leaving and going to his tribe." He turned to Father Francis and added: "We have heroes and heroines in humble life that exceeds by far in absolute courage many who through excitement and the clangor of arms make a name upon the battle field as conquering heroes." "Yes," responded Father Francis, "and the dear child came so quietly to my camp fire, all unnoticed by any of us until she stood in the glare of its light, looking more like an angel from heaven than like a human being. I thought surely she was my sainted sister's spirit that had come to either chide or guide me, for I had of late seen her often in my dreams, and she had seemed to be anxious I should take this journey to the Grottoes. I had thought of not coming this year, but in my dreams she had urged me to come and truly I came in time, not one day too late. I can never forget that evening, nor the way Evangeline looked, nor how glad my old heart was to find my sister's child; neither can I tell anyone how thankful I have been ever since. She is the pride of my heart and the light of my life. Often when I think of all the dear girl has passed through I believe that the Ute medicine man was in one sense a true prophet, especially when he called her a 'Spirit of Light,' and the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou.' What other daughter could have endured and passed through scathless all that she has endured and experienced?"

"True," responded Frank. "It does seem that she has been Divinely guarded and guided through it all."

Pearl had been exploring the cave farther than ever before while the men were talking, and came out with a few white pebbles as souvenirs of the place. She cut a little spray from the spruce tree. These she put into the convenient satchel that she ever carried with her while traveling—the one that Kate Harrington had given her. Father Francis pointed out the spot to Frank where Eagle Eye's horse stood, with his dead master bound upon his back, when Pearl bade the noble creature goodbye, and sealed his fate with a kiss upon his forehead, rendering him too sacred to live on this side of the braves' Happy Hunting Ground.

The three stood by the mouth of the cave and chatted until the sinking sun brightly lighted only the crests

of the mountain range they had recently passed with its parting rays. Then they turned their steps toward their camp. Supper was ready. The men were chatting merrily. Father Francis noticed this as they approached the camp. These Mexicans seemed to be so perfectly care free he feared their camp would not be properly guarded. The father asked them how many guards they would have on duty during the night. "Four before midnight and four afterwards," the leader replied. Father Francis instructed Black Wolf to be on guard also during the early part of the night, then turned to Frank and explained: "The Apaches, if on the war path (as is reported), are just as likely to be here as anywhere else; and if they attempt an attack it will probably be during the early hours of the night, and that Black Wolf knew their owl and coyote calls sufficiently well to give the camp warning in time.

After supper Frank and Pearl wrote their letters, to be mailed on the morrow at the military post. Frank wrote first a long explanatory letter to his parents, then a brief one to the lieutenant who had headed his military escort to the Utah village. In this he assured the lieutenant of his success in finding his affianced both well and in the care of a near relative. Frank's letter to his parents, and Pearl's to her Aunt Milley, never reached their destination. Hostile Indians prevented this. No harm came to the train during the night, and they halted at noon not far from the military post, upon the western margin of the river that flows from north to south down the valley. The post was situated upon the eastern side of the stream and near the range of mountains that wall this valley in on the east. Frank did not wish to be seen in his present masquerading costume at the post, hence Father Francis sent Black Wolf with the letters, also to gain the latest news in regard to the movements of the Apaches and Comanches. When he returned he informed the father that the last Indian raid they had heard of at the post had been perpetrated upon a train of Santa Fe traders, only about fifty miles out from Santa Fe, and this had occurred nearly a week ago. These tidings were the same that the muleteers had brought when they came. The father felt less apprehensive of an attack from them, hoping that they had returned to their mountain retreat. Their afternoon march was in a southern direction. Sage brush and cactus abounded on all sides, and with this the Spanish bayonet, yet this valley is broad and beautiful. Wherever the bottom lands are low by the side of the river they saw acres of fine grass, showing that by proper irrigation the entire valley could be made to produce all kinds of grains and vegetables, as well as fruits; but out from the lowlands vegetation was scant aside from the sage brush, cactus and Spanish bayonet. Pearl and Frank were particularly interested in viewing a high pinnacle mountain that rose abrupt and alone, a kingly

height above the valley around, picturesque, grand and commanding. This they slowly approached and passed, then pitched their camp upon the banks of a stream that ran near the foot of it, and with their glasses enjoyed the sunset glow upon its lofty crest and the dark shadows that filled its ravines and canons deep when the sunlight ceased to linger upon it.

From this camp they saw a few adobe huts and a small flock of sheep, attended by wolfish-looking dogs, apparently their only shepherds. Double guards were placed around the camp that night, with Black Wolf as extra until midnight. Father Francis was not at ease in regard to the Apaches, especially as he knew too well they had a fashion of appearing in sight almost instantaneously, and often overcame large trains by surprising them, thereby throwing them into confusion. He explained to Frank this particular characteristic of the Apaches, their sudden appearance, seemingly as though they arose out of the earth, and their sudden onslaughts that they made upon the defenseless trains or travelers, frightening them with their terrific yelling and rapid firing; and of the Comanches appearing suddenly and circling around the victims, firing and yelling until the surprised ones were bewildered and overpowered, adding: "So you see why I am ever anxious for our entire train to be on the alert. Of course we see no objects near that would be sufficient to shelter an ambuscade, but they know how to hide behind the cactus and sage brush, and by their calls be ready for instantaneous and unanimous action. So, my son, we will be ready at a moment's warning if they do come, and Black Wolf will not wait a moment after he hears their signal before telling me. I can depend on him." No harm came to the train that night, and in the early morning they took up their southern march. Frank had his glass ready to examine every moving object in the distance or nearby. Pearl handed her glass to Father Francis, who had it ever ready for instantaneous use. They traveled all the forenoon without any object appearing in view that might in the least alarm them. They met a company of Mexicans with small donkeys packed, perhaps with wool, for the little creatures were nearly hidden by their enormous packs. When this comical train first appeared in sight neither Father Francis or Frank could determine what it was. As they approached the mule train and passed it the overburdened little quadrupeds made a detour that insured the safety of their packs. The creatures seemed to know that they required plenty of road room. The muleteers asked the Mexicans who were in charge of the donkey train in regard to the Apaches. They answered that the Indians had been seen in small parties north of Santa Fe, but had made no raid since their attack upon the Santa Fe traders. Soon after passing the donkey train they came to a few adobe huts, where a lean hog was chained out in front of the door of one of the huts. This

poor, half starved creature pulled unceasingly upon his chain, complaining constantly in a half squeal and dissatisfied grunts. A few disconsolate donkeys stood dozing near by, and in the door of one of these huts stood a half dressed woman with a ragged rebosa over her head and two nearly naked children by her side. The woman looked long at the train of mules, but in particular her attention seemed attracted to the priests and Sisters of Charity who were riding in the rear. At noon the train halted by the side of a small stream perhaps a mile from the adobe huts, and while Father Francis, Frank and Pearl were enjoying their noonday meal they saw an object coming toward them, and recognized one of the dozing donkeys they had lately passed coming toward them carrying upon his back a man who had a bundle in his arms. The man had kicked the little brute into a short, stiff-legged lope, and in this gait it came to the camp, where he discontinued his kicking. The donkey stood still and the man dismounted, bringing the bundle to Father Francis. Much to Pearl's and Frank's astonishment the bundle proved to be a small infant. The man made known to the Father that he wanted his babe sprinkled and christened. Father Francis seemed to take the whole affair as a matter of course, and proceeded to sprinkle this mite of humanity, and in accordance with the man's instructions, endowed it with a name long enough to have smothered it entirely out of existance, could names do this. Then the father put a small pinch of salt upon the little one's tongue. This the poor little creature resented with a lusty yell, and although it cried without ceasing, the man appeared to be perfectly delighted, and after kneeling and kissing the hem of the father's robe, took the child and remounted the donkey, again kicking the creature into a little, spiteful, reluctant lope, started back toward the adobe huts. Father Francis turned to Frank and Pearl and explained that the Mexican woman had noticed their robes as they passed the huts, and as soon as the father of the day old infant came home, had told him of the priests passing by. He hurried with the little one rolled up in a fragment of an old blanket to overtake them and have it christened, as there were no priests nearer than Santa Fe, and according to the laws of the church, a babe must be christened before it is nine days old. So this had saved the father and child the long trip to Santa Fe, long for the infant, as it was too young to be taken so far without its natural nourishment. Frank smiled and remarked: "The little fellow did not seem to relish the salt." "No, they never do," responded Father Francis. They finished their dinner, and soon the cavalcade was again moving. During the afternoon the field glasses were often used by both the father and Frank. Toward evening they noticed dark objects among the sage brush and cactus. These objects were moving, and seemed to wish to avoid being seen. Frank noticed them first, and

called the father's attention to them. He looked at them for a moment, and said: "Those are Indians, and our road leads in that direction. There may be many, and there may be only a few of them." Black Wolf's quick, keen sight had detected the objects in the distance, and he rode back to Father Francis to tell him what he had seen. Frank handed him his glass and Black Wolf, after looking at the objects through it for awhile, said: "They see us, and are trying to hide until we come up. They are Apaches."

A halt was called, and they concluded to camp, as they were near a stream where the grass grew plentiful upon its lowlands and, too, the sage brush and cactus near this spot were very low and would furnish but poor shelter for any object and would afford a miserable ambush for the Indians, should they approach to attack their train. The sun was two hours high when they pitched their camp and commenced preparing for an attack at night. The mules and horses were picketed out upon the grass so that they should have plenty to eat before night fell. The packs were heaped up on either side of the door of the girls' tent, and in pitching the tents they had turned the doors toward the sage brush, and the backs of them toward the stream. The packs made quite a wall of defense for their tent. Pearl and Nola were determined to help defend themselves, for well they knew that to be taken by an Apache would be worse by far than death, and they proposed to sell their young lives as dearly as possible, rather than to live a captive in their hands. The mules and horses were brought near the tents as soon as the twilight shadows began to fall and the campfires extinguished. After this was done, and as the twilight deepened into night, Frank entered the tent where Pearl and Nola sat waiting. He spoke encouragingly to the girls, and told them to be sure and shoot if the enemy came near, adding: "They are blood-thirsty wretches I hear, and it will never do to permit them to come into our camp if we can possibly prevent it. My darling Pearl I wish we were safely back home, out of all danger." He clasped her to his breast and kissed her, then went to Father Francis, who was consulting with Black Wolf in the other tent. Soon the hoot of an owl was heard in the distance, and Black Wolf left the tent to tell the muleteers that the signal calls of the Apaches had commenced. After the hoot there was silence for several minutes, then the smothered howl of a coyote was wafted to the listeners' ears; again the hoot of an owl was heard from the direction they had seen the dark objects in the distance before they camped, and this noise seemed quite near. Again they heard the coyote, but nearer than before, and instead of a howl it was a bark. The coyote's signal came from the southwest and the owl signals were from the southeast, so there were two bands signalling to surprise the camp simultaneously.

Father Francis, in a low voice, remarked that the owls hooting was not very well done and, too, he added; owls seldom hoot except just before a rain or in cloudy weather; but let us pay close attention, for the moon is rising, and they will not wait a great while now before making the attack. They doubtless think we are in our first sleep, and will be easily overcome. Frank noticed a moving form near a sage brush a short distance away. Black Wolf, from his position near the horses, also saw this, and those who were watching (and that was everyone in the camp) saw a dark object crawling from one bunch of sage brush to another, then another dark form. The camp was as quiet as though all were sleeping. The dark objects grew bolder and stood upright; one, two, three, yes a dozen, and more coming stealthily nearer and nearer. "When shall we shoot?" asked Frank of Father Francis. "Black Wolf will give the signal by firing his rifle first. He will know when it is best to open fire upon them. We intend to make a clean sweep when we commence, for if we do not our train will be in danger every night until we get beyond the raiding ground, and that is no one knows how many hundred miles in extent." Now another owl hoot sounded away in the dim distance, when every dark form dropped to the earth and lay perfectly still. Next arose upon the air a prolonged coyote howl. Other forms came in view. Then all the forms arose, and with one accord moved toward the silent camp. They were quite near when Black Wolf gave the signal for all to fire by discharging his own rifle. Every muleteer and Uncle Tony fired. Father Francis and Frank took good aim and fired. Pearl and Nola the same. Many dark forms fell to rise no more. And while the rifles of the campers were by the Indians supposed to be empty, a deafening yell arose from the throats of the remaining Apaches as they bore down toward the camp to kill their now (supposed to be) helpless victims. Some of the Apaches had firearms, but the most of them had only bows and arrows. Their rifles were discharged toward the camp and the arrows flew thick and fast for a moment. They had not reckoned upon the twelve shots that each man could give them from their revolvers, and were surprised as their comrades fell on every side. Seeing their hopeless condition, the few of the Apaches that were left sent another lot of arrows toward the camp, then started to run away in the darkness. Then Black Wolf and the muleteers followed, and with fiendish yells that fully equaled those of the Apaches a few moments before, discharged every load left in their revolvers as nearly into their fleeing enemies as the uncertain light of the moon would permit, and all or nearly all of the retreating foe were either wounded or killed.

Black Wolf came to Father Francis and assured him that all of the Apaches were either killed or mortally wounded. "Perhaps so," responded the father; "but it

may be well to wait awhile and watch, as we cannot determine until daylight. You know that more may come even if the first ones to attack are all killed. Tell the men to reload their rifles. You may bring their revolvers in here, where we can reload them by the candle-light." Frank was anxious to see if any harm had befallen Pearl, and to get the girls' revolvers to reload if necessary. As he entered their tent he found them crouched down near the door where the packs would shelter them from the fire of the Apaches. He spoke before entering the door, asking them if they were still unharmed. "Yes," responded Pearl, "and is there any danger of the Apaches coming again?" "We think not; at least Black Wolf thinks that the entire band is killed or wounded." responded Frank. Pearl's voice trembled as she told him of the bullets passing through their tent near her's and Nola's heads, and that she and Nola fired only twice; that they were saving their loads until the Apaches came very near to them. He stooped and kissed her, then returned to Father Francis, whom he found bandaging a muleteer's arm, that had received a pretty severe bullet wound. After the revolvers were all reloaded and distributed among the muleteers Black Wolf went on guard again. Every man in camp was on the alert for hours, but there were no more signal hoots or howls, and all the remainder of the night no unusual sounds or signals were to be heard. Everything was as quiet as though nothing had occurred to disturb the serenity of the night or make them tremble with fear. After Father Francis had bandaged the muleteer's arm he asked Frank how the girls were, and if they had been very much frightened during the firing? Frank replied: "I do not know how Nola feels, but I do know that Pearl is terrified, and I think that we had best go in and chat with them awhile, if there is no present need of watching." "Yes, we will go," responded the father; "and I will take the wine, for I fancy how my darling Evangeline is looking, not a tint of color in her cheeks." They went, and found the girls close together and still behind the packs. Pearl looked up and smiled as they entered with the light; smiled, and yet her face was deathly pale. Father Francis poured her a glass of wine and a glass also for Nola, who looked terrified. "My Evangeline," he said, "do not look so frightened; the worst is over. Black Wolf thinks they are all killed." "Yes," she responded, "and possibly I killed one of them. The very thought of this almost overcomes me. Then, how near Nola and I came being killed. Look, father, and see where the bullets came through our tent." He examined, and found two bullet holes made by the same bullet where it came through the canvas and went through upon the other side, and found an arrow that had passed through and caught in the canvas upon the other side. Frank was holding Pearl's hand, and neither uttered a word while the father was

examining the places where the bullet and arrow had passed through. Frank thought what a terrible fright and danger his darling had been subjected to, and was thankful she had escaped unharmed. Words could not express his feelings. He caught her up and held her closely pressed to his heart, and while pressing kiss after kiss upon her face, murmured: "My darling, O, my darling, thank God you are yet safe." Father Francis' kind blue eyes filled with tears as he echoed Frank's words: "Thank God you are yet safe, my Evangeline, and we will take care that you remain so; and, my precious child, it will be best I think for you and Nola to retire to rest. Frank and I will keep guard. Make your bed up near to where the packs will shield you from any shot."

They had bade her a tender goodnight, and went to ascertain if there had been any more signals heard by Black Wolf. None were heard, and the guards were divided for the rest of the night, as there seemed to be no farther danger. Black Wolf chose to remain on guard during the entire night. Father Francis and Frank took turns watching and guarding the girls, as well as their own tent. The mules and horses were again picketed out upon the grass at early day-dawn. After this Father Francis directed the muleteers to dig a hole large enough to receive the remains of the dead Apaches lying near their camp. The Mexicans wished to scalp their enemies and leave them upon the ground where they had fallen, but the father's word was law unto them; and they soon dug a hole sufficiently large and deep wherein they buried them out of sight. After the bodies that had been in sight of their camp were buried, Frank and Black Wolf, armed with their revolvers, went out on a search among the sage brush and found two others who had either crawled away there to die, or had fallen while trying to escape. These they did not bury. Frank returned to the camp, but Black Wolf searched farther and did not return for some time. At the camp was heard two or three reports from his revolver. Whatever he shot at no one ever knew except Father Francis. Black Wolf came to him on his return and spoke with him a moment, and the reply from Father Francis was: "It is more merciful to put them out of their misery than to leave them." Eighteen Apaches fell near the camp that were buried, and two more were found by Frank and Black Wolf. Frank had calculated when the Indians made their rush toward the camp there were at least twenty-five of them; quite enough, if successful, to strike terror to the hearts of not only the scant inhabitants of that part of the country, but to every moving train. So the great hope of our travelers was that all had been disposed of. Uncle Tony surpassed himself in getting up a most bountiful and delicious breakfast, and was often heard to say to himself: "Bress de Lawd, I'se mighty glad I'se alive dis mornin', shuah; an' kin go on to see my ole woman. My! Won't she be mighty

glad to see ole Was'in'ton agin? Yais, she will. Yais she will be mighty glad, shuah." His black face broadened into one continuous smile while cooking their breakfast that morning. Pearl and Nola were up and out of their tent early. They noticed the freshly made mound, and were glad no worse sight greeted their eyes. Frank came up to Pearl with a glad light in his dark eyes and said: "Dear Pearl, this is another danger escaped, or out-lived, and I hope we will not have another brush with the Indians before we reach Santa Fe. Father Francis thinks there will be no more danger of an attack from them after we reach that place, as from thence our route will be through a thickly settled portion of Mexico." Pearl's face was very white, yet a hopeful light beamed from her eyes as she replied: "Truly, dear Frank, it seems to me that it will be a great relief when we are off land and upon the great, broad ocean. These Indian ambuscades and brushes (as you call them) are most terrifying, and a storm at sea would be nothing in comparison to these for absolute horror. One may think themselves courageous, and plan what they will do in case of an attack, but when the bullets and arrows come whistling near and the deafening war yells make you tremble, all one's courage and plans vanish; and terror, grim terror, fills one's heart." "I, too, will certainly be glad when this march is ended and we are safe at home, at the dear old home again," responded Frank. "Where is Father Francis?" asked Pearl. "He is dressing a muleteer's arm," responded Nola. "Yes," said Frank, "one of the men was pretty badly hurt in the melee last night, but no bones are broken." "And is it not a great wonder that some of us were not killed?" asked Pearl. By this time Father Francis came and greeted her cheerily. In looking at her closely he noticed her extreme palor, and remarked to Frank: "We must hasten out of this dangerous country as soon as possible, for our darling cannot endure many more such encounters without losing her roses entirely. These sudden terrors, if frequently repeated, have a tendency to affect the action of the heart permanently; and my Evangeline has had enough terror crowded into her young life during the last few months to kill any ordinary woman." "O," returned Pearl, "am I such a coward? Yet I guess I would have very little courage when it came to a hand to hand conflict with an Indian. The thought of last night's trouble produces downright nausea." Breakfast was brought to the tent as usual. The father insisted upon Frank and Pearl taking a glass of wine before attempting to eat, and took a glass himself, saying: "We must treat ourselves well if we calculate to get through this journey unharmed." "Yes, and we must get through safely," responded Frank. "We will get through safe and sound, too, and be again far from danger, where we can rest and be happy." He looked fondly at Pearl. Their eyes met. She smiled and bowed her assent, then

said: "And Father Francis shall never come to this hateful, murderous country again; no matter how much wealth might attract or whatever might happen." "No," responded Frank, "we will hold him captive in our own home." Father Francis smiled and responded: "A most willing captive, too, for I am heartily tired of this life." They did not resume their march until the morning was well advanced. Three of the mules had been torn with arrows and Black Wolf's horse had received a wound, but none were of a very serious nature. Yet they needed attention and care, and everything required time to do, so they were late starting this morning. Frank and Father Francis examined the country in every direction through the field glasses before continuing their journey, and saw nothing that looked like Indians. While they were traveling their glasses were often directed toward any dark object that they might discern in the distance, but no Apaches could be seen, and they began to feel they had destroyed all of them that were out from their mountain fastness, down into the lowlands upon the war path. Before night they reached and passed several small villages on their route. At sunset they found a good camping place and halted for the night. Here they felt themselves quite secure, as a large stock ranch was not far distant, and small clusters of adobe huts could be discerned here and there, near or distant, in the valley that had broadened into a wide expanse of nearly level land, all covered with cactus, sage brush, Spanish bayonet and a shrub that the Mexicans called mezquit, aside from the few acres that were tilled by the Mexicans, where there was little trouble in getting water upon them from the river. Nothing like grains, fruits or vegetables can be grown here without irrigation. While Father Francis, Frank and Pearl were walking leisurely about resting from their long, tiresome ride, commenting upon the appearance of the country and the scenery of the grand mountain ranges on the east and the west, of the broad valley they were in, a noise startled Pearl and Frank, as it was truly distressful to hear. She looked at the father inquiringly. He smiled and said: "Yes, my Evangeline, that noise is simply the complaining of that poor vehicle that we see approaching. All of the Mexican made wagons in this part of the country screech and cry as though in great distress. The Mexicans never use any sort of lubricant for their wagons, and they are made in the most primitive style. Look, now, as it nears us. Did you ever see anything more clumsy in its structure?" And as the wagon came screeching along they noticed that the wheels were made from broad boards sawed in a circular form. No tire or hub, only a hole bored through the center of the circular cut boards. The ends of the axletrees protruded through these holes, and the wheels were held upon these by wooden pins thrust through the axletrees' ends. Wood grinding against wood in the revolution of the

wheels caused the direful complaining noises that is enough to startle anyone unaccustomed to hearing them. For a bed to this wagon a frame of poles was made to hold a lining of home wove carpeting, so that the wheat (for this was loaded with wheat) could not be lost in transportation from the field to the threshing place. Frank and Pearl looked in wonderment (while ever they could hear the noise) toward the retreating object, when Frank remarked: "Such articles must have been invented some ages before the year one." "Yes," replied Father Francis, "the law of eternal progress does not appear to reach this portion of the earth. At first, when I noticed the unprogressive condition of these people, I thought it possible for one to help them. But they do not care to exert themselves to attain to the least bit of advancement. Somehow you cannot arouse them to see that it is in the least necessary to progress out of their old methods of working or living. Now that load of wheat will be threshed upon the earth by sheep and donkeys being hurriedly driven back and forth over it, driven and beaten by women and half naked children until the poor creatures will act as though they were in an absolute frenzy. This is all the threshing machine they have, and to winnow the wheat from the chaff they will choose some windy day and pour the newly threshed wheat from a point as high as they can hold it onto a carpet or a blanket upon the ground. The wind takes the chaff away and thus it is cleaned, aside from the grit that remains in it. They thresh their beans in the same manner, and the plows that they turn the soil with are often made of a natural fork of a tree, just such primitive concerns as the Egyptians used for that purpose in the time of the Patriarchs. Then, perhaps you noticed that all the yoke that was upon the oxen was only a straight piece of wood bound by thongs upon their heads and around their horns. This was the style ages and ages ago, and if Adam used oxen in tilling the soil I presume he yoked them up in this fashion. No, instead of progression it is retrogression in this country, and of course it will in time result in the total obliteration of the race I fear. There seems to be no hope for these Mexicans as I see, only as the progressive Yankee comes in among them, with their innovations and inventions. These may arouse the rising generation into an understanding of their position." Nola came and announced supper, which all partook of and enjoyed, as they also enjoyed a prospect of a good night's rest without fear of an attack from the Apaches.

The train reached Santa Fe without farther trouble. Here Father Francis had Frank's and Pearl's marriage recorded; then attended to some business pertaining to the school and the hospital he had founded at this place; and here he paid the muleteers, and re-hired all of them to go to the coast of California except the one that had been wounded. This one was left in his hospital, and

another hired in his place. After everything had been arranged satisfactorily, the train moved on; the apparently religious cavalcade ever receiving the homage of the inhabitants that it came in contact with along their route. A long, tedious journey was in advance of them and unknown dangers, perhaps, their lot to encounter; but their only fear was from possible Indian ambuscades or sudden attacks. Father Francis well knew that the mountain passes along their proposed route were infested with Mexican banditti, and yet he feared no harm from these, as their sacredotal attire would ensure their safety from harm so far as these were concerned. Many incidents of an interesting character occurred, and strange scenes were presented to their view as they marched on through acres of cactus, sage brush, mezquit and Spanish bayonet.

They saw the Pueblo Indians threshing their grain, Mexican like, by hurrying their donkeys over it at a frantic rate of speed, and they bought delicious fruit from these people, the product of their orchards and vineyards. "These Indians," remarked Father Francis "so patient and harmless and plodding, are the last of the Incas, whose traditional king and god was Montezuma, and they to this day sincerely believe that he will return to earth and liberate his faithful ones. It would be a downright cruelty to disabuse the minds of these simple people of their one great comforting belief. I have often thought that it is best to permit the semi-savage races to cling to any harmless belief or tradition, as in many instances I have found that because of their superstitions we may be protected from both harm and inconvenience. Now for instance, the Utahs' idea of our Evangeline being the Sacred Daughter of Manitou. This was her protection; that whole tribe would have shielded her from harm at any cost had it been necessary. And our protection from intrusion while at the Grottoes was due to the horrid legend that the Indians believe true in regard to the Lake of Spirits; and now upon this journey our principal protection is our attire. The Pueblo Indians, like the Mexicans, will finally become extinct; and those who are more progressive will come and cause this country to bloom and blossom as a rose, for with proper irrigation and farming no land can produce finer crops than would this cactus, sage brush and mezquit covered lands that we have been and are traveling through." "Yes," responded Frank, "it appears almost like a desert, save where the Mexicans and Pueblo Indians have created an oasis here and there by their farming and irrigation." "Yes," responded Father Francis, "these, and the strips of bottom land along the margins of the streams, are about all that evinces the wonderful fertility of the soil. Rainfall during the summer season is scarce, and what does fall is absorbed immediately."

They were sitting at the door of their tent at nightfall, enjoying the Pueblo Indians' delicious grapes and apricots during the above conversation. Pearl listened attentively

all the while, and now interposed with: "Well, proper farming and irrigating might make the country rich and beautiful, but there are a few hindrances that this could not overcome, that is in a way to make any part of this country seem homelike to me. The horrid snakes, lizards and insects would remain, and I think that some races of people, as well as some portions of the earth, seem doomed to decay, desertion, and almost utter forgetfulness. Look at Egypt, for instance. I can never think of the wonderful work the Egyptians performed years and years ago without a deep regret arising in my heart because of the almost utter extinction of the once powerful race, powerful, rich, and with some of the most stupendous ideas of grandeur, magnificence and elegance that the world has even known. So, also, with the Incas, now dwindling down to a mere handful of patient toilers and tillers of the soil; and the Spanish who overcame Montezuma are only Mexicans, and will never be able to establish anything half so grand as was known during Montezuma's reign. No, it seems to me that the spell of slow decay has fallen upon this land, as well as upon its inhabitants and, dear Father Francis, after we get home, I do not want you to look back toward this country with one little sigh of regret that you have left it to its destiny, and left it forever." Both Father Francis and Frank smiled at Pearl's intense earnestness, and the Father replied: "No, my Evangeline, I shall never wish to return to this country again, so never worry about that." Nola came with their supper, and the conversation in regard to the country they were passing through was dropped for the present, to be again resumed whenever any strange object or indescribable scene presented itself upon their journey to the western coast, for from day to day these travelers found unlimited food for thought and comment. It is not worth while to follow Father Francis and his train day by day, as nothing like harm came to them during the remainder of their journey. One halt of a day's duration occurred at El Paso, as the father had some business to attend to in this place. From this they marched onward with no hindrances of note, and reached Santa Barbara before the rainy season had set in. Here they learned that a ship then at anchor not far from the shore would start for the United States in four days' time. Father Francis first paid and discharged his muleteers, then went to engage passage for himself and friends upon this ship. He found that the captain of this vessel was on board his ship, and would not return until that evening, and he left instructions for the captain to visit him at his tents. The muleteers were glad to hasten back upon their homeward journey before the rainy season might commence. Father Francis was happy and all were thankful because their tiresome journey by land had terminated so well and successfully. The packs were housed carefully in the father's tent, so the travelers felt that they could secure-

ly enjoy a season of thanksgiving and rest. The vineyards of Santa Barbara furnished them with the most delicious grapes, and these they were enjoying when Black Wolf came to the door of the tent and informed the father that the captain of the ship had come to see him. "Show him in here," replied Father Francis; and the sun-browned captain entered. Father Francis received him cordially, and asked him to sit down and help them enjoy the fruit. After shaking hands with him, the captain's eyes rested for a moment upon Pearl's face, then he looked at Frank. Pearl at first was speechless, her surprise was so great; Frank also, for in this captain they saw their old friend, Captain John Barton. Before the captain was seated Pearl arose and exclaimed: "Uncle John! Don't you know me?" "Yes, I recognize you, my precious Pearl." He advanced toward her with open arms. "I know you now," he repeated as he pressed her to his heart. "But, my child, how came you here in this sort of a rig?" Then he held her off to look at her dress and bonnet. They all smiled through their tears, while Pearl replied: "I'm just masquerading, that is all, my dear Uncle John. But I must introduce you to my other uncle, my own mother's brother." Here she introduced him to Father Francis, after which Frank arose and greeted him warmly, saying: "Captain Barton, I am more glad than I can express because we have met you here, and can sail in your vessel home." The captain expressed his delight in finding them, and in being able to take them home with him. Yet he seemed anxious to know the reason why they were there, instead of at home even now. Pearl gave him a brief history of their travels and adventures, saying that she would tell him all and explain everything to him after they were safely aboard the good ship *Sterling*. Nola spread the table for four instead of three that evening, and no happier people ever ate supper together than the four around the table in Father Francis' tent that evening. After their supper Pearl heard Tony talking to himself near the tent, while Father Francis and the captain were chatting. Tony was evidently overjoyed too, for he was saying: "Bress de Lawd. I'se mighty happy dis berry ebenin I'se shuah. De Lawd am mighty good, he am, to dis ole niggah, an' to dis heah crowd 'specially." Pearl disliked to interrupt the conversation between the father and her Uncle John, as they were arranging and talking about the voyage. She looked at Frank and smiled, as he, too, heard Tony. Finally there was a lull in the conversation, and she said: "Father Francis, I think it would be a mercy to invite Tony into the tent, for he is acquainted with Uncle John, and is having quite a little jubilee all by himself just outside." "Certainly invite him in," responded the father. Frank went to the door of the tent and told Tony to come in. He gladly came—his dark face all aglow with delight and thankfulness. Captain Barton recognized him in a few moments, and shook hands with

him, saying: "Washington, we were sure you were dead. Such tidings reached us at least; and how came you to be here?" "Wal," said Tony, "I 'spec de Lawd jes sent me heah; an' I'se jes dead shuah de Lawd am mighty good. I'se so happy dis berry bressed ebenin'. Seems I'se too happy to eber see no moah truble in my nateral life 'gin." "Yes," responded Captain Barton, "I am glad to find you here, and now you can go home to poor old Aunt Hannah, who has mourned all these years because she thought you were dead. And I need a cook who knows how to get up a good meal." "Yais, I wan'er see my ole woman, my Hanner; I doz shuah. Won' we hab a jubilee when weuns all git back dar agin'?" "Yes," replied Captain Barton, "and I hope we will all find and see the dear ones who are waiting our return." His eyes filled with tears as he thought of his dear little wife at home who was watching and waiting for him. Father Francis enjoyed this meeting, for his was a sympathetic heart, and he imagined all the happiness in store for these good people and their dear ones. The arrangements were made for the voyage, and on the morrow they could commence transferring their valuables to Captain Barton's good ship *Sterling*. Frank and Pearl resumed their usual attire. She fondly hoped that Frank's beard would look natural by the time they reached home.

Boxes, strong and iron bound, were brought to the father's tent to pack his treasure in. These were loaded upon the vessel first. Pearl's gems could be attended to when they were aboard and settled for the voyage. Captain Barton insisted upon taking her pony, Lady Blanche, home as a souvenir of her adventures among the Indians.

Captain John Barton had become very wealthy, for every article he had brought in his ship's cargo had been sold at immense profit, and his mate had made enough in his venture to feel justified in offering to buy the *Sterling* as soon as they should reach Boston Harbor, as he wished to continue the trade they had so successfully commenced. Black Wolf disliked to part with his horse. Frank assured him he should have one of his horses when they reached home that would out travel this one that he must sell. Frank also disposed of his horse, and after a hard day's work, everything and every individual were aboard the *Sterling*. Tony, with beaming face and happy heart, had prepared a supper that was not only appetizing but splendid. He felt at home "on de ole *Sterlin'*," as he called the vessel.

After supper Captain Barton could wait no longer for the full history of Pearl's and Frank's adventures out west. He listened, and when he had heard it through, he expressed his astonishment at the manner everything had occurred, and said, while tears glistened in his eyes: "It seems to me that the hand of Providence has guided you all, and also guided me to wait four days beyond the time I had intended to wait here." "Yes," responded

Father Francis, "and I think that the name the Utahs gave my Evangeline, your's and Frank's Pearl, is correct: the Sacred Daughter of Manitou." "Yes," responded Captain Barton, "what better title could they have given her, had they known her life as we know it; and the name, Pearl, that I gave her because I found her upon the billowy deep? Just to think of her escaping the shipwreck that took her protectors down to the bottom of the ocean; then the sharks, that her dear little baby form would not have made half a mouthful for. And, too, in another day's time she would have died of starvation. But our darling escaped every one of these dangers. Then, the Sterling had been driven out of her course I don't know how many leagues the night before by a heavy gale, and in the morning, on finding that we had lost our reckoning, I was anxious and on the lookout constantly with my glass to see if there was any island or land in sight that I could recognize. In this way I happened to sight the little object bobbing along on the waves like a cork. I shall never forget how glad I was when I found it was a baby, alive and unhurt, but crying as though its little heart would break. Yes, the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou' is a correct name for our darling, for it seems to me that thus far the most important events of her life have been especially directed by Infinite wisdom and power.

It was late in the night before the inmates of the cabin could bring themselves to separate for their respective state rooms, there was so much of interest to chat about; and much later before their eyes were closed in slumber. There was no trouble or apprehension of danger now to prevent their sleeping, for every heart was thankful and glad that they were safe aboard the Sterling and ready to set sail on the morrow.

The following morning dawned. The clouds were hanging low and threatened rain. Father Francis came out of his state room dressed in a genteel suit of black. He had discarded his priestly garb with no intention of ever wearing it again. In addition to his morning's cheerful greeting to Pearl, he said: "My Evangeline will henceforth address me as Uncle Francis." "Certainly. I will be delighted to call you Uncle Francis, as I am already delighted with your changed appearance," she responded. "Your changed attire indicates that you do not intend to again risk your life among the Indians or Mexican banditti, and this suits me." "No, Evangeline, I will never risk my life among them again for any consideration," he responded. Captain Barton called for his guests to come on deck and witness the sailors weigh the Sterling's anchor and start upon their homeward course. All went on deck aside from Tony and remained there until the coast of California grew dim to their view. They were glad, for no land was half so dear to them as the land that held their waiting dear ones.

The lowering clouds began to fall in rain as they,

with thankful hearts and cheerful faces, descended to partake of Tony's most delicious breakfast.

With a God speed and kindly adieu we leave them to their protracted voyage, whether perilous or prosperous, and return to the anxious ones who are watching and waiting their return.

CHAPTER XV.

The colonel and Mrs. Raymond had received no tidings in regard to or from Frank since the letter they had received from Spencer Williams. This had reached them some time in October. All of Frank's and Pearl's letters had been destroyed by Indians who had stolen the mail.

The winter, unusually severe, had given place to spring. Mrs. Raymond's hope of ever seeing their son again was fast dying; yet she tried to appear cheerful when in the colonel's presence especially, as he was indeed sinking into a profound melancholy, and had lost interest in everything aside from looking over the mail that Sam brought from the office every morning.

Hannah, and her son, Sam, managed the affairs of the place, as the colonel seemed indifferent to the stock and farm also. To Mrs. Raymond the outlook was most discouraging.

April came, and the birds flitted from tree to tree, chirping their assurance of spring's return, when Mrs. Barton rode over to call upon Mrs. Raymond and the colonel, hoping they had received some word from Frank, and possibly from Pearl. She clung to the hope that her husband would return some time during this month, as it was in April that he set sail for California, and had left her with the assurance, the promise, that he would come home in a year's time if possible. As no tidings had reached her for so many months, this hope grew faint, so when the balmy breath of spring fanned her fading face and birds cheerfully told her that winter with his frozen reign had departed, she concluded to visit the Raymonds for news, and to break the monotony of anxiety and suspense. But she found they had received no word from the dear ones.

The tenth of April came. Sam went to the station and returned with the mail as usual. The colonel had been in bed nearly all day with a bad cold. Mrs. Raymond looked the mail over and found a letter from Frank. She tore it open and read:

"Boston Harbor, April 9, 1856.

"Dear Father and Mother—We are safe in port, and I will be with you in a few days. Lovingly your son,
"FRANK."

Mrs. Raymond was so overcome with joy that she could not move or speak for a few moments. Then she thought how best to break the news to her husband. She went upstairs with the letter in her hand, and found him upon the bed, but not sleeping. His eyes held a far away, troubled look that told of his anxious waiting.

She sat upon the side of the bed and asked him if he was feeling well enough to hear some good news? He looked quickly into her eyes and asked: "Has Sam come home from the station yet?" "Yes, Israel, and there is one letter that I think will interest you, perhaps, a little." He looked enquiringly, but said nothing. She continued: "Shall I read it to you? It is only a brief note." "Yes, you may read it if you wish to," he replied, then turned his head upon the pillow and heaved a deep sigh. She read slowly, choking back the tears as she read. The moment she ceased reading the note he arose and clasped her in his arms, saying: "At last! O, he has come at last! Our darling will be home again, Anna. Read that letter again. I could listen to your reading it until he comes." He wept like a child, crying and sobbing for very joy, and by the time Mrs. Raymond had finished reading the letter the second time the old colonel arose and dressed in a hurry. Then dashing the tears from his eyes, said: "I must go and tell Sam to have everything in good shape, and to be sure and take the double rig every time he goes to the station, for Frank may come to-morrow evening; who knows?"

Mrs. Raymond had reason to be doubly thankful, for her husband was himself again, and her precious son would soon be with them. Mrs. Barton came over in the evening to call and tell the Raymonds of the good tidings she had received in the afternoon's mail. The colonel came in a few minutes after her arrival. She noticed the great change that had taken place in his appearance since she was last there. He came up and grasped her hand, saying: "Thank God! Frank is coming home." By this time Mrs. Raymond came into the sitting room with Frank's letter and read it to Mrs. Barton. She was delighted to know that Frank was coming, but wondered why he did not mention Pearl's name if she was with him, and spoke in regard to this omission. The colonel responded: "The dear girl is either with him, or he knows where she is; else he would not write so cheerfully, depend upon that." Then Mrs. Barton read her letter:

"Boston Harbor, April 9, 1856.

"My Dear Wife Milley—At last we are safely in port, I will soon be with you and, as I promised you before I started away, will bring you that which you will prize above everything; but I have no time to write more now. Ever your loving husband,

"JOHN BARTON."

Mrs. Raymond looked again at Frank's letter and saw that the date corresponded with Captain Barton's date, and smilingly said: "They have come together, and I am sure Pearl is with them." Happy were the hearts of the waiting ones now. Mrs. Barton's pale face took on a rosy glow and her step was elastic and light, when only a few days ago she appeared like a confirmed invalid. The following evening Sam brought from the sta-

tion another letter from Frank, with the assurance that he would be at the station the next evening, and for Sam to bring the double rig and put in the third seat; also to tell Aunt Hannah to have her finest turban around her head in honor of his home coming. When the old colonel read this his eyes glistened with unshed tears, as he remarked: "Ah, the boy is in high spirits. Don't you see he is, Anna?" "Yes," responded Mrs. Raymond, "he certainly is. But you know he always liked Aunt Hannah, and feels that he must write some kind of word to her." The colonel told Aunt Hannah what Frank had written. She laughingly remarked: "Dat I will. I'll jes wear my redde's haid dress an' git him up a lubly suppah. Dat I will, shuah." A happy smile overspread her dark, kind face. All preparations were made for the entertainment of several guests. The colonel could hardly wait until it was time for Sam to start, and kept on the lookout nearly all the time while he was gone. Dark came; and yet they had not returned. Of course the colonel did not know that Frank would have Sam drive around to Mrs. Barton's to take the captain home. But this was what detained them. Finally they heard the wagon approaching, but as it was dark he could not see who was in it. The carriage passed by and no one came in at the front door. The colonel could wait no longer, and started to go to the stables through the kitchen. As he opened the door to the kitchen he heard Frank introducing Mr. Tony to Aunt Hannah. He noticed the light of happiness in his son's eyes as he looked enquiringly at Aunt Hannah. Frank had dressed Tony, or Uncle Washington, like a gentleman, with diamond studs in his shirt front, and in every respect he was perfectly dressed, now standing in front of Aunt Hannah, hoping for recognition. But she was amazed at the finely dressed colored gentleman and bowed stiffly. Finally Uncle Washington said: "Hanner, doan yo' know yo' ole man, Washin'ton?" Aunt Hannah looked again, then rushed into his open arms, saying: "Bress de Lawd, dis is yo'sef; an' yo' ole Hanner am glad." Here she broke down and cried for joy. Frank would not have missed witnessing this reunion of the dear old colored people for any consideration, although in so doing he was obliged to take his guests through the kitchen. He advanced and clasped his father to his heart. Both were overjoyed in this meeting. Few words were spoken. There are joys as well as sorrows that are too deep for words. Aye, and too sacred, too.

Pearl's Uncle Francis was his guest, and he stood with tear-filled eyes witnessing this meeting between father and son. Frank introduced him to his father as: "My friend Mr. Emerson." Most cordially the colonel greeted his son's friend. Then all three proceeded to the sitting room, leaving happy, thankful hearts in the kitchen, to make happy the heart of Frank's mother, who began to fear that some accident had befallen her son that had

caused this unexpected delay. As Frank entered the room his mother arose, her face very pale, but a glad light shone in her fine dark eyes as she advanced to meet him. He folded her closely in his arms and pressed fond kisses upon her brow and cheeks, murmuring: "Mother, my own dear mother;" and she: "My precious boy, my darling Frank; home at last, thank God. And where is Pearl?" "With Uncle John and Aunt Milley," he replied; then continued, as he turned to Uncle Francis, "I wish to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Emerson, Pearl's own uncle, my mother." She greeted Mr. Emerson kindly, but looked enquiringly toward Frank, asking: "Did I understand you to say that your friend, Mr. Emerson, is Pearl's own uncle?" "Yes, mother, he is her own uncle, and but for his care of her, no knowing when or where I would have found her." "You both must have much to tell me that I will be delighted to hear, but this you will kindly tell me all in good time, and as I hear the tea bell, we will go to supper now," responded Mrs. Raymond.

Aunt Hannah had not forgotten her duty as cook, in her great happiness, and had a truly "lubly suppah," as she called it. Mrs. Raymond was happily surprised when Frank, at the supper table, informed her of Aunt Hannah's husband being alive, and that he had returned with them upon the Sterling. Colonel Raymond and Mr. Emerson chatted constantly. There was so much for Mr. Emerson to relate and questions for the colonel to ask in regard to the far West. Frank was busy answering his mother's many questions. All were glad and happy in this reunion and meeting. Aunt Hannah came to bring some hitherto forgotten dainty to complete their tea, when Mrs. Raymond said: "Aunt Hannah, I hear you are happy, too?" "Yais, I'se jes as happy as possibul, fur my ole man am libe, an' well, an' home agin. Bress de Lawd. An' Mr. Frank am home, an' Miss Pearl am' home, doan yo' see. 'It nebbah rains but it poahs,' an' we'se all mighty happy in a bunch, shuah." With the closing of this sentence she bustled away again into the kitchen, where her husband and son, Sam, were talking and enjoying their supper together. Uncle Washington was proud of his son, who was a small boy when he left home.

The happiness at the Barton cottage was no less than at the Raymond mansion. Mrs. Barton did not know that her husband would come that evening, so his appearance was half surprised and all pleasure to his loving little wife. After their greeting was over she anxiously asked him if he knew anything of their darling. He took her by the hand and said that he would present her now with that which would please her better than anything else in the world, as he promised to do before he left home to take the dreadful long voyage, and added playfully: "Now, Milley, close your eyes just one moment, and you shall, when you open them, see what I have brought you." He caught her to his heart and said:

"I will hold you and place my hand over your eyes just one moment." While he held her in his arms Pearl softly entered and stood by them. Captain Barton kissed his wife's cheek and said: "The magic change is wrought, and you can see what I have brought." "There," said his wife, "now you are at your cheap rhyming again, dear John." Happy tears filled her eyes when she turned around to see what he had brought her, and happier tears when she saw her darling Pearl, the one daughter of her loving heart, safe, and as beautiful as ever. Long they were clasped in each other's arms, happy and thankful in their reunion. Nola stood near by, tearfully witnessing their greetings, for dearly she loved Pearl and was glad in her happiness, but her young heart was grieved because of her own sad loss. The one shadow that prevented her being perfectly happy in Pearl's happiness was the loss of her brother, Black Wolf, who had been lost overboard while a fearful storm had tossed and pitched the good ship *Sterling*, threatening her instantaneous destruction. This was the most terrific storm that the *Sterling* or her crew had ever encountered, and the faithful, quiet Black Wolf must have been swept overboard sometime during the night, as he was not missed until in the morning, when the sea had become calm. Tony missed him first, and commenced inquiring for him, but on searching the vessel over he could not be found. Nola and Mr. Emerson deeply mourned his loss, while the other members of the party were saddened, and felt that this one sorrow would be the alloy to their perfect happiness on meeting their friends at home, for aside from this their voyage had been successful, although at times fearfully rough. Pearl introduced Nola to her Aunt Milley and to Mrs. Thomas, who came in to call them to supper. Uncle John, Aunt Milley and Pearl tried in every kindly manner to have Nola feel at home with them. While they were aboard the *Sterling*, after Black Wolf was lost, Pearl had consulted with her Uncle Francis, assuring him that she would like to make a companion of Nola, and have her take her meals with them, as the poor girl was now so sad and lonely. He approved, and since then she had been treated as a friend, and not as a servant. As a servant she had ever been treated with great consideration. Her education had not been neglected, so far as an education for a girl could be perfected in a Mexican convent. But there were other branches, such as music and drawing, that Pearl proposed to instruct Nola in herself. She wished to keep Nola near her. She was quiet, genteel and faithful to such a degree that Pearl preferred her society to any white girl whom she had ever met, and already she had instructed Nola in the English language so well that she understood and spoke it passably.

The evening at the Raymonds and at the Bartons was enjoyed beyond language to express. Pearl was delighted to touch the keys of the dear old organ again that she

had played since she was a young girl; and Bruno divided his time between his master and Pearl, delighted beyond the possible expression of any dog because the loved ones were home again. Aunt Milley was truly happy, with no apprehension or fear of another separation from her beloved husband, as he had assured her that he had sold the Sterling to his mate, Tom Mathews, and the papers were all signed before he came home, and that now he had money sufficient for their every comfort and even luxury during the remainder of their lives. Without any farther attempt to describe their happiness I will leave them until the morrow.

On the following day Aunt Hannah and her husband were happily engaged in preparing an unusually grand dinner, to be served at two o'clock. Aunt Hannah, with her gayest turban upon her head, and a smile all over her kind, dark face, Uncle Washington, more happy than he had words to express, and yet he often exclaimed: "Bress de Lawd, de Lawd am mighty good, shuah;" and Aunt Hannah responding: "Dat he am, an I'se de gladdes Hanner dat eber libed, I'se."

Sam took the double rig and Frank the phaeton to bring the Bartons to the Raymond mansion to dine. They started early. Sam drove ahead with Captain and Mrs. Barton and Nola. Frank was in no hurry, as with Pearl by his side, and at home again, he felt there was unbounded happiness in store for them, and he was even now happy beyond expression, too happy to care how time went. Pearl had none of the dark forebodings of evil that so haunted her mind and depressed her young heart only one short year ago. The dangers and darkness were all gone.

"Passed is the night of sorrow dark.
And in the East the shining mark
Of rosy dawn again is bright
That tells of days, and not of night."

Long and slowly they rode, and talked of their future happiness and of the good they could do with the immense wealth that would be theirs. The day was beautiful and balmy and full of birds' songs. The tender tint of green through the woodlands, the orchards and meadows on every side told them of spring. And they were again at home, where no skulking Indian could harm or make them afraid. It was no wonder that great joy and thankfulness had taken full possession of their young hearts, and that they forgot that eager eyes were looking for them, and fond hearts anxious for fear they would not come in time for dinner.

Frank finally did think of the waiting ones at home and hastened his horse homeward, arriving none too soon. His expectant father stood waiting, ready to assist Pearl from the carriage. When he pressed her to his glad heart and kissed her loving lips he thought of how they

had trembled when last he kissed them, and of the expression of sadness that then clouded her beautiful blue eyes, and now of the happy change. He proudly escorted his son's betrothed into the mansion, where she was welcomed with earnest tenderness by Mrs. Raymond. Uncle John remarked: "We began to think that you and Frank had eloped; you were so long in coming." "Yes, we were long in coming, but it seemed we could never tire in looking at the old familiar places, and Frank drove farther away from home than either of us were aware of," responded Pearl. Mrs. Raymond interposed with: "My dear Pearl, dinner will be served in a few moments, and perhaps you would like to go to your room before then. Shall I go with you?" "No need, thank you," responded Pearl; "that is if my room is the one I occupied before I went away." "It is the same," responded Mrs. Raymond. Pearl looked at Nola, and both left the sitting room together. It required only a few moments for Pearl to become presentable, when she and Nola descended to the sitting room again, where Mr. Emerson with Frank stood ready to escort the girls to the dining room. The dinner was indeed splendid, and no happier mortals ever lived than sat around that table, happy and thankful. Long they sat and chatted after they were through eating. Finally Mrs. Raymond arose and with her loved ones and guests returned to the sitting room, where Pearl entertained them with music.

Yet there was so much to be talked of, she preferred conversation to music, and in that afternoon's conversation she learned many items of deep interest. The first was that her Uncle Francis and Colonel Raymond were cousins, and next that the property Frank had taken the voyage to London to secure rightfully belonged to her Uncle Francis, whom everyone supposed dead. It had belonged to his eldest brother, but as he died without heirs, the next one in line of heirship was Francis Emerson, and the next in line would have been her mother, Evangeline Emerson Kossuth, and the next in line herself; but as Francis, Evangeline and herself were missing, the next in line would be Israel Emerson Raymond, as the colonel's mother was the only sister of Francis Emerson's father. The cousins were delighted when they discovered their relationship, which they did in a conversation during the forenoon of that day; and Colonel Raymond was also delighted because the business in connection with the large estate had never been concluded, now that he had found his cousin was alive and the rightful heir. They decided during the evening that Francis Emerson and Frank should go to London and have the business properly settled as soon as possible; and other matters of interest were concluded upon. A large wing was to be built upon the already large Raymond mansion for the accommodation of Frank and Pearl, also her Uncle Francis. The old colonel would not consent to a separate building, as he wanted his loved ones either

under the same roof with himself, or as near so as possible. His Cousin Francis should take the place of a younger brother of his who died while he was young and whom he loved dearly. His brother had borne the same name, the name of Francis; this name would ever be dear to him. Colonel Raymond proposed to have a comfortable and enjoyable life with his dear ones henceforth, for he was sure that he had suffered within the past year more than any mortal ought to be obliged to suffer during an entire lifetime. After the plans had been discussed and determined upon Pearl excused herself to go and see Aunt Hannah. She found her in the kitchen, as happy as a queen, talking with her husband. As she entered the kitchen Aunt Hannah arose and came to her, took both her hands separately in her own and covered them with kisses, then with glad tears raining over her dark cheek, said: "May de good Lawd bress yo' sweet soul forebber. I'se so glad yo' am home agin dat it 'pears like my ole heart mus' jes bus wif de gladness; an' I'se daid shuah yo' am de angel ob dis fam'ly, an' all ob us in a bunch, kaze ez I jes done tole my ole man but foh yo' bein' stole by dat Injin, an' you a cummin' to yo' uncle's camp fiah, like a brite angel, shuah nuff, an' him a takin yo' wif him, meby I'd nebbah set my ole eyes on his face agin, nebbah seed my ole man Washin'ton agin; jes can yo' see how de Lawd duz his wuke. O, yais, His ways am past fin'in' out, an' he am mighty good to weuns, an' I spec we doan know how ter be half thankful nuff foah his lubbin kineness. I'se feard not, shuah; an' I'se jes sutin yo' wuz 'lowd to lib an' bob aroun' on de big, wide oshun when yo' wuz a baby, till Cap'n Bahton cud fine yo' so's yo' cud be ouh angel an' bring weuns all together agin, an' make de hull bunch ob us powehful happy." Pearl could not help smiling at Aunt Hannah's convictions, and yet she replied: "Well, Aunt Hannah, I am glad I have been able to do some good in my life, and something in return for your tender care of me after Uncle John found me a wee waif upon the broad ocean."

She chatted with Aunt Hannah and Uncle Washington for some time, when Frank came to the kitchen on his way to the stables. Aunt Hannah was so full of the idea that Pearl "wuz a angel, shuah nuff," that she was obliged to explain it all to Frank, as it appeared to her. Frank replied: "Yes, Aunt Hannah, Pearl is our angel, and you are right; although she and all of us have suffered in consequence of her being captured by the Indian, almost more than we could endure; yet great good has come of it, and she will always be our angel." He looked at Pearl with such an earnest, tender, loving light in his expressive eyes that she knew he was deeply moved, and meant every word he had uttered, and with a smile she responded: "Well, it seems that I am destined to be some kind of a Deific being, either the 'Sacred Daughter of Manitou,' Saint or Angel, and my hope is that not one of my devotees will ever be disappointed in me."

Colonel Raymond now came into the kitchen to tell Frank there was no need of Sam harnessing the team to take the captain and Mrs. Barton home, as they had consented to remain over night, then he continued to Aunt Hannah: "You and Uncle Washington will delight in preparing supper for us." "Yais, sah; I'se mose happy now all de time, an' de moah ob our happy fokses we kin hab togeder de moah I like to pepaih de lubly dinnahs an' suppahs foh dem." "Yes," responded the colonel, we are all happy now, that our dear ones are at home again. A few days have made a great change in our lives, Aunt Hannah." "Yais indeed, colonel, a powful change an' a mose hapifyen one, shuah.". The colonel, Frank and Pearl returned to the sitting room, where she and Frank sang and entertained their dear ones with music until supper was announced.

After supper, and they were assembled again in the sitting room, the conversation in regard to the building and other subjects of interest were resumed, and during the conversation Colonel Raymond asked Frank if he and Pearl would not have their wedding celebrated before taking his proposed business trip to London with his Cousin Francis. Frank answered: "I do not know, and will leave this for Pearl to decide." He looked at her as he spoke. She blushed slightly as all eyes were turned toward her and everyone expected her to answer, which she did after a moment's hesitation, looking toward and addressing her reply exclusively to Frank: "If you leave me to decide, I would say that I much prefer to wait until the building is completed and furnished and, too, we have many things to attend to, that I think we cannot be entirely ready before a year from next June—June with its roses, is the month that I prefer above all others." Frank replied: "Well, it is as you say. We have many things to attend to, and it may be as well to wait until then." The elder gentlemen all agreed that Pearl's decision was correct, and this very important matter was settled. Pearl's Uncle Francis remarked: "And so, my Evangeline, you love June with its roses and bloom above every other month in the year? And no wonder, for it is your birth month, my dear girl." "My birth month! Uncle Francis? And how old am I? I think it would be lovely to have a birthday celebration, as I have never known when my birthday came or how old I am. This would be a pleasure, a novel pleasure for me, I assure you." responded Pearl with great earnestness. "And you shall celebrate your next birthday," he responded; "You shall celebrate your twentieth birthday on the tenth of next June, my Evangeline." She was delighted to learn her correct age, and turning to Captain Barton, said: "Then I was only ten months old when you found me? I must have been a little mite, and I wonder that you saw me at all." "Yes; but I did see you, my Pearl, and my heart was glad when I found that you were alive. We will have a celebration that will astonish the nation next tenth

of June." Aunt Milley smiled and said: "Yes, we will make up for all these past years, dear Pearl, and your Uncle John shall be the poet laureate of the occasion." They all saw the joke and laughed heartily. Mrs. Raymond insisted that the celebration dinner must be partaken of at her table, adding: "Aunt Hannah and Uncle Washington will feel slighted if their culinary skill is not called into requisition on such an important occasion." The colonel, Uncle Francis and Frank all joined in with suggestions and plans for the affair, and little else was talked about the remainder of the evening. On the following day Sam took the captain, Mrs. Barton and Nola to the Barton cottage. Pearl was to return later, as Frank proposed to take her home, and wished to assist Uncle Francis and Sam with the boxes before he drove over to the cottage. After Sam returned from taking the Barton's home he harnessed the strongest team to their heavy wagon. Frank and Uncle Francis rode in the phaeton, and they all drove to the station, where the heavy, iron bound boxes were waiting transportation to the Raymond mansion. At the mansion there was a safe deposit for them beyond any danger of burglar or thief disturbing them. They were brought and safely deposited in a vault made to receive any kind of valuable deposit, and to which no one had the key except the colonel himself; so Uncle Francis and Frank felt that the treasure could remain there in safety until after their return from England; when they proposed to cash and bank the bars of gold for future investment. The diamonds and other gems were also deposited in the same vault, only those that were reserved for immediate setting into pins and other jewelry. Pearl was surprised to find her trunk in the closet of her room, the trunk that she thought the Kimballs still retained. It was there with everything in it save two of her miniatures, that dear little Anna explained in a brief note she and her brother, Tom, retained as reminders of one they could never forget. In reading this little note of Anna's Pearl considered it her duty to write and inform her Mormon friends that she was not only safe, but home again. This she did, directing the letter to "Anna Kimball, Salt Lake City, Utah." This letter, with its most welcome tidings, was received, and thanksgivings, with songs of praise were the order of service in the Mormon church on the Sunday following its reception. Elder Kimball and his entire family rejoiced, rejoiced exceedingly. Tom Kimball had greatly changed since the day of Pearl's captivity. He, with the others, offered up sincere thanks because of her release, but did not join in the merry dance that followed, and was never again the jovial Tom Kimball that he once was. His heart was never gladdened by another love. No persuasion from the elders of the church could induce him to marry; so he remained a bachelor: "a Mormon bachelor."

Pearl found her blue riding habit in her trunk, and

thought of the delightful evenings she and Frank had enjoyed in their rides a year ago. When she met him at the dinner table she asked him if Starlight would be safe for her to ride. He assured her that he would soon know whether Starlight would be safe or not if she wished to take a ride. The colonel overheard their conversation and cautioned them, saying: "Black Prince and Starlight have never had a saddle upon their backs since you went away; and I don't want you children to go breaking your necks first thing. Let Sam break the horses over again before you attempt to ride them. The phaeton horse is safe even if he is high spirited." Pearl spoke about Lady Blanche. This was the first that the colonel had known of Captain Barton's bringing home the pony given to Pearl by the Utah braves, and he was anxious to see it. Frank assured him he would bring it over for Sam to take care of when he returned from taking Pearl to the cottage, that he might see this souvenir of her adventures among the western Indians, adding in a low voice to her: "We will have a jolly scamper on horseback before long. I will have Sam attend to the horses right away." Pearl asked if Sam could take her trunk to the cottage on the morrow: "Certainly, if you wish; or this evening, if you prefer." "Either will do," she responded. The trunk was taken that afternoon, and Sam brought Lady Blanche to Raymond Park an hour before Frank was ready to take Pearl to Captain Barton's cottage. The colonel thought the little pony a beauty, but rather thin. He charged Sam to feed and take the best care possible of her, and see how soon he could put her in fine condition. Pearl's voice seemed to be music to the pony. She had always petted it since it was presented to her and the little creature was delighted to hear her voice again. Frank and Pearl rode miles before they reached the cottage, their happy hearts made happier by the old familiar scenes past which they drove and admired more than ever before; the neat, home-like houses so different from the Mexican huts, either alone or in clusters, that they had seen while traveling through the dreary waste of bristling vegetation and scant gray grass. They did not care to drive rapidly past these, nestled cozily near groves and orchards, but loved to move slowly and enjoy the scenes where seemed to be new beauties never noticed during their year ago scampers along the same roads. During their evening drive Frank told her that Uncle Francis and he had determined to start upon their business trip to London within two weeks' time, adding: "We want to be sure and conclude that business and be home again several days before the tenth of June." And Pearl's reply, so different from her reply of a year ago: "Yes, go, dear Frank, and have it through with as soon as possible. I shall be happy here while you are away in knowing that you and Uncle Francis will be successful and will soon return, but of course you will write often, for I must hear from you often, and Uncle

Francis, too, if I am to be real happy, you know." This was said with the fondest light in her eyes as they looked into his own. All the dark forebodings of a year ago were gone; they had been lived through. "I feel there are no shadows in the near future for us." "I, too, am certain that our lives henceforth will be free from them, my precious one," Frank replied.

They reached the cottage gate as the evening shadows were deepening past the twilight. Uncle John was out looking for them, and insisted upon Frank coming in to take supper. He accepted the invitation, and while at the table he told Uncle John of his intentions to start with Uncle Francis very soon to attend to the London business, and have it done with. Uncle John approved it, and said: "We won't let Pearl go away with the Mormons while you are gone this time." Then she told them of the little note Anna Kimball had written to her and placed in her trunk, and how they had retained her two miniatures as mementos of the one they could never forget. Frank laughingly said: "I suppose Tom Kimball keeps one of them very near his heart, for I heard by the Mormons' camp fire that the poor young man worshiped the ground you walked upon, or words to that effect." Pearl could not help smiling, although a slight blush accompanied the smile, as she responded: "Well, he is welcome to worship the ground I walked upon, the entire great West, if he chooses to; yet, to be serious, the entire Kimball family treated me kindly, and I am glad that Tom was man enough to write to you as he did. That of itself showed good sense, as well as good principle." "Yes," responded Frank, "and I am glad that he had Salem to ride to overtake that east bound mule train. I can imagine how fast he flew along the dreary plains, and would be willing he should have Black Prince, too, just for that very prompt proceeding of his."

Uncle John then asked Pearl if she knew much about the rule of the Mormon church. She replied that she did not, and added: "They all dance and conclude their dances with prayer and songs of praise; this I know, and I also know that some of the young Mormons are very profane, or shall I say, used terribly profane language to their teams, especially while they were harnessing their mules. But Elder Kimball fondly hoped they would quit this after they reached Salt Lake City, the home of the Latter Day Saints, but somehow I doubt it." Uncle John laughed, and remarked that he thought the Mormons were just a little bit crazed, and perhaps more than a little bit, but supposed the leaders knew what they were about.

Supper over, and Frank bade Captain Barton, Aunt Milley and Nola good evening. Pearl went with him out upon the porch as she had done a year ago, and they parted now as they parted then, their hearts more happy because no cloud was near. It would be a pleasure to rehearse the pleasant conversations and write of the

happiness of these worthy people, but time and space forbid.

Francis Emerson and Frank Raymond left for England as they proposed to do, settled their business by Frank withdrawing all claims and assisting in the identification of Francis Emerson as the legal heir to the Emerson estate. This done there was no difficulty in settling the business satisfactorily. Frank had some separate business from this that required a few days to accomplish, after which they both went out to look at the grand old manor and splendidly kept grounds of Okenwold, the birthplace of Francis Emerson. He was delighted to find two old family servants who remembered him, and they in turn rejoiced to know that he was alive and proprietor of Okenwold. There were a number of changes to be made in and around the old manor to suit the new proprietor. These changes and improvements were entrusted to competent parties, and with the understanding that they should be completed within a year. It required but a few days to complete these arrangements, after which he and Frank returned to London, and remained in that city only one day, when they embarked on board a fast sailing packet for the United States, and arrived home three days before the proposed birthday celebration that would be their pleasure to participate in on the tenth of June. To this celebration only a few guests were invited; a few, considering the many people the two families were acquainted with. Ten in number were all, but these were choice, genial friends, and each one brought some appropriate present for Pearl. Uncle John's present was a necklace of pearls; Aunt Millie's, pearl ear rings; Colonel Raymond's, a pair of exquisite bracelets; Mrs. Raymond's a jeweled comb; Frank's, the most elegant watch that he could find in the city of London, a cluster of diamonds upon one side of the case and a cluster of pearls upon the other. The chain was most dainty and of the finest workmanship. Nola's, a pair of richly embroidered slippers, the work of her own deft fingers, and Uncle Francis' present a necklace of diamonds. Pearl was almost overwhelmed with the costliness and elegance of her many presents, yet she enjoyed to the utmost every possible pleasure of the day and delighted in entertaining the congenial guests. There was no cold formality among them. All had come to the Raymond mansion with the express purpose of making an enjoyable day of this, the one birthday celebration of Pearl's whole lifetime, and their efforts were crowned with success, for the entire party, with Pearl, thought that this one celebration made good for the many that had been missed on account of not knowing her age and the date of her birth. The floral decorations were principally roses. Aunt Hannah and Uncle Washington and never prepared a more delicious dinner in all their lives. The games in the park were delightful; but to repeat, the event was a most perfect success.

and in every respect a happy contrast to that day one year ago when Pearl was plodding wearily along in the wagon train with the Mormons, an unwilling immigrant to the far, wild West.

On these anniversaries we are apt to ask: "Where will we all be in a year from now?" And as it had been decided that Pearl's twenty-first birthday, a year hence, should be celebrated by her wedding, we will simply skip a year of her life's history, and write of the most important event in a woman's life, the time when she drops her own name and is endowed with her husband's; and in many instances, when she takes the first decisive legal step that leads to the utter absorption of her own individuality, her freedom and her happiness.

In this instance it is a pleasure to write that no such wrong or injustice can occur, for where true love and true congeniality exist freedom and happiness are enjoyed equally by both of the contracting parties, and marriage becomes that which the Infinite evidently designed it should be: A foretaste of heaven.

* * * * *

The tenth of June, 1857, dawned bright and beautiful. The cheeriest green and most perfect bloom adorned the earth and the fragrance of many flowers made sweet the balmy air.

The Raymond mansion stood proudly out against the dark green background of its park of finely foliaged trees; a princely abode, with the addition all complete and blending harmoniously with the original structure, a colonade extending around the new as well as the original building had been erected that a covered walk might reach around the entire edifice. The spacious new rooms were all richly furnished and ready to receive their occupants. Pearl had completed a large and very fine painting of the Alps-like height and grand cascade. This was hanging in the best light upon the parlor wall, an elegant and constant reminder of her life at the Grottoes; and although many fine paintings and engravings helped to make beautiful their rooms, this was considered the most magnificent. Everything in and around this home was in perfect order and elegance prevailed. Aunt Hannah and Uncle Washington had been very busy for days in preparing the wedding feast, and Aunt Hannah exclaimed, when the last cake was frosted and put away: "Jes de lublies cakes I'se ebber bake in all my boan days! An' doan yo' know, Washin'ton, dat de bride's life am gubbned by her weddin' cake? Yais, it am, foh if not one ob dem falls, or looks sad, den she mus' hab a long an a happy life; an' ebrey one ob dem cakes am purfec, an' Washin'ton, ouh bride am a boan angel, an' oto be happy, shuah." Uncle Washington looked wise and responded: "Dat am a fac, Hanner. She am a boan angel, shuah." A large number of guests had been invited, and among the number were Kate Harrington and her parents, but on this morning when Sam came with the

mail Mrs. Raymond found a letter for her from Kate's mother, stating that Kate would be married to Lord Stansbury, of _____, England, on the evening of June the tenth, and would start immediately upon her wedding tour through Europe, hence their inability to accept the invitation to Frank's wedding. Mrs. Raymond read this, and with a smile handed it to the colonel. After having read it he returned it to her, remarking: "No comments. No congratulations." "Neither," she responded, "but I presume we will continue to exist, and I am truly glad for Kate."

Our readers will remember the promise that Pearl made Nola on the day that Father Francis (now known as Uncle Francis) solemnized her's and Frank's marriage while they were yet at the Grottoes (the ceremony they had ever considered no more than a firmer binding of their betrothal), and the promise she had made was that Nola should be dressed in silk and have a lovely set of jewelry to wear when she attended Pearl's real marriage at home. So, on this her bridal morn, she gave to Nola the jewelry that she had ordered to be manufactured expressly for her of the beautiful rubies Pearl had brought from the Grottoes, the design being stars of rubies with a tiny diamond center to each star; necklace, bracelets, breastpin, earrings, ring and a comb for her raven black hair. These suited perfectly the dark-eyed Nola's style of beauty. The silk dress was of elegant satin, the tint of a blush-rose. This, with its trimmings of rich lace, constituted the promised dress. Nola was not swarthy, as most Indians are, but of a lovely olive complexion. Many of the Navajo squaws are very fine looking, and Nola was a Navajo, capable of receiving high culture. A year's education and constant association with refined and intelligent white people had wrought a great change in her, and in her appearance also. She was now fully competent to take her place as a companion and confidential assistant to Pearl, whose station in life henceforth would require her to have such a person near her. This Indian girl could be fully trusted, trusted with her property, and her life, too, if need be. To say that Nola was pleased and delighted with her elegant jewelry and dress would but feebly express her feelings, or sensation, when dressed in this grand attire, and of her gratitude to Pearl, whom she already idolized.

Uncle Francis had ordered Pearl's trousseau from Paris, the most elegant that could be procured in that city of elegance and art. She would permit no one, aside from Aunt Milley and Nola, to assist her in dressing for her wedding. Nor would she wear any of the elegant and expensive jewelry. The orange wreath and flowers intermingled with white rose buds and sprays of tenderest green, constituted her adornment. Flowers and buds were sufficient with her robe of richest white satin and a veil that enveloped her dainty form like a delicate mist, both robe and veil terminating in a rich and ample train. The

lace that trimmed this robe in itself was worth a fortune. Uncle Francis did not count the cost when he purchased the bride's trousseau. He wished to have it the most expensive and elegant that could be obtained for his own idolized darling, his Evangeline. She would not wear her jewelry, but expensive diamonds blazed in the ornaments upon her small, white slippers. A regal robe this trousseau was. No empress or queen could have been more elegantly attired, aside from the gems that she, too, might have worn had she chosen to do so.

Pearl, the idolized bride of the princely, honorable Frank Raymond, stood in all her beauty and purity, viewing her reflection in the mirrors that were on every side in her luxurious boudoir, truly a vision of loveliness, and from this reflected form, that all must admire and love, Pearl's thoughts reverted to that day two years ago, when she with the Mormons were enroute to Salt Lake City. The contrast between her feelings and condition then and now were so striking that tears half dimmed her vision, tears of thankfulness to be sure; and from these thoughts her mind quickly sped to the time of her captivity and to Eagle Eye's death, and her then terrible loneliness, also her entire experience while in the wild West. Aunt Milley and Nola had been admiring her attire in all its elegant perfection, but when Aunt Milley advanced to kiss her precious foster child, the last one kiss while she was yet unwed, she noticed the unshed tears that trembled in her lovely blue eyes, and asked: "Why are your eyes filled with tears, my darling, on this, your bridal morn?" "They are only tears of joy, dear Aunt Milley," the bride responded, and with a smile she raised her sweet lips to receive Aunt Milley's motherly kiss. A rap at the door, and Nola opened it to admit Frank, Uncle Francis and Uncle John. Each one kissed the lovely unwed bride, although to them she appeared almost too pure and sacred to approach. Frank's eyes rested fondly and lovingly upon his darling, feeling sure that she looked more beautiful this morning than he had ever beheld her, and he thought of the name the Utahs had given her, the Sacred Daughter of Manitou. This morning she appeared more like an angel than like a mortal woman. Another rap at the door and the colonel was admitted. He, too, reverently advanced and tenderly kissed the lovely bride, then announced that Elder Yates had arrived. He then returned to the parlors. Uncle Francis with his ward, Nola, took the lead, they acting as groomsman and bridesmaid, after which Frank Raymond and his bride followed. Uncle John Barton gave the bride (his Pearl) away. The wedding took place in the new and elegantly furnished parlors, where floral decorations made more beautiful the scene and made the air rich with fragrance. Roses were everywhere. It would be a pleasure to fill pages with the description of this wedding, but the reader's imagination must fill this deficiency.

After the impressive ceremony had been solemnized and congratulations spoken, the bride and groom, with their loved ones and guests, repaired to an adjoining room, where a long table was spread with the bridal presents. These they examined and admired. They were of expensive silver and gold ware and cut glass, articles for the table principally; yet there were many ornamental articles also. After they were through examining and commenting upon their elegance and beauty Uncle Francis, who was standing near the newly wedded couple, handed the bride a package, saying: "This, my darling, is your uncle's wedding present to you." She handed it to Frank, who opened it, and found a deed to the bride, Evangeline Kossuth Raymond, transferring to her and her heirs the grand old grounds and manor of Okenwold, also the entire Emerson estate, with its yearly income of twenty thousand pounds.

Words could not express the bride's thanks. With tears glistening in her lovely eyes she took her beloved uncle's hand and reached her pretty mouth up for a kiss. He stooped and kissed her.

Frank pressed his hand, and said: "Dear uncle, you save nothing for yourself." He responded: "We will enjoy it all together, my beloved children. My home is to be ever with you. This would have become Evangeline's eventually, and it is my pleasure to give my darling this for her wedding present."

Dinner was announced, and the entire wedding party repaired to the colonel's dining parlors that were thrown into one spacious room. The tables were exquisitely and elegantly arranged and decorated with flowers. The viands that were served were quite as delicious as the ornamentations were beautiful and elegant. Yet the love, joy and perfect happiness that filled the hearts of bride and bridegroom, also the hearts of their relatives and friends, was indeed the crowning glory of the occasion.

The newly wedded couple did not wish to take the usual bridal tour. Their magnificent home, with their loved ones, was far too dear and attractive to leave. Yet in the autumn time they planned to go to Okenwold and take all of their dear ones with them.

We will now leave Frank and his lovely bride, surrounded by their friends, enjoying their wedding banquet; with all the grand prospects that love and wealth holds in store for them in the present and the future; wishing them a long and joyous life; also great good and happiness to those who are near and dear to them.

Leave them—and turn to the great wild West. Not the West that they knew, but to the West of the present day, 1896. Forty-one years have passed away since the most interesting characters in the foregoing story crossed the wild Western plains and endured many of the privations and discomforts experienced by the early pioneer. Forty-one years; and yet a portion of the Utah tribe holds sacred

the tress of golden hair from the head of (to them) the Sacred Daughter of Manitou.

Sometime in the early 60's Eagle Eye's father, the grand old Peace Chief of the Utes, was murdered by a band of Arapahoes and Cheyennes while he and a portion of his tribe, his hunters, were on a hunting expedition to Middle Park, and Eagle Eye's brother (who is now an old man) still holds to the belief that his father would not have been slain by their common enemy had he taken the tress of golden hair with him upon that expedition.

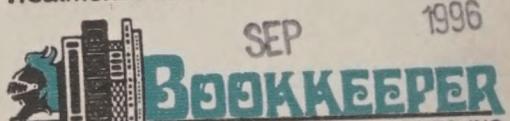
Forty-one years have rolled into the eternal past since this portion of the West was invaded by the early pioneer. While now we have our beautiful metropolis, Denver, the grand railroad center of Colorado, also many other cities and villages, our homes, our fields, our orchards and many manufactories, with ever the unchanging grandeur of the immense old Rockies—their healthful breezes and their vast deposits of mineral wealth, affording fortunes for thousands.

It is quite impossible to enumerate half of the attractions and facilities this country holds for the early pioneer. So in thought we travel back again to the Lake of Spirits, the mountain dell and the little, dungeon-like room that holds in its darkness, fastness and silence the vast amount of treasure that could not be taken away by the mule train, and will probably forever remain unfound and unclaimed at the Grottoes.

THE END.

JUL 5 1904

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